

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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LIGHTING THE DARK CONTINENT

NEWLY DISCOVERED LETTERS OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE

[THESE new letters of David Livingstone were written to his younger brother, Charles, who came to New York from England, in 1840, on the advice of David, to work his way through college. The intrepid young man started on foot from New York to Oberlin with two pounds, thirteen shillings, and sixpence in his pocket. It is perhaps needless to add that he completed his courses at Oberlin, and later at the Union Theological Seminary, with success. He was then called to the pastorate of the Congregational Church in Plympton, Cape Cod; but in 1857 he achieved his heart's desire and followed his brother to Africa. — THE EDITORS.]

BANKS OF THE ZOUGA
8th October, 1851.

MY DEAR CHARLES, —

I informed you by a letter sent back from Boatlanamo that we had started for the country of Sebituane; and now that we are on our return, after having been honored to look at what we believe to be the main branch of the Zambezi, you will be expecting to hear 'all about it.' We followed our old route — only diverging a little in order to visit Sekhomi in his sickness. It is really the best policy, besides being duty, always to try to do good as we have opportunity. Sekhomi was gratified by our attentions, medicines, etc., and we found his good graces of essential service to us at a subsequent period of the journey. You may remember, he obstructed us in our endeavor to discover the Lake. But now, had we not enjoyed his countenance, we should either have found immense difficulty in reaching Sebituane, or failed altogether.

Leaving our old path at Nchokotas,

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with Bamangwato guides, we proceeded nearly due north and crossed the dry bed of the Zouga. Beyond that we came to a great number of salt pans, covered with a thin efflorescence of salt and lime. Each has a spring of brackish water on one side of it. The continual deposit for centuries of the salt these waters contain would explain the efflorescence; but several of them are thickly strewn with shells, which would seem to indicate that the Zouga has formerly emptied itself into them. The country beyond is covered with Mopane trees and contains a great number of springs in limestone rock. I suspect they are supplied by percolation from the rivers in the north. That's speculation, however, and you want facts. Well, the leaf of the Mopane tree is peculiar, and swarms of little insects make their abodes on them. They make a little dwelling, in shape like a cockle-shell, but very small, of a sweet gummy substance. The people collect this gum in large quantities and use it as food.

Bushmen abound near these springs. They were all in good condition. They seem to kill lots of game. What a language theirs is, so much *klick* in it, and the clicking sound is formed by pressing the tongue on the roof of the mouth and suddenly withdrawing it. Russian, I should say, is softer than Italian compared with Bush. I have often wished I knew it, and never more than when furnished with a Bushman guide called Shobo, who will only muster about four words of Setchuana. They are a merry race, always in good humor and never tell lies wantonly as the other natives do. They exist in vast numbers and are spread over the whole country. When will these poor 'dwellers in the wilderness bow down before Him'? . . .

On the fourth day we came to the trail of a rhinoceros; and this being one of the animals which cannot live without water, we put the cattle on the track, and in the afternoon the perishing animals reached the river Mahahi. This is a small branch of the Tso and flows east-northeast. It is lost in a reedy swamp ten miles broad, near which there is a Banajsa and some Bakoba villages. We were informed by Chombo, the headman of the Banajsa, that there were two paths to Sebituane's river. By the one we should have three more days without water, and by the other we should pass through a patch of country abounding in tsetse. I suspect this is the 'Zimb' mentioned by Bruce, etc. It is the scourge of the interior of Africa. But believing we could pass through the tsetse by night, we chose the latter path. On reaching the Chobe early in the morning of the third day from Chombo's, we found the bank on which we had unyoked the very headquarters of the tsetse. This river is everywhere deep, and were it not so very winding in its course, a steamboat could ply on it.

We found Sebituane a thin, tall, wiry

man, but cool and self-possessed. 'Your cattle are bitten by the tsetse,' said he, 'but never mind, I shall replace them.' He then presented about two gallons of honey, a pot of porridge, and an ox. His people are by far the most savage people we have seen. They devour an ox in less than an hour; each, seizing a piece, throws it into a fire made of grass or reeds; and when only half roasted, it is instantly devoured. Porridge was brought to Sebituane in the evening, and he invited us to partake, but as about a dozen hands were thrust in, as well as ours, we only got about three spoonfuls. Very early in the morning he came to our fire and related many of the incidents of his past life. He was one of the army of Mantatees which is mentioned by Mr. Moffat. And after being defeated there, he has been fighting almost constantly ever since. Lost all he had three times but ended by possessing more cattle and subjecting more people to his sway than any chief we know in Africa.

Thinking he could cross our waggon by means of canoes, we returned together to what was to be our stand for two months on the Chobe. They were much too heavy for his light canoes. In a few days he was seized with pneumonia, and, after lingering a fortnight, to our great sorrow expired. His people entreated us not to leave them, and it being no part of my plan to do so, we gladly consented. We had proposed to visit the Sesheke, a large river of which we had heard; but the people did not consent to our going until an order came from his daughter to take us wherever we wished to go, and treat us exactly as if Sebituane were alive.

Mr. Oswel and I proceeded to the Sesheke on horseback, and found it about one hundred miles distant. It is the only river I ever saw, though nothing perhaps to those you are accustomed to look upon. Oswel never saw

anything like it in India. We could only say, How glorious! How magnificent! The water at the end of a remarkably dry season was from 300 to 500 yards broad. And then, when the waves rose about two feet, making the canoe pitch and roll, the long-lost scenes of the Friths of Clyde and Forth came back so vividly, I might have cried; but the fear that the old man who was conducting us across might ask, 'What on earth are you blubbering at? ain't afraid of these alligators, are you?' made me hold my tears for some other occasion, or send them down inside my nose — the best course sentimentality can take.

Ten days up this magnificent river stand the towns of Mamochisane and the Bartose. . . . A great many rivers fall into it, and numerous islands, or parts surrounded by water, exist all along its course. These islands are usually the abodes of tribes; for besides the security they afford from enemies, they are generally free from tsetse. There is a series of rapids in the river above the town of Sesheke, at which canoes require to be taken out and dragged along the bank; and about eighty miles below the same point there is a waterfall called Mosistunya¹ (resounding smoke), the spray of which can be seen ten or fifteen miles off. Immediately beyond Mosistunya, the river is narrowed by rocks; but it soon spreads out again, and at the distance of about a month from Sesheke it is joined by the Bashukulomp River, called Maninche (Manninche), and then assumes the name Zambesi. . . .

After having dragged you through marshes, reeds, and rivers, I come back to the topic on which I feel most interest — the poor degraded fragments of humanity. Who will pity them if the Christian does not? They are quite black, their muscular system is largely

¹ Later visited, and called 'Victoria Falls.'

developed, deep-chested, their upper extremities are so powerful they make their light canoes cut through the water as our regatta people do at home. They are not warlike, but trust to the defenses their deep rivers afford. They are much more ingenious as smiths, basket-makers, potters, and canoe-makers than any of the Southern tribes. The Banyeti or Baloi smelt large quantities of iron ore, and make very neat spears, needles, etc. I have the vanity to believe myself, for an untaught Jack-of-all-trades, a pretty fair smith; but I could not hold a candle to them in spear-making, sheep- and ox-bells, etc. The Bashukulompo are called so from having their hair raised up in the centre of the head. And both they and the Batoka have the strange custom of knocking out all the upper front teeth of both sexes at the age of puberty. The under teeth, being released from the pressure and attrition of the upper, grow long and press out the lower lip, and give an old-man sort of appearance to the face. They say it is done in order to make their teeth resemble those of oxen. All Africans except Bushmen have a very great reverence for cattle. It nearly amounts to worship. The Balumpe go a step further, and knock out both upper and lower front teeth. We did not see any of the latter, but the Batoka told us that the custom began among the Balumpe by the wife of a chief having bitten his hand in a quarrel. He ordered her teeth to be knocked out as a punishment, and his people followed his example.

The Bangoia, Bapingola, and other tribes living between the large rivers use feathered arrows having iron heads. Their bows are about five feet long, and with these they manage to kill elephants, buffaloes, etc. The tsetse abounding in their country, they are unable to keep any domestic animals.

The Bashukulompo and Batoka have a small breed of cattle, which live with them in their houses as Irish pigs do. They are never driven. The herd goes before them, and when he wants them to move on, he commences calling them and making a few antics, and being exceedingly sportive animals, they come after him, gambolling. All the tribes have domestic and guinea fowls, and they cultivate large quantities of native corn, beans, sugar-cane, and yams. Honey abounds through the whole country. Indeed, native food seems abundant. Elephants exist in considerable numbers, but the ivory is used chiefly for the manufacture of armlets, and the saw they employ is so thick that half an inch is lost for every ring that is formed. . . .

But will anything be done, in order to bring this portion of the human family into closer contact with Christians? If Christian merchants would come up the Zambesi and establish a trade with the tribes I have indicated on the map, they would drive the slave trader out of the market. And they would be no losers in the end. Just think of what the discovery of this one river (Zouga) did for the commerce of the colony last year, in one article. We know of nine hundred elephants which have been killed on its banks in the short space of three years; and last year a trader at the Kuruman took down to the Colony 23,000 pounds of ivory (this article can be sold at Grahamstown even at 4s.6d per lb.), and nearly the whole amount came from this river. If one river helps to swell the commerce of our colony, what might not the numerous rivers put down on the map do to adventurous merchants.

Traders may come up the Zambesi with perfect safety during the months of June, July, and August. These are the winter months in those parts, and fever does not prevail. But no one

ought to attempt to enter the Zambesi during any other month. . . .

Ships of war on the coast will never put a stop to the slave trade. But Christianity and commerce may. . . . Should Captain Lynch, who explored the Jordan and Dead Sea, come up past the town of Sesheke, he may find my latitude 2' or 3' wrong, but he must not sing his ditty there. 'We are the first that ever burst into this silent sea.' Probably, however, I shall be in that region soon to welcome any of the Anglo-Saxon race who may favour us with a visit.

You will see what a field is opened up for evangelical effort. The country is densely populated, and the people, having generally enough food, may attend if they will to instruction. The Supreme Being is called Nyampi, or Beza. In referring to a person having died, they say 'he was lifted by Nyampi,' or 'by the Lord.' They make use of certain kinds of divination, and prayers, too. I have visited a great many tribes which never have enjoyed any intercourse with missionaries either directly or indirectly, and never met a single individual, unaware of the existence of the Creator and Governor of all things. All understand the nature of sin — and the expressions made use of by all imply the belief in the existence of a future state of being. If any ever existed who had no knowledge of the existence of God, sin, and futurity, it is remarkable that no instance should now remain. Intelligent old men with whom I have conversed ridicule the idea of their ever having been destitute of the knowledge of God, and quote their proverbs and fables handed down from time immemorial in proof. One of these is essentially the story of Solomon and the harlots. They are, however, degraded low enough, and no nation needs more the humanizing influence of the gospel than the African.

Can Europeans live in this new region? Had we found a hilly part, I should have tried the experiment. I had my family with me; the people were delighted with the children. The presence of the wee things seemed to disarm all suspicion. Sebituane's queens were always scolding me for not letting them feed the children. They stuffed them so full of honey and milk, when they could catch them, I was afraid they would make them ill. And poor Sebituane the very day before he died raised himself up as I was leaving, and said take Robert to Maunko's (his chief wife) and get some milk for him.

The Makololo were delighted with the idea of my coming to live with them; but though I should willingly expose myself, I did not feel it right, in the absence of hills, to expose the lives of the children in the swamps. I must now send family and all away, somewhere, for two years at least, in order to ascertain whether one may live, in spite of the fever, in Sebituane's country. I think of sending them to Scotland. Have proposed this to the Directors of the London Missionary Society, their mother taking them home for education. The climate of America would be better for them than that bitter cold, bleak country; but I am a poor man, and my rich American brothers are about as poor as myself. The only difference I know between these two worthies is that the one is content to be a subject of our sovereign Lady the Queen; the other is a citizen, a subject of Queen Jenny Lind, and no insurmountable obstacle between him and the Presidential chair. If the Directors agree to my proposal, I shall then wend my solitary way into the region of the Zambesi and spend, if I live, two years hard at work, in a state of widowhood. I shall feel parting with the children much. It will be like tearing out my entrails. But more is done

every day for Queen Victoria and no boohoo about it. I hope I am not such a sorry soger to our Captain as to fail in my duty. Pray for us; they will be orphaned. But there is a Father to the fatherless, and I believe He will accept my work and my sacrifice.

Many thanks for your kind offers in the way of sending books, etc. I should be thankful for a few, but do not incommode yourself by purchasing many. Will be thankful for Macaulay and for any periodicals. . . . Captain Steele of Coldstream Guards, I am told by the Directors, has sent me a present of a gold watch as a token of his esteem. So you must not think of an American clock till you are richer. I shall ask you to procure me some seeds when I get a prospect of having a garden in which to sow them. I shall not translate the Bible for some time at least. The Directors wish me to form a dictionary of the Setchuana. I regret much they did not tell me so sooner. I was at it years ago, but gave it up not knowing who would print it. And now we have a Zambesi language, bearing about the same affinity to Setchuana as English bears to Latin or French. There are a great many dialects of it, . . . and I find about the same relationship existing between them as between Lowland Scotch and the Yorkshire dialects. If I form a language out of these, it will be, with the translation of the Bible into it, the work of a lifetime; and only a quarter of a lifetime at most remains now for me. If God will accept my service, I shall live to perform it. If not someone will do it better. My better half has enjoyed pretty good health in this long and wearisome trip. Thomas had the fever three times. We had another son born to us on the Banks of the Zouga, and his mother insists on calling him Charles. If it had been left to me, I should have him called Zouga; so you

need not thank me very fiercely for the honor thrust upon you. Only be decently grateful — that 's all.

CAPE TOWN, 12th April, 1852.

MY DEAR BROTHER, —

I have heard from home that you have sent a number of books to me. These have not yet come to hand, which I consider rather remarkable, seeing so many American ships touch at this port. But they may yet turn up all safe: . . .

We were gratified by a short visit of the Rev. — Newton, a Presbyterian missionary from the Punjaub, a few days ago. Mr. Newton informed me that he was licensed by the same Presbytery as yourself. And as he was going to New York in the first instance, and would perhaps perambulate the country, I asked him to remember your name and, if possible, call on you. In the event of his not being able to speak much, his residence will be in Philadelphia. He will be able to give you some idea of the queer set he saw in Cape Town. Indeed, we were an odd-looking squad when we came, our clothes about twelve years out of fashion, and so unused to stairs that I felt inclined to turn round and come down as if descending a ladder. We are getting a little more civilized in appearance now. Our friend Mr. Oswell spent £60 on our outfit for the family. As he had the ordering of it, the clothes are rather more fashionable than we would have chosen. Altogether he spent £170 on us since we came to Cape Town. He is now gone to England. We should have been in straits but for him. You see the Lord remembers us and raises up friends when we need them. He offered me a boat, and asked me to draw on him for just as much as I needed — 'Never mind how much.' When we had lost all our best oxen, he replaced them to the value of at least £60.

I hear you are intending to take unto yourself a wife. I fear the books you sent may have diminished your own comforts. I wrote you a long letter respecting our late journey, and give in it a sketch of the country or a rough map. I hope it came to hand, for it gave me some trouble, and I wished you to get the information from my own hand before it reached you from any other quarter. It was dated from the river Zouga. . . .

I have had about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch cut off my uvula. I am now being coddled on that account with arrowroot, sago soup, and other slops. I am of most value I see when anyway likely to 'cut my stick,' and I have been trying to discover some plan by which husbands may always appear in a 'touch-and-go state.' Punch's advice to 'cultivate our nerves' won't do, for Mary won't give me credit for having any. You may discover something which will answer better. The back part of the throat is very much swollen at present, so I cannot tell you what the effect will be on my speaking. I have it smeared over every morning with a strong solution of lunar caustic, which is not the most pleasant application in the world; but I will submit to anything to get my voice again.

The people here are very much disposed to make a lion of me, but I have a fine excuse in my throat. I dare say they mean well, but I am utterly opposed to the excitement system. Let people give from principle and not from temporary excitement. A great deal has been done in that way in England; but reaction is sure to follow, and then they refuse to give of their abundance. I may remark here that the letter to which I refer was addressed to Cornwall, Vermont. You have been such a bird of passage lately, there is no knowing where to find you. And as I have packed in the *karosses* since I began

this letter, I may mention too that the mantles will, if lined on the outside with cloth, make a cloak which will make you to laugh at frost-bites. There are other kinds prettier, but the kind sent is the warmest of all. And it makes a good coverlet for a cold night. I enclose an old lion-skin jacket of mine for John; as he is rather fond of the cast-off hand-me-downs. It was rather a comfortable affair with the hair turned inwards; but its best days are done. There is also a skin of the Lech, a newly discovered antelope. And, if they will take it, a head of the same. And a wooden vessel brought from the Sesheke. And a bundle of spears. A staff. And in the vessel there are seeds. A kind of earth-nut called Motuohatse or man of the earth. The marama, a large nut or bean which grows on the Kalihari Desert and has a large root under ground; also edible, but not good. I brought an immense pod down for you, but it was found to be spoiled when it came here. I put in a few bulbs, which have beautiful flowers, for Sarah; but perhaps it will be better to grow them in some of your friends' hothouses the first year. Let them be put in a sandy soil without any manure. One of them is very beautiful and called, from the form of its two spiral tiny leaves, *Nakalooa tolo*, or Khoodoo's horns. And a few of the tsetse, in spirit, in a small square phial — 'Zimb,' or the 'fly' which was to be sent before the children of Israel. What do your learned theologians think about it? . . .

We have had fine doings in this country in the fighting line. Upwards of two millions of English money have been spent, and we are quite as far from the complete subjugation of the Caffres as ever. I have written an article on the subject and others connected with it, but don't know whether it will be inserted in the *British Quarterly* or not. The other paper gave some offense in

some quarters, which shows, I think, that, whatever other defects it had, it peered a little above the line of humdrum. The second is more keen, perhaps, and certainly more coarse. The latter property makes me dubious as to whether it will appear in print. I have sometimes, since I came here, thought of sending you the rough copy, as it may afford you some amusement; but it is doubtful whether you would like to wade through it. Mr. Thompson, our agent here, wrote a reply, or rather strictures, on the first one, and showed me his manuscript; and when he began to suspect me as the author, he told me if he had known the author to be a missionary he would not have written in the way he did. He did not think any of the missionaries had ability enough to write for that review.

I shall enclose in this a letter written to the Royal Geographical Society and printed in the Cape papers. I sent to-day one of the papers containing it to John. You will not think much of the preface. I was nettled by the impudent reproaches of certain traders whom we have made into men. They come down to the Colony, and pretend that they kill all the elephants whose tusks they have bought, and then say, 'The missionaries are the only traders.' One hundred thousand pounds of gunpowder passed through the customs-house at Algoa Bay last year, and thirty thousand stand of arms. Yet the colonists and merchants of the frontier, who have been the main instruments in getting up the war, try to fix the blame on missionaries, and unblushingly declare that the only remedy for the peace of the Colony is the complete extermination of the Caffres. They pretend to laugh at us as enthusiasts. The government knows perfectly well who are the parties which supplied the Caffres with fire-arms and ammunition. Yet it does not prosecute them. You will understand

my preface a little better after reading these remarks. . . .

I am about to part with my family. We have not yet fixed on a ship, but are in daily expectation of finding one.

In addition to the articles mentioned, I have sent . . . Caffre corn, in a small bag tied with a bit of Sesheke twine with which nets are made, *Pilgrim's Progress* in Sichuana and four pamphlets on Kat Ruen settlement, which will give you some insight into our ways of doing things here. . . .

My poor wife and family sailed by the Trafalgar on the 23rd of April, and I am now like the worthy sparrows on the housetop of whom we used to sing as 'companionless.' My heart is very sore. I shall never see my children again — they will grow out of my knowledge, and will all forget me. But I grudge Him nothing who died for me. My tears flow, but He knows that my heart grudges Him nothing of all that I have. May He accept my service and use me for his glory, and grant that my children may not rise up among the number of his enemies. It would be a sad sight at last to see them on the left side, and hear them say, you cared more for the Heathen than for us. Pray for them. I may write you again before I leave this, but I am now preparing for departure.

CAPE TOWN, 29th May, 1852.

MY DEAR CHARLES, —

I have only a few words for you. I am just about to start for the interior of the country. Have been here about two months. Have parted with my better half, and am now in a state of sorrowful widowhood. If my hair still continues to stick to my cranium, it will be more than it ought, for I feel very much cut up in returning to a state of bachelorship. . . . I have taken the opportunity of sending a daguerreotype likeness of your humble servant to your

lady, who, I suppose, no longer lives in a state of single blessedness. Great people such as our sovereign Lady the Queen send their portraits to those whom they wish to patronize, and the gracious act is highly valued. You, who consider me a great man, will not object to my aping the doings of the great. But I cannot afford to do it gratis. You must pay me back with two similar pictures, one of His Reverence and another of his lady. Two are enclosed — one for Sarah, which you may transmit by some trustworthy hand. Your lady may take her choice; the ugliest is most like the original. One contains the sextant presented by Captain Steele, and the watch presented by the Royal Geographical Society. It is a little pedantic-looking, but one may be excused looking a little big, when he has to face a pair of impudent Yankees who would, I fear, call Queen Victoria, Mrs. Albert. See if I don't look defiance at you. I seem to say, 'Well, though I ain't a citizen of the freest nation in the universe, it don't matter.' I was asked by Mary to give her my likeness, but I did not think myself worth being looked at. When, however, she was gone, I repented, and sent one after her. And then, when I saw Mr. Little, I imagined John and you would like to look at my brown phiz. Excuse my vanity and pay me back when you can by a similar piece of nonsense. . . .

The missionaries in the interior are, I am grieved to say, a sorry set. I do not expect the Divine blessing in connection with them. I shall be glad when I get away into the region beyond — away from their envy and backbiting. Several of them are doing nothing but eating up the resources of the society, and we cannot get quit of them. . . .

I shall be two years away. May God bless you and yours. I have had a

large share of honor here. . . . Excuse this hasty how-d'ye-do epistle. Pray for me that my purposes and aims may all be to the Divine Glory. If you are married, give your wife a kiss for me.

KURUMAN, 10th September, 1852.

MY DEAR BROTHER CHARLES, —

. . . You may understand the state into which the colony is reduced by the Caffre war, when I mention that we purchased American provision considerably cheaper than we could the produce of the Cape. And the colonists are not taxed heavily. Everything goes to feed the army. I have, however, I am thankful to say, a good stock of clothes, shoes, and provisions now at hand, and a rifle which I hope will bring as much meat to the pot as we shall need for two years to come. The Directors take charge of my family, and I am not altogether undeserving of the Dr.'s appellation of a happy fellow. I have work before me, and pleasant work, too, though of various kinds. I mentioned to you in my last the main features of my present expedition — *viz.*, to try to find a healthy locality on the Zambesi and a way down to the sea on either the East or West coast.

I have other work on hand, *viz.*, the formation of a Sichuana dictionary and a work in imitation of White's *History of Selborne*. I admire the wonderful works of God, and the wisdom He has displayed in the animal kingdom; and as I have already some facts not known in works on natural history, I think a work written after the manner of White, with neither tawdry sentimental reflections nor idolatrous spouting about Nature, but with a manly acknowledgment of the Divine Wisdom and special operations in all the developments of instincts and adaptation, etc., etc. Look at White, and give me your opinion. Perhaps this will be only one of my castles in the air.

I mean to have my hands full of work (for fear the Devil should find mischief still for idle hands). This great work must be done whether the others are proceeded in or not. I need not tell you to be kind to my children if I never return. I give you Agnes if I am cut off. The Directors will take care of Mary and the other children; or, better still, He who has said, Leave thy fatherless children and let thy widows trust in me. My dear brother, I must succeed or die. See how people perish for gold. *They* are not enthusiasts, of course. It is a wonder that we are not more enthusiastic for the glory of Him who left his glory and for our sakes became poor. May He accept our service.

You think much more highly of me than I deserve. You see the outside. I see the heart, and He who knows the heart sees in me a bitter fountain. Behold, I am vile. The Providence of God has been most graciously manifested to me, notwithstanding all my defects and sins. It is very interesting to observe Providences. I give you one, and you will remember I told you a part before. My brother-in-law is engaged to a young lady in England. She refused to join him, for reasons I mentioned. He is here at present, and we find him to be a sorry rogue. With his father's name he was admitted into good society and came out inflated with pride, has managed by folly to get deep in debt, sold everything salable, and then, to crown all, got married to another, a poor girl in Natal, and came away up here without a penny in his pockets. The young lady in England, a real Christian, knows nothing of all this, but feels sadly perplexed between affection and duty. I always maintained that she acted right; and now that our father-in-law sees what his son is, he remarked to me last Sunday, when we were riding together to an out-

station, 'That young lady was Heaven-directed. He would have broken her heart.' The case is instructive, for we have her mourning over her blighted hopes, yet knowing not that these were blasted by a wise and kind Father. . . .

I fear for my children. The people in England spoil children by fawning and flattering, if their fathers happen to be popular. My name having been brought before our friends at home rather more prominently than it ought, I fear silly people will spoil my youngsters, make them take that stand on the top of my popularity, small though it be, instead of resolving to work out a place and a name for themselves by their own industry. Nearly all our popular ministers in England beget races of wild asses. You will smile when you think of me and my popularity; but some of our independents in England speak about me in terms which make me blush.

Another Providence I may mention, but it too is only for yourselves (ho! I must speak in the plural now.) I received your letter mentioning the supply of your lacking rib a few days ago. I receive my new sister with very great affection, and beg she will accept a brother's love and his sincere congratulations and wishes for the happiness and usefulness of you both. I am more than usually alive to the value of the better halves at present, living as I am in a state of widowhood — thought, when Mary was with me, that I was a very good husband, but believe now I might have been better. Am in a terrible fit about our youngest child's name — dare not go farther into the subject, even to you. May venture to break the ice when I hear that you have got a young musician skilled in matrimonial music in your own establishment. . . .

Sechele's children are all here, to be instructed by Mr. Moffat. The Boers

render a residence with the Bakawains useless as far as instruction is concerned. They have encamped on Malestra. The Makhatla are fled, and a combined attack is forthwith to be made on Sechele. They must, I think, fight for their liberty. No nation ever enjoyed liberty without fighting for it. The Caffres and a few rebel Hottentots hold our army at bay and have done so for the last eighteen months. The latest news contains a letter from the chief of the Hottentots asking why our soldiers kill women! Our army, I am ashamed to say, is cruel as were the French in Algeria or the Spaniards in Mexico. The rage of the English knows no bounds. They kill women and children, and if they catch a Hottentot, they hang or butcher him in cold blood.

You may have heard the English version of the causes of the war. I enclose a speech of Sandillah. I think the Yankee had better hear both sides. By all means get it published. It is all true. I can vouch for every syllable. Missionaries *have* done as he says, and the Government has urged on the converts, too. One of the missionaries has become a Government servant — a commissioner or magistrate at £600 a year, and the Caffres say to him, 'You have the Bible in one hand and the *sambol* [scourge] in the other.' No wonder the Caffres believe not. They never will. If you can get Sandillah's speech printed and circulated in America, with a few remarks, it may do good. It may produce a reaction. It will show the world the reason why the gospel is inoperative among the Caffres. To side with a wicked government is to hinder the gospel of Christ. O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly with honor be not thou united. Had I been there, would I have been afraid to protest? No, Sandillah, nay verily.

PEASANT MASTERS

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION IN A RURAL COMMUNITY

BY EMMA PONAfidine

I

'MADAME, war is declared; Yakov and I are called, and all of our horses must be at the mustering-place in half an hour.'

Thus, with pale face and trembling voice, the manager of our estate announced the breaking-out of war, as I was quietly sitting at my desk that fateful afternoon in the summer of 1914. To me, as to all others who were not of the inner circle, the first intimation of that mobilization came as a thunder-bolt out of a clear sky.

My husband at once ordered out all the horses. A carriage with a troika was harnessed for us, and we were soon driving to the village. Everywhere, in the fields and in the villages through which we passed, the peasants were hurriedly unharnessing horses from loaded carts or from ploughs, and men, women, and children were riding them bareback to the meeting-place.

Here we found army men with measuring rods, getting the standard height of horses, and the other requirements as given in posters that were already up on the walls of the head-man's house. Nowhere, in all that crowd, did we hear a protesting word or see a discontented look. Though the war was unexpected, undesired, and wholly incomprehensible, the fact that it was forced upon us made everyone respond, if not cheerfully, yet heartily.

To understand the full significance of this, the first sacrifice, one must remember that we were living in the country, in an agricultural district where the horse was one of the chief factors in the welfare of each peasant family.

Horses coming up to the required conditions were gathered at the volost, or canton centre, some sixteen miles from us, and from there were taken to our county town of Ostashkoff, about thirty miles farther around the lake, where they must be by the following evening. Each horse was to have a three days' supply of hay brought with it. In this way, within thirty hours of the order for mobilization, men and horses were to be at the railway station, gathered from a radius of about forty miles.

We at once returned home, men were told off to harvest two cartloads of grass, and seventeen of our horses were taken by my sons to the second, or canton, rendezvous, and from there to Ostashkoff. Our farm superintendent and a workman, who had their marching-orders, were busy making preparations, their women folk cooking, baking, washing, and mending, through their tears.

When everyone was ready, all turned out to follow that little procession for some distance in the gathering twilight.

The women whose husbands were going sobbed quietly. I kept by the side of my favorite horse; and as I felt for the last time his soft muzzle nestle against my cheek, I was ashamed of the tears that would come; for others were giving up those far dearer than a horse could be.

In the spring of 1915 we were faced with fields waiting to be ploughed, and no men to do it on the large estates; and though our peasant women are used to doing farm work, even to the ploughing, they too were short-handed. The Government, therefore, sent out circulars, stating the conditions under which farmers could have German and Austrian prisoners to work for them, or our own soldiers who were stationed in the rear.

Our soldiers were not very satisfactory, as we had to hold ourselves in readiness to give them up at an hour's notice; and yet we all hesitated at first, for many reasons, to take prisoners. Finally, however, we sent for ten soldiers and five prisoners; and later on we added five more of the latter.

The arrival of the prisoners created a great sensation among our peasants, many of whom had never seen any foreigners except those who had visited us from time to time; and when these men, with their queer uniforms and their strange language, came, they were objects of mingled pity and curiosity, but never of hostility. The peasants did not regard them as enemies, and very justly said: 'They are not to blame, and probably did not wish this war any more than we did. They were ordered to go and fight, as our men were.'

It was touching to see how, in a few days, these men were treated by the simple village-folk. While they were working in our fields, women would often steal up to them and, unfolding a napkin, would take out a fish or a potato pie, saying, 'Take it, eat, poor fellow. I have a son a prisoner in Ger-

many and perhaps your women are good to him.' In an amazingly short time the prisoners learned enough Russian to make themselves understood; and before they left us, most of them could read and write to some extent. After his return home, one of the Austrians wrote me, in rather weird Russian to be sure, a touching letter, full of gratitude for kindness he had received while in Russia.

After the Revolution, the attitude of the peasants changed toward the prisoners, who were regarded as occupying posts, and eating bread, that belonged by right to the Russian people. The good years we had been having changed to bad ones in 1917 and 1918. Our crops almost failed, and the people begrudged bread given to the 'enemy.'

At this time the Bolsheviki began a very energetic propaganda among the prisoners in Russia, and our men were called twice to hear speeches and instruction. They were told to study the Revolution carefully, and to go back to Germany and Austria and tell their people how happy the Russian working-men were, who had got rid of their Tsar, and who had all the land and forests, as well as freedom from capitalists.

When the prisoners came home, they told us of these meetings and said: 'We understood everything, but pretended we did n't, and only shook our heads and said we did n't understand. They told us when we went home we must make a revolution in Austria and Germany; but we are not such fools as to bring upon our country such a life as we now see here. When we first came to Russia, we were frightened. Our officers taught us that the Russians were very cruel: that they would torture and then kill us if we were taken prisoners; but we found it was not true. The Russians everywhere were kind to us; they treated us as human beings, and not as prisoners. In the villages the

women were like mothers to us; there was plenty of bread and they shared it with us. Now see what the Revolution has done! The kind peasants have become bad; there is no bread; the working people are told they are free, but their lives are worse than before. No, no, we don't want any such liberty in our country!'

II

When I returned, on that fourth of May, 1917, — this is one of the few dates I remember, — from our little post-office where letters were received three times a week, I brought the astounding news of the abdication of the Tsar. As I read my husband the details, he sat with clasped hands and bowed head, and over and over he repeated brokenly: 'Poor, poor Russia! God have mercy on her! They don't know what they are doing.'

My husband was one of the very few who were farsighted enough to realize that the time and the form in which this change came would be fatal to Russia. A monarchist himself, in that he always believed that this form of government was the only one for so heterogeneous a country as Russia, he had long felt, however, that, unless the Tsar consented to give Russia a constitutional government with responsible ministers, a revolution was unavoidable.

We in the country heard of the deposition of the Tsar, of the formation of the Provisional Government, and that a provisional committee was also appointed in our county town; but it was some time before any visible form of new government showed itself in our cantons or in the village communes, though the old order disappeared. I think it spoke volumes for the law-abiding instincts of the people that, in this interim, when we had literally no one to represent law or police, there

was not one case of lawlessness in our vicinity that we heard of.

In a short time we had a 'militiaman' to take the place of the old representative of the police, and our canton government was centred in a local committee, with new powers. The peasant communes and we ourselves came under the immediate control of this latter committee.¹

The first act of hostility toward us was in restricting our pasture-lands and hayfields. Realizing that the next step would be the requisition of live-stock, we forestalled this event by selling them off as quickly as possible, keeping only as many horses and cows as we could feed on what land was left us. When later we were accused of selling what was 'the people's property,' we justified ourselves by pointing out that we had received no orders prohibiting the sale and that, in any case, we had disposed only of such animals as the committee, by their own action, had left without food.

Later we were visited by a deputation of peasants, who stated that, although we had no longer any rights to the land, the woods, or anything on the estate, they would not touch us or expel us until a 'paper' came, saying how the property was to be divided among the people. An inventory of everything on the place and in the house was made by a delegation of peasants who, in spite of the tragedy of the moment, furnished us with much amusement. They were armed with papers and pens and, dividing up into different parties, scattered themselves through the various rooms, counting the contents. When they compared notes, it was found that, in counting tables, chairs, and pieces of

¹ The 'government' of Tver is equivalent to the 'state' of Tver. Within the 'state' is the county or *uezd*; the *volost*, or canton, consisting perhaps of thirty villages; and finally, the village commune, made up of one or more peasant villages.

furniture, the names and uses of which were often quite unknown to them, they had become hopelessly mixed. I remember, one day (for this process was repeated over and over), they failed to get down all the large mirrors. 'No one will believe us if we say there were only ten mirrors in such a big house; let's put down fifteen.' 'No, better say twenty,' interposed another; and they wrote down twenty.

We were then informed that, so long as we did not sell or hide anything, we should be permitted to remain in our house; but they took care to see that we fulfilled their orders. Without so much as 'by your leave,' they would often go through the house, rummaging in bureau drawers, and sometimes calling me to account if they happened to find fewer articles of linen than when they last counted; and I had to explain that the missing garments were in the wash, or being mended!

From this time we might be said to have been the unpaid managers of the estate. We did the work and paid taxes, but could sell nothing, and were even restricted in the use of milk and flour. Our old employees were turned off — in some cases faithful men who had lived, together with their families, on our estate for years. In their place were put men quite incompetent in some cases, and decidedly hostile to us in others. All these questions and changes were discussed and settled in hours spent at the village meetings, or *skhodkas*, and ratified after long talks with the volost committee. At this time all Russia attended meetings of some sort: from the soldier at the front and the workingman in the mills, down to the men and women in the villages, all gave up what should have been working-hours to such gatherings.

Our own village commune included three villages. When a question came up for discussion, raised by an individ-

ual, or by the canton committee, or by ourselves, the headmen would be asked to summon a *skhodka*. Generally a boy was sent around with a stick, to knock at the windows of each house and shout the hour and place of meeting. If it happened to be winter, the gatherings would be in different houses, in turn; but in summer the street is the place for holding the meetings; the whole village, including children, can gather and listen.

During the summer of 1917, and up to the spring of 1919, when our estate was turned into a state farm, we were constantly called to attend *skhodkas*, whatever the object might happen to be. When my sons were at home, they found it utterly impossible to do this and their farm work, so I was generally told off to represent the family.

If a cow calved, we had to lay the matter before the village commune, and a long discussion would take place as to what should be done with the calf. If a litter of pigs appeared on the scene, their future was settled in the same way, after long parleying, sometimes with orders to sell them, half the proceeds going to the canton committee, and the other half to us for our 'trouble' in caring for them.

One day, toward evening, one of our cows broke her leg while at pasture in the woods. The herdsman came running in, crying from 'three streams,' as they say in Russia, and said that she ought to be put out of her misery at once. My son went to the village; but by the time he could get three responsible citizens to come and examine the cow, it was too late to kill her that night, and the poor beast had to lie where she had fallen, suffering, until morning. Then a 'paper' was given to us, stating that, as the cow had evidently broken her leg by accident, and in no way owing to our carelessness, the meat and skin were ours.

As it was warm weather, I immediately went to work cutting the meat preparatory to salting it. While I was thus occupied, some raftsmen, who were making rafts of our — or what had been our — timber to float down the lake, came to me with a proposition. It seemed they were negotiating the purchase of a young bull in the next village, to butcher for meat. They knew we were in need of a bull, and proposed that we give them meat in exchange for their live animal. Now this would strike anyone as a very simple proposition, one that we might decide ourselves; but alas! the process of free revolutionary government is not so easy. We should have been accused of 'speculation' — that heinous crime which is linked with the ominous words, 'capitalists,' 'landowners,' 'nobles,' and 'clergy.'

So we called a skhodka about ten o'clock in the morning. We appeared, the raftsmen and I, and stated our cases. I pointed out our own need of a bull, and that of the village, which had always profited by our having one. I undertook to keep this animal until one which we had, of better breed, should grow up; this promise, of course, holding good so long as we ourselves were permitted to remain on our estate. It was for them to fix the price of the bull and of a pound of meat; and then they could easily decide how much meat I was to give in exchange for the bull. A simple proposition, was it not?

We all gathered in the street, women as well as men — for a woman is permitted to represent a householder and to vote as such. For a long time everyone talked at once, as they always do, until tired out. Then they proceeded to select a chairman and a secretary. At noon we adjourned for lunch, no conclusion having been arrived at. Then we took it up again. After hours of talking, it looked as if the decision were

turning in our favor, and one of the raftsmen went off down the street to buy a keg in which to salt the meat. He soon returned, rolling a small barrel in front of him, which was immediately seized upon and set on end to be used as a table for the secretary. The powwow continued until evening; and when we saw the village herd approaching, the young bull was rounded off, a rope was thrown around its neck, and it was brought up to take a passive part in deciding its own case. Finally, when it was almost dark, the secretary, who had gone through as many agonizing throes of composition as any young writer ever experienced, handed me a remarkable document. It was signed by every householder present; illiterates made their crosses. It stated the amount of meat I was to give for the bull, and emphasized the fact that the skin of the cow, as well as the live bull, was my 'personal property'; and this, remember, at a time when private property was abolished!

We went home triumphantly in the gloaming, I leading my bull, the men trundling the keg and helping me to persuade the refractory beast whenever he rebelled, as he often did, against changing his abode and his masters. The next day, one of my sons and I rowed over to the volost committee headquarters across the lake. There we found a long table, around one end of which was seated the military subcommittee and, at the other, the agricultural. The members of both committees were local peasants with whom we were acquainted. None of them had any education other than the course of four winters in the little village schools.

We showed the document given by the village commune, and asked to have it endorsed by the committee. The chairman read it over and remarked, 'It is very simple. In the inventory of live-stock under your care, one cow

must be erased and a bull substituted.'

'No,' said the secretary; 'you see, the village has voted that so long as the cow's meat has been given to them, and would have been eaten by them, that is, would have belonged to them, the bull that replaces the meat must also be recognized as belonging to them.'

After this extremely complicated, but decidedly logical, explanation, the chairman solemnly wrote a resolution on the document, agreeing with the village commune in considering the bull the 'personal property of Citizen Ponafidine, who had a right to sell or eat the same at the expiration of the time that she had agreed to keep it.' This precious document was made legal and imposing by being repeatedly stamped. It may be of interest to note that, after all the trouble and energy spent on talking and getting such a wonderful document, in the end this, our only 'personal property,' was taken from us when our estate was turned into a state farm.

What saved the landowners in our part of the country from many of the horrors experienced in other places, was the fact that, in 1918, owing to bad crops, no one had seed enough to sow his own land, and therefore our fields were not coveted at this, the most critical moment, when passions ran high.

I am not speaking now of the government as seen in large cities, but as we, living in the country and provincial towns, felt in our own lives the Revolution in its various stages; but as the peasants make up three quarters of the population, this part of Russian life is not to be ignored, and yet unfortunately it is the least known abroad. To have given the peasants a leading part in state matters, and then to blame them for the disastrous results, is like blaming a child for setting fire to gunpowder,

rather than calling to account a grown person who gave the child the powder and the matches.

III

But it was not only with the village commune and the volost committee that we had to deal during these years. Questions of state interests had to be taken to the County Committee of the Provisional Government, and I had occasion to make the acquaintance of various types here.

One interview of the kind — I think it was in 1918 — we shall never forget. We received a notice demanding taxes, based as in former years upon the number of acres in our estate. We at once drew up a protest, in which we pointed out just how much land had been left for our use, and while consenting to pay dues on that number of acres, objected to paying anything on the rest. This I took with me to the Commissar of Agriculture in Ostashkoff.

He was a former sailor, who had taken part in the historic mutiny on the Potomkin of the Imperial Navy during the revolution of 1905 and 1906, when the crews brutally massacred their officers, and for weeks terrorized the Black Sea, threatening Odessa. So this Commissar had passed through a pretty good school, and was a formidable opponent for us to meet.

He had been in the village next to us, addressing a meeting, a short time before. In his speech he reproached the peasants for having allowed such an estate as ours to exist, adding that if they needed live-stock or agricultural implements they were to help themselves. If they needed houses and buildings, they were to turn us out. Here a woman rose and said: 'We will never drive the Ponafidines out; they have always been good to us. When I had no milk, they gave me milk for my

child, and our lady gives us medicine when we are sick.'

'And you thank her for it?' the speaker asked.

'Of course,' she replied.

'The more fools you. *She* should thank *you* for so many years letting her and her family live there and profit by the land and woods and all that by right belong to the people. *She* should thank *you*, that you have not turned them out long ago; and here you thank her for a bottle of milk or a box of pills!'

Is it not a wonder, with such encouragement from above, that the peasants did not all rise and turn us out?

Well, this was the man whom we had to face. From the first I had tried to take upon myself the responsibility of dealing with the Bolsheviks, as it seemed so much more dangerous to have the men-folk of the family implicated. In this case, however, the man was so notorious that my sons would not hear of it; so we compromised, and one of them went with me, though I made him promise to stand in the background and take no part in the conversation, if he could avoid it.

It was with a beating heart that I went up the dirty stairs and into the equally disorderly room where the Commissar of Agriculture received. There were a number present and, stating the subject of my visit, I asked to whom I was to present the written statement, and was motioned toward the secretary, seated behind a handsome desk which we recognized. Indeed, nearly all the furniture in the various rooms we identified as having belonged to families of our acquaintance.

The secretary looked over my paper and, handing it to the Commissar, remarked; 'It seems reasonable, does n't it?'

After reading it, the Commissar said, 'Certainly, they are quite right; there

is no justice in their paying taxes on land that in no way belongs to them now.' Then, glancing at me, and then at the signature, he said: 'Who is it? I did not notice the name.'

'Ponafidine,' I replied calmly, never dreaming, after his peaceful reception of us and recognition of our rights, what a storm the mention of our name would raise.

'Oh, Ponafidine! I have heard of that mischievous family.'

And then a scene took place, so wild, so utterly savage, that could I remember the exact words and repeat them, they would hardly be credited. He ran back and forth, raving, and from time to time beating his breast with clinched hands, or stopping to strike the table with his fists, as we had heard he was in the habit of doing when he was greatly excited. He harangued us all, stopping in front of various persons, who were astonished, and in some cases evidently pleased, spectators, telling them of this family of 'bloodsuckers,' 'oppressors of the poor, who under the protection of a blind husband and lazy minors were continuing to live as bloated capitalists, keeping their work-people little better than serfs'; and much more of the same kind.

Then, stopping in front of me, he would repeat over and over, 'I know you, I know you, I have heard all about you! We will call you to account yet. We are very busy and cannot be expected to get the whole county in order at once, but your turn will come, and when I take you in my mailed fist, my conversation with you will be short, Citizen Ponafidine. You have been a lady long enough. I'll teach you to work.' He continued his tirade, running back and forth, literally foaming at the mouth.

My son could keep out of the fray no longer and, stepping to my side, tried to explain to the madman the conditions

under which we were living, adding, 'Look at my mother's hands, and see if they look like the hands of a lady.'

'That 's nothing,' he answered sneeringly. 'You think she works, but she don't know what it is yet. I'll teach her. I'll get her tamed by 1920, and then she'll know what it means to work.'

We always remembered that date, and strange to say it was in October, 1920, that we were finally expelled from our last place of refuge on our estate.

When we went out, I felt as if I had received a stunning blow on my head. We both were so utterly dazed that we went on and on down the street, without saying a word, until my son stopped and we realized that we were far from the place for which we were bound. Never in my life had I been so treated or heard such language; but that was not what stayed with me, and haunted me, but the consciousness of the fierce, horrible hatred toward me — that is toward our class — which the Commissar had shown in his voice and look. It was appalling to be so hated! It took me days to get over the shock; and so long as that man was in power, I took care to avoid the very street on which the Agricultural Department was situated. But it was not for long, for the personnel of our government changed as often as did their decrees.

The reader may wonder why we did not appeal to headquarters. Some did, and while they occasionally received justice in the individual case, it brought down the persecution of the local powers worse than ever when the revising commission had left. We, therefore, always endeavored to avoid conflicts, and with this one exception I was never treated with anything but politeness (bearing in mind that everything in Soviet Russia is comparative) when I went to the different departments; though I did not always get my way, by

any means. But we were not in a position to demand much. The Commissar who searched our persons more or less politely, or who was good-humored as he loaded boats or sleighs with our personal effects and household goods, was regarded by us as quite a 'decent fellow,' and the next time we met on the street it was with a pleasant bow on both sides.

IV

Throughout the summer of 1917, 'instructors' were always coming to the villages, no matter how busy the season, haying-time or reaping. Everything was dropped to hear what they had to say. These men were sometimes soldiers, and always men of little education, both at this time and later, when the same methods were carried on by the Bolsheviki.

When the time approached for voting for the ill-fated National Assembly, an 'instructor,' a young Esthonian soldier, was sent from Tver, the capital of our state, to teach us how to vote. I was obliged to attend, as neither of my sons was at home. The meeting was held in the one street of the village, and I drove my cart up near the speaker, and remained sitting in it. He began by explaining what the National Assembly was, and what the candidates stood for. He first read off the numbers of the cards bearing names of undesirable candidates. 'Nobles, landowners, you don't want them!'

Cries of 'No! no!'

'Priests — you have had enough of the long-haired clergy lording it over you.'

Cries of 'No! no! we have had enough of them.'

'Landowners who have taken the land that belonged to you, and the forests where for generations they have cut down trees that did not belong to them.'

'No, no, we don't want landowners.'

Then he explained what list would bring them the representatives of the people. Candidates who, if elected, would work for the peoples' rights, secure the land and the woods for them.

'Now,' he concluded, 'you go to the schoolhouse to-morrow, every one of you, men and women, no matter how busy you are. Drop everything and go. Cast the vote that will secure the land for you and for your children. If you cannot write, no matter: make marks, and it will be just as good as if you could write the numbers.'

The next day we assembled and, for the first time in my life, I voted — though, I am afraid, not according to the desires of our 'instructor.'

Where the effects of Bolshevism were first felt by us was in the suppression of all private trade, and the disappearance, as by magic, of everything buyable. That was the period when, in the cities, one might die of starvation, while possessing millions. Peasants ran every risk to take bread and other food supplies to Moscow and Petrograd, where they were sold at exorbitant prices.

Of course, we in the provinces did not suffer as much from hunger, having our own bread, butter, and vegetables. But all groceries, dry goods, soap, kerosene, and the thousand and one little things without which the civilized woman is not supposed to be able to exist, were not to be had. How often has the want of a button, a needle, or a spool of thread faced us! Imagine never shopping for four and a half years!

This was the time when real ingenuity was shown. Joseph, in his coat of many colors, was not more brilliantly arrayed than were the sons and husbands whose women made them suits of bright blue or green, often sewed with cotton of a different color than the garment.

The winter of 1917 and 1918 was one long season of mental torture to us. We

were watched, searched, threatened, and we suffered great privations, as our own supplies were under control. This was the year, too, that the peasants in our part of Russia suffered, owing to partial failure of their crops, and when armies of them, men and women, went back and forth to the 'bread states,' the same Volga basin which in its turn is now starving. So many were these northern pilgrims, going south and returning with bags of flour on their backs, that a new word was coined to describe them — 'baggers.' And soon these baggers were recognized as the greatest menace to the country.

Having succeeded in getting the flour in the districts rich with food, our people brought back with them the epidemics of typhus and Spanish 'flu' that were raging in the south. The railway stations were horrible beyond description — so packed with ragged, unwashed humanity, many already ill. The floors were so covered with people lying on them as to make it almost impossible to find a spot to place one's foot in stepping. As the trains left, those who could boarded them; but every day many were left on the floor, dead or dying.

In this way the epidemic was brought to us, and at a time when we were beginning to feel the lack of drugs. The little state hospital and free dispensary for the peasants near us, which in olden times had always been supplied with necessary drugs, was now badly stocked. I had always kept myself provided with medicines, and had been in the habit of treating the peasants, with the knowledge and help of our local state physician, who was overworked. As he was quite unable to do the dressings and follow cases in all the villages, he would often turn over to me those living near us. Also first aid was always brought to me, both for men and beasts. This outburst of typhus and Spanish flu

kept me busy. In all those months I do not remember a single case among those I attended that could not be traced to some member of the family who had been south and had brought the germs — generally vermin being the direct means.

Attempts were made to stop the baggers from traveling; but this was not easy to do. They were of two kinds — speculators, and those going for their personal needs. This was when the Bolsheviks were making their experiments in the first steps of Communism; an experiment that carried off many, and shattered the health of more.

Private trading was abolished, and all buying and selling set down as illegal. Each citizen was supposed to receive all he needed in the way of food and clothing, either as payment for work done, or as rations for those too old to work and for children under age. This was a very lovely state of things on paper, and yet more so as heard from the lips of an eloquent and fanatic Communist. But Bolshevik doctrines in practice and in theory are, as we all found to our cost, as different as daylight and darkness. Food products were duly nationalized and vanished, together with markets and shops, as projected; but somehow the second part of their programme fell through, and the rations were never given out at the time and in the quantities promised.

The result was that, had it not been for these same questionable baggers, who constantly succeeded in smuggling bread, meat, vegetables, and butter, into Petrograd, Moscow, and other cities, the mortality would have been even greater than it was.

It was interesting to note how quickly the peasant women adapted themselves to the new order of things. Women who

had never seen a train, and had hardly ever left their homes, went fearlessly to the far, Lower Volga states under circumstances that would appall experienced travelers. Others would carry on a regular traffic with Petrograd. Going to Moscow, they would lay in a supply of such articles as are most needed in the villages, such as warm head-kerchiefs, calico, thread, sugar, soap, and matches. These they would take to a county adjoining ours, where the people lived mostly on small farms, and were more prosperous than those about us. In these villages the speculator exchanged her goods for flour, baked bread, butter, cereals, eggs, and currants, to take back to Petrograd and Moscow, returning home to repeat the operation. Women gave up all former occupation, young mothers left the children to the care of grandmothers and aunts, and for years practically lived on the trains. Some came under our own observation, who kept this up until their careers were ended by disease, that sooner or later one must contract if constantly traveling in the vermin-stocked cars, or by accidents. One woman whom we knew well was pushed off the car platform and had both legs cut off. Thus outwitting the Bolsheviks, these baggers, while doing harm as vehicles for contagion, and causing infinite discomfort by overcrowding the cars, yet do a service that cannot be overestimated, in feeding the large cities, and in furnishing the villages with much needed goods.

The good crops that we in the north had in 1919 and 1920 naturally led to the falling-off of baggers, who went south for flour; but the number of speculators is sufficient to overflow the limited transport from which Soviet Russia is now suffering.

THE ÆSTHETICS OF CONSERVATISM

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

It is, perhaps, not amiss, in an epoch wherein conservatism not only is generally discredited but is doing its very best to discredit itself, to stop and consider for a moment what legitimate hold conservatism, as such, has on human affections. Let us not analyze the conservatives of our own day — any more than we will analyze the radicals. At any given moment, in any given case, the die-hard or the standpatter may be stupid or selfish or obscurantist, and if so will tend to confuse, in his own person, his own issue. In politics, in morals, in literature, in art, the conservative may, according to his luck, be right or be wrong. We should be involved immediately in argument, if we attempted to deal with this or that present problem of principle or manners. To say nothing of the fact that in the year of grace 1922 the radicals are running the bank. Whatever your 'system' or your luck, the Prince of Monaco wins.

I saw somewhere, the other day, an ironic reference to W. S. Gilbert's song about every British child's being

. . . either a little Liberal,
Or else a little Conservative.

The writer more than intimated that the state of political parties under the dictatorship of Mr. Lloyd George had made Mr. Gilbert even funnier than he was originally. But, though you may wipe the Conservative Party off the map, you cannot annihilate the conservative temperament any more than you can annihilate the radical mood. These are permanent manifestations of

the human spirit. As in America, so in Akkad.

The latter statement is, of course, a commonplace, and we will not dwell on it. What is more interesting is the reason why. For it is obvious that, in the long run, the radical mood has always had its way with the world, or we should still be stuck at late Sumerian fashions. Since the race has never ceased to change its ways and call its violent shifts 'progress,' how comes it that the standpatter's type was not eliminated centuries, or ages, ago? What has conserved the conservative temper? Practically speaking, the conservative has always gone under — after a few years, or a few centuries, or a few millennia. He has no pragmatic warrant for still existing among us. Yet he does exist; and not merely as the plesiosaurus is said to survive in the Argentine. He is all over the place; and it is hard to tell why he was not slain long ago. If the radicals were orthodox — prevailingly they are not — they would probably tell you that the conservative still lives because the devil and all his angels are still awaiting the Day of Judgment. But that explanation, even if they were inclined to offer it, would be a little weak. The conservative temperament never achieves more than a temporary victory. It always goes under in the end. Yet it never dies. It must be that the race finds some quality in conservatism itself that appeals.

More and more I wonder if conservatism does not endure because of the

æsthetic sense. In other words, is there not, in the conservative attitude, something that appeals to human taste? Human reason frequently makes out a brief for the conservative attitude; yet the conservative is often beloved and admired after human reason has refused to back him up. 'Lost causes and impossible loyalties' (in Matthew Arnold's phrase) are causes and loyalties whose vitality lies in the past, or in the remoter crannies of the human mood. From Julian the Apostate to the Scottish gentlemen who were 'out' in the Forty-five, the supporters thereof are attempting to conserve something that can no longer be conserved — whether aristocratic paganism or the Stuart dynasty. Yet we must not be misled into thinking that the beauty of conservatism consists merely in the romance of failure, or in the fight against odds, or in adherence to something which 'dates' and is, therefore, quaint. It goes deeper than that. After all, sometimes the conservative temper has for the time being prevailed; and being victorious has robbed it of none of its beauty. The æsthetic appeal of conservatism depends on something more enduring; on something fundamental in human taste.

It depends, I fancy, on the simple fact that the gesture of defense has an inherent nobility and grace which are denied to the gesture of attack; that to protect is in itself a lovelier thing than to destroy. Instinctively, the human heart dislikes the sight of destruction; for destruction means waste, and our faculties, sharpened to the task of self-preservation, loathe waste. You may approve passionately of having dreadnoughts scrapped; but if you would actually enjoy, in itself, the sight of the scrapping process, you are either a pervert or a savage. It is not natural to civilized man to enjoy the spectacle of destruction. Along with the perception

of beauty or of strength goes always the perception of purpose. The human heart cries out at seeing anything baulked of its natural and logical effect. To behold the plastic result of thousands of hours of effective human toil annihilated — set at naught — *wasted* — is an unpleasant experience to the normal man. Morally, you may approve the destroying gesture, but æsthetically, house-wrecking is a painful business. Though the radical may, in a given case, be right, all things considered, iconoclasm is none the less ugly and shocking as a spectacle.

That, I take it, is why, regardless of what our convictions may be, we still grow retrospectively tender over the lost cause. Few of us, in the twentieth century, hold a brief for *Roma Dea*; yet you find yourself liking, if not loving, that Roman aristocrat who kept vigil in his country villa over the relics of his pagan world; who had to perish with the old order because he clung to proved good, and distrusted the new and intolerant hysteria of women and slaves. Who among us would bewail the triumph of Christianity over Mithraism? Yet we must always have a certain affectionate respect for the man who will not break the gods of his ancestors. We may not think him intellectually great, but we must grant him the dignity, the fundamental rightness, of the conserving gesture. One manifest ugliness at least he has refrained from. Only the pervert or the savage, as we said, loves destruction for its own sake. One of the noblest human instincts is the instinct to cherish, to foster, to preserve for a human achievement — whether it be a building, a tradition, or a creed — its natural reward of enduring effect, the fruit of the toil involved.

To point this out is by no means to range one's self with the preservers of nuisances. That rookery, insanitary, disgraceful, cruel — it has passed its

period of usefulness; it must, in all conscience, come down! But nothing justifies your taking pleasure in the actual crashing of timbers, the crumbling of masonry, except a perception of what is going to be erected in its place, so vivid that to the process of destruction itself you are literally blind. The savage of Dahomey is better off, unquestionably, without his Mumbo Jumbo. Perhaps Mumbo Jumbo (to be on the safe side) had better be given to the flames. Yet the savage who applies the torch to his ancestral god is less lovable than the savage who forsakes his god without the physical gesture of hatred. I do not say less right, mind you — I say less lovable, less pleasing. To empty the Bastille is one gesture; to burn the Bastille, another. All men become devils to look upon in the red light of conflagration. To purify the Establishment is one thing; to take a hammer to all the most beautiful windows, a quite different thing. That sometimes iconoclasm is morally desirable — counter-iconoclasm, too — is beside the point. We are not talking of the morals of it. It was meet and right, most of us felt in the late war, to kill as many Germans as possible; but we should be hard put to it to prove that a German blown to bits with high explosive was more satisfactory to the sense of beauty than a Frenchman blown to bits with high explosive.

No: æsthetically it comes back to two fundamental facts. First, that the gesture of protecting and preserving is a gesture inherently graceful and pleasing, whereas the gesture of destruction is inherently revolting and ugly. Second, that, by and large, the conserving attitude is an attitude of love — though it may hit upon the wrong things to love; while the radical mood is, by and large, a mood of hatred — though it may hit on the right things to hate. Love is a more beautiful thing than

hatred. If you doubt it, recollect human features that you have discerned through the Red Mist of Anger.

One word more before we have done with the lost causes and impossible loyalties. Again, we must be careful not to be sentimental; not to be taken in by the mere glamour of failure. The fact is, I suppose, that in loyalty, too, there is an æsthetic, as well as a moral, value; and that the loyalty of conservatism is loyalty to a fact, while the loyalty of radicalism must necessarily be loyalty to an hypothesis. By just that difference the conservative's loyalty is solidier, more apparent, more convincing. Whatever æsthetic value there may be in loyalty is, in him, more visible to the naked eye. He can show you what he is loyal to; the radical can only tell you. Perhaps that is another reason why the human race has often found the conservative charming, even while it has always destroyed him. For, doubt not, he has been the subject of innumerable crocodile tears. Hypocrisy, remember, pays its tribute less to truth than to beauty.

On one other count, conservatism may be æsthetically defended: namely, that it stands for order against chaos. The Greeks taught us long ago that order was æsthetically superior to chaos; and that law has been the basis of all art, everywhere. The Russians may, at first blush, seem to have taken to chaos in the arts as they have taken to chaos in human affairs, but that is an erroneous reading. The greatest Russian artists, like the greatest artists everywhere, have been supreme in form. A better-made novel than *Anna Karénina* it would be hard to find; or better-made short stories than Turgenev's. Where the Russians have been artistically great, they have been orderly — like anyone else. The mere fact that conservatism is, by definition, out to keep, while radicalism is out to smash, proves

this æsthetic claim. You cannot keep something inorganic or fluctuating; you can keep only what is solid, what organically exists. By the same token, that is the only sort of thing you can smash — you cannot smash a nebula. The poetical justification of the radical mood is to be found in Omar Khayyam: —

Ah Love! could you and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits — and then
Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

That is the radical's most respectable and attractive aspiration. What justifies him is his wish to remould the sorry scheme of things nearer to the heart's desire. Too often, conservatism has rested its heart upon a sorry scheme; for you cannot contend that conservatism is necessarily clever, only that it is in certain ways intrinsically beautiful. Yet even the sorry scheme is a scheme, and a scheme that has worked — well or ill. Radicalism never offers you a scheme that has worked; only a scheme that, it is hoped, will work. And the radical temper, it must be said, is more immediately concerned with pulling down the scheme that exists than with building things up again. 'Anything is better than what we have,' they are very apt to say.

There is, indeed, a certain laziness in their violence, a certain impertinence in their insistence on your taking the will for the deed. For note that the radical will never build, experimentally, beside the ancient edifice, and compare the two at leisure. His edifice must be built on the very site of the existing one. Chaos must precede his new order. He may be destroying with the purpose of building better — of course, that is what, unless he is an anarchist, he intends; but the one absolutely predicable thing is that he will destroy. His initial gesture will, must, be violent. The thatched cottage has been con-

demned for all sorts of reasons — rheumatism, what not. The mansion that is to take its place is sure to be better, since no one but a madman would deliberately build anything worse than what he tears down.

Conservatism does not deny that, unless it is needlessly and willfully obscurantist. Conservatism, however, suggests keeping on the cottage until the mansion has been erected. But the passion for identical sites always defeats him. The conservative, being an orderly creature, and distrusting chaos from afar, merely points out (and, as history tells us, usually in vain) that, though the thatched cottage may leak, it is, at all events, a better shelter for the family than the most pretentious blueprint. Sometimes, no doubt, the standpatter irritates all sensible folk by insisting that the thatched cottage is the ideal dwelling. At about that time, someone always sets fire to the thatch. But, on the other hand, he is right in his insistence on the superiority of the thatched cottage, as a dwelling, to the front elevation, on paper, of Versailles itself.

If one must in justice admit that conservatism is too apt to stick to something outdated, one must equally, in justice, admit that radicalism is too apt to destroy without any reasonable hope of rebuilding in time to shelter the evicted soul. Conservatism is not, perhaps, very far-sighted: it dwells too much with fact and too little with vision. It sees that to-day is destruction and to-morrow chaos, and gets too little comfort from the prospect of order on the day after that. It prefers a little order in hand to a great deal of order — as you might say — in the bush; it stands by order as a fact, not by order as a theory. It can fairly be called a servant of order — perhaps a bond-slave thereto. But it loathes chaos to the point of being unwilling to take

the chaotic way to paradise. That, if it be a defect, is a defect of the intelligence. It is far from being a defect of taste.

Let us grant, in ending, that imagination is not the chief gift of conservatism. The conservative's imagination, that is, takes the restricted forms of piety. He clings to the things that have been good enough for other people. When he sees the totality of the fabric tottering, he is apt to see the destruction of beauty without perceiving the parallel destruction of ugliness. This blindness, none the less, indefensible though it may be, has its engaging side — which must count in the sum of any æsthetic defense. To be frank, one of the results of conservatism in the world is undoubtedly your great-grandmother's garret: a place where no end of things that should have been discarded have been obstinately kept. But the reason for that hoarding is a disarming one. Beyond the desire to preserve rather than to destroy, which we have already mentioned as a conservative grace, there dwells in the conservative heart a real humility. We said that his imagination took usually the form of piety. He has great faith in 'famous men and the fathers that begat us.' He has more belief in people who are known to have been great than in people unborn who may be great.

Conservatism is often called materialistic. I think perhaps it is, in its dependence on proved fact. It may not be gracious of the conservative to distrust the prophecies and promises of those who would tear down everything he holds dear; but there is graciousness in his refusal to belittle the people he has learned to admire. There is certainly graciousness in his refusal to believe that he himself must inevitably know best. The person who destroys must have overweening self-confidence, if he is not a mere brute. The person

who cherishes and preserves what he finds, thereby admits that what someone else has thought is likely to be better than what he can pull out of his own inner consciousness. You cannot legitimately destroy without, first, honestly despising; the conservative temper is chary of contempt, because it is inherently modest.

Some representatives of conservatism do indulge in scorn; but it is usually scorn of the unproved thing, or of people who would set hypothesis above fact, and themselves above experience. Obscurantism is a very unpleasant thing to encounter; yet the conservative obscurantism, which clings to judgments it considers better than its own, is surely lovelier than radical obscurantism, which discounts everything it did not think of itself. This is not, I repeat, an intellectual matter: it is merely a question of the graces of human character.

It is rather silly, I grant you, to hold, still, commemorative services for King Charles, Martyr; but there are people who do it, and I am not aware that even Lord Morley and the friends of his Positivistic youth held services for Oliver Cromwell. By and large, the great radicals are not the figures that have kept the personal affections of men. The most you can do for the man who applies the torch is to love his idea. You cannot love him, because he lacks the æsthetic appeal. The fact that the radical always prevails may show that man is a thinking animal, — I fancy it shows a good many other things besides, for the radical mood is far more complex than the conservative one, — but the fact that, though the conservative spirit has never prevailed for long, it still goes on being incarnated, certainly shows that there is something at work in racial history besides pragmatism. Let us, as we have done, call it the æsthetic sense.

GLAMOUR

BY EDITH KENNEDY

It was early morning in the laundry. The girls were just arriving. They took off their hats and coats and collars, and wrapped them in the newspapers they had read on their way to work. Felice Malgari, 'hand-ironer,' waiting for the dampened shirts and collars to appear, leaned on Annie Duggan's body-machine.

'Look at Flora,' Felice was saying, 'Did n't her mother let her have the winder open to look out the whole of Fortajuly afternoon. Look at Angelina. She ain't got no brothers, so her payrents make her walk to work all the time with Flora and her brother. Pretty soon Angelina marries that brother. You see!'

'Gee!' said Annie, 'I should think Flora would get wise to that.'

'What of it?' replied Felice. 'Ain't it lucky for her? Tony is all the time talkin' to Angelina, ain't he? Well, leave it to Flora to get in a few winks with Lorenzo, when he ain't got a hair-cut or a shave in the chair. You see! They 'll all get married but me.'

'Cut it,' said Annie; 'You 're too good-lookin' ter be an ould maid.'

'But who will see my good looks?' broke in Felice, 'with me doing nothing at all but sit in the kitchen evenings, thinking the same ould thought over and over.'

'And what 's that?' inquired Annie.

'How can a girl's payrents expect her to get married when they don't let her see no fellers?'

'No fellers, and you wid seven brothers,' jeered Annie.

Felice took her up eagerly. 'Sure, seven, and every night they go out. Slam the door, and off to have a good time. And what do I do? String peppers, maybe. Maybe nothing. Saturday nights my father is all the time going to the Opera. Maybe two, three of my brothers goes with him. All day Sunday they hum them tunes, and say how fine is the Opera, something grand. I tell my father take me to the Opera. "No place for a girl," he says. Always the same: "No place for a girl!"'

'Aw, whudderya want ter go there fer anyway?' said Annie scornfully. 'Get-cher brother ter take yer to the movies. You know, movin' pitchers — some class ter them.'

'Take me — no fear!' responded Felice. 'Not me. What is movies like?'

'Listen to the green diamond,' said Annie. 'It 's there you get life. Swell pitchers that tell a story. Like photos, only the folks move natural-like.'

'I donno,' said Felice, only half-attending.

The big double-doors at the end of the laundry banged open. On Mondays and Tuesdays a row of dapper shining carts stood outside, waiting to disgorge their lumpy white bundles into the grimy pit below. But to-day was Thursday.

'Gee! what 's that strange cart full of hampers blowin' in here to-day for?' said Annie. 'My God, if it 's another steamer in, I 'm goin' ter quit! Last time we only had two hours to get the work out in, and this time they 'll be askin' us to cut that down. Gee, this joint makes me sick!'

Felice stretched and yawned, with her head flung back and the rings of Venus almost ironed out of her thick white throat, and fixed her golden eyes on the hampers.

'That looks too swell to be a steamer job,' she said. 'I bet it ain't. Well, so long! Me to my bosoms.'

She crossed slowly to her board, where a tray of damp shirts had been placed, turned on her iron, and began to work. She had ironed industriously for an hour or so, when she noticed that the 'starchers' at the farther end of the laundry were surrounded three deep by girls, all talking hard. 'Gee!' said Felice to herself, 'them starchers must have found a dime in the bottom of the pail.'

The talk grew louder and the group grew larger, until Felice could bear it no longer; she turned off her iron and joined them.

'What 's doing?' she asked Veronica Quinn, the best starcher in the laundry.

'Lookit, F'lees,' answered Veronica, holding up a shirt.

The other girls also held up shirts, pointing to the inside of the neckbands, where Felice read the words, 'Paris, Wien, Milan, London.'

'Say, Felice oughter be able ter read these off,' handing her a bundle of socks and handkerchiefs marked chiefly with Italian names.

Felice read them off. 'Say, what is this anyway?' she cried.

'Didja see the cart wid the swell lot of new hampers in?' said Veronica. 'Well, it was the work from the Gran' Opry company. What der yer know about that!'

The Opera! Felice felt chills running up her spine.

'Them clothes sure is a dream,' went on Kitty Donnelly. 'Silk socks and silk handkerchiefs—nothing but class.'

'Say, F'lees,' broke in Annie Duggan; 'it 's maybe Caruso's bosoms you 'll be ironing up this after.'

All that afternoon Felice ironed the foreign shirts, with a thousand visions floating through her brain. Her favorite, which she oftenest went back to, was Caruso, advancing to the footlights with one white-gloved hand placed upon the 'bosom' that she, Felice Malgari, had 'done up.' One of her brothers had often rehearsed the bows of Grand Opera stars for the benefit of the family. Presently she unrolled a white evening shirt, and it was not long before she discovered an odd little pocket just under the bosom. She examined it with vivid interest. 'Annie,' she called, 'come on over a jiff.'

Annie came.

'Pipe this,' said Felice, disclosing the pocket to Annie's penetrating gaze.

'Imagine!' chanted Annie, greatly struck. 'Wot a place for a pockut.'

'It 's here he carries his grand cream-silk handkerchief,' suggested Felice.

'Say,' said Annie, who had kept on looking at it with a sophistication born of moving pictures, 'want to know what Mary Pickford would do if she got next to that pockut? She 'd slip a slick note into it, askin' fer a couple of Opry tickuts as a favor for doing up his shirt in fancy style.'

'Annie, you sure are some smart kid,' said Felice, her Latin nature kindling. 'Would you write it for me, girlic; I can't write the good English.'

'Sure ting,' answered Annie. 'Wait till five. Leave ut ter me.'

When that hour came around, Annie, with a quill pen and some ink borrowed from the marking-room, and a sheet of slippery brown wrapping paper, penned, not without difficulty, the following effort, Felice dictating:—

Deer Sir,

this is a pur eyetalian Girl writine to you. i done up this shirt the beste i cud. Would you bee so kynd az to send me a cuple opera tikuts i got 7 bros. who go al the time they are somthin fieerce the way —

'I would n't be after givin' away my own brothers to a purrfect stranger,' interrupted Annie.

'All right,' agreed Felice. 'Leave it out that they are fierce to me.'

'But if you sent me a cuple tikuts, my father wud maybe let me off to go,' suggested Annie.

Felice approved.

'How 'll I end ut?' asked Annie.

'*Con amore*,' said Felice, grinning.

'Whut's that you 'll be saying?' asked Annie suspiciously.

'It's the way you end letters in Italy,' replied Felice.

'But what is its meanin' in American?' persisted Annie.

'Yours truthly,' replied Felice glibly.

Annie spelled it as best she could, and signed it with Felice's name and her home address. It would never do to let the boss know, even an inkling. Felice took the note in her long brown fingers, tucked it in the pocket, folded the garment deftly, and placed around the glossy bosom a strip of paper which she pinned in the back with great neatness and despatch. This done, she added it to the pile, and presently, with snapping brown eyes, watched it out of sight in the packer's arms.

'You know you may get nothing at all,' said Annie sensibly.

Two days after this, Felice started for work in a downpour that threatened to last all day. A muddy dribble of water had slipped under the door of her house, and formed a fast-growing pool in the black hallway, into which she stepped, so starting the day with wet feet. The barnlike doors of the laundry were closed against the rain; and when she succeeded in opening them, with difficulty because of the wind outside and the weights inside, she was greeted by a puff of foul steam, reeking of the 'chemicals' in which the world's soiled linen was boiling. It seemed unbearable for a day's breathing.

At eleven o'clock steamer-work arrived, to be finished at three, and the whole force was 'turned on to' the mangles and shaking-tables, Felice among them. She thought drearily of the long evening hours she would have to spend at the ironing-board, to make up for this interruption, trying ever and again to catch a glimpse of the clock through the heavy, evil-smelling steam from the mangles. The hand-ironers took a half-hour at six for supper, and then to work again. No Paris and Milan shirts for Felice to-night — just the usual local varieties.

She finished, by dint of extra effort, at eight o'clock, and walked home with Flora, Flora's brother, and Angelina, as her brother, who had called for her on his way home as usual, had directed. She forgot the puddle which had grown to quite a lake during the day, and her shoes went *plop, ker-plop*, up the flight of dark stairs. Wet and weary, she opened the door. The kitchen was hot and bright. Her mother, a thin, gnarled woman, was leaning over a table covered with peppers, which she was stringing. Her gold ear-hoops dangled against the brown cords of her neck.

Felice suddenly swept down upon the table, and pulled from under the litter of peppers a large pink envelope. On it she read, with blurred incredulous eyes,

Signorina F. Malgari.

'Who opened this?' she jerked out to her mother, who replied in Italian, —

'Thy father. In it were two tickets to the Opera. Was it not strange, eh? Very many strange things happen in this country.'

'But where are they?' demanded Felice, trembling from head to foot.

'Thy father and brother have just gone with them,' answered her mother placidly. 'How much you got for the overtime?'

FIRE IN THE EYE

A FAMILY MATTER

BY FRANCES LESTER WARNER

I

'My wife came running,' wrote the man who had been attacked by a colony of bees; 'my wife came running, spurred on by that combination of sympathy and curiosity known as Wifely Love.'

The sentiment of curiosity lends a dash of spice to household love. In the home-circle, this curiosity is not a purely inquisitive desire for information. Knowledge, in itself, is a mild pleasure, but it seldom satisfies. We like to keep an eye on our relatives, that we may surround them with the tender grace of our sympathies, and also that we may see if we approve their plans.

Acts in a household, therefore, are frequently very much like the acts in a rehearsal of an amateur play: the acting and the lines may be interrupted from time to time by the shouts of prompters, coaches, and property-men, and by the hoarse whispers of one actor telling another actor what to say.

The three phases of activity most freely supervised in this fashion are matters of procedure, matters of costume, and matters of the Legal Code.

One might suppose that personal liberty in matters of procedure would, after a few experimental years, be assured in every home. But in the average household any unusual and unexplained act is the signal for a general questionnaire. This is inconvenient for

one who suddenly finds himself with something to conceal.

A university oarsman, at home on his vacation, one afternoon took a girl canoeing and upset her in the lake. He ladled her skillfully back into the canoe, climbed in, seated himself, and tipped over again on the other side. Together he and the girl swam ashore, towing the canoe. Neither objected to a wetting, but both objected to having their mishap known among their friends. They hurried dripping along obscure byways, and arrived at her house unobserved. Taking leave of his lady there, the hero sped home, and entered his room by a convenient trellis whose services he had shared for years with the vine of a Dorothy Perkins rose.

Once in his room, his only problem was how he should dry his costume unnoticed by a large and inquisitive band of sisters. He thought of the tailor. But in a small town a tailor is not only a tailor: he, too, has friends. The sun was still high, the weather hot. A hidden, yet sunny, area where he might spread the white flannels was all he asked. Resourcefully, he remembered the top of the mansard roof where, in high-school days, his wireless aerial used to wave. Up through the attic, up his old rope-ladder, out through the dusty skylight he went, with his soaking bundle and a ball of twine. The twine he

stretched skillfully hither and yon, from one to another of the three chimneys, making a flat low network, much as one arranges horizontal strings for a garden of cucumbers. Then he sat down in the shade of a chimney to wait, planning to turn the garments from time to time as they dried. An hour passed. The sun was warm. A lazy breeze drifted obligingly over the roof. The little affair, he thought, had come off surprisingly well, considering.

At this point in his reflections, he was hailed by his younger sister Claudia, from the lawn below.

'Herbert,' she called, 'what are you doing on the roof?'

Herbert went politely to the edge and gazed down. 'I was thinking,' said he, 'of planting a Moorish roof-garden.'

'And what,' pursued his sister, 'are you doing with that twine?'

'Mending my nets,' said Herbert.

'I'll come up and help,' she volunteered.

'Oh, no, you won't,' said Herbert affably. 'I pulled the ladder up after me.'

Claudia was not abashed. 'Mrs. Lane has been calling on mother,' she went on, 'and she said you were spreading out something all over the roof. She said it looked like a small wash.'

'She did, did she?' said Herbert admiringly. 'Einstein must be right. I thought you could n't see the flat of this roof from the street.'

'You can't,' said Claudia. 'She was calling on the Farleys on Oak Hill, and they looked down from their sun-porch and saw you. Now what are you doing, Herb? Mother wants to know.'

'You just tell mother,' said Herbert with finality, 'that I'll tell *her* if she won't tell *you*. Tell her I'm coming right along down.'

To live happily in a sympathetic family of this kind, you should do al-

ways, as Jonathan Edwards advised, only those things that you could wish to be found doing if your time should come to die.

II

Occasionally, however, the fiery moment in the domestic drama arrives, not when our relatives are unduly curious, but when they choose the wrong moment to demand from us the sympathy that is their due. Every strong executive, who goes straight to his goal with his Eye on the Object, exerts a powerful pressure upon his relatives to make them his retainers. If his relatives are themselves natural leaders, they resist this pressure with much the same vigor that animates the non-coöperative movement under Mahatma Gandhi. Each in his own sphere remains intent, with projects that fill the mind's horizon and absorb the nervous system. Several members of the same family, going about the house in this purposeful mood, will sooner or later work up a dramatic climax.

In families of artists, this conflict between Great Moments and executive plans may become a serious thing. In most musical households there is at least one member who, the instant a bit of music is well under way, is inspired with a burst of irrelevant activity. Hostesses are great offenders in this line. Having asked the artists to perform, they glide about inconspicuously while the music is going on, opening and shutting windows, adjusting and distributing sofa-cushions, inquiring in whispers whether the light is right for the accompanist, and, in general, making ready for the end of the world. They think that, if they tiptoe and whisper, their little avocations will be practically unobserved.

One musical clan has felt so bitter about this criminal practice, that they have trained all their friends and all

their relatives-in-law to go into a sort of trance-like state whenever any sort of music begins. Even the grandchildren are so trained. On Thanksgiving Day, all the generations had gathered for an afternoon of song. One of the uncles was in full swing in the most telling passage of a tenor solo, and everybody was giving him the tribute of what Mr. Schauffler calls 'creative listening,' when a little mouse came suddenly from under the piano, darted across the room, and ran under the chair of the smallest niece. Everyone was breathless, expecting screams. But the well-instructed child sat motionless, wide eyes fixed upon the soloist, until the last note of the song had died away. Then she took her little rocker on her back, as children do, made her stooping way across the room, settled her chair beside her mother, and remarked confidentially, 'I just saw a little 'quiritel, mother, and I thought I'd come and sit by you.'

This extreme of perfection is rarely attained, even in the most artistic homes. The most carefully disciplined of relatives will occasionally ask a question of a violinist in action. When a player is at the height of a difficult theme, attention absorbed, tone-quality exquisite, hypnotized nerves intent, it is a fearful come-down to be asked if he feels the draught from the door. He feels that nobody within hearing distance ought possibly to be conscious of a door. When this crisis is precipitated by a friendly hostess, the violinist shakes or wags his head stiffly above his chin-piece, and finishes up his selection as best he may. But when a kinsman is the culprit, fireworks commonly ensue.

III

But it is in attempts to regulate costume that we find the most rapid approach to the great central emotions of

the individual. This is the topic upon which all members of a household feel that it is, if not their duty, certainly their privilege, to speak. They feel that they should be consulted about how their kin are clothed. There are families that manage this business with primitive measures and a high hand. No breath is wasted in debate. Unpopular bits of raiment, like incautious enemies of the Soviet, simply disappear.

There are many devices for putting such things out of the way, notably the Salvation Army, the rummage sale, and urn-burial. Family procedure varies. One earnest wife, for example, had reasoned hopelessly with her handsome iron-gray husband, who had taken to wearing a violent cubist tie. This tie, he insisted, meant to him a belated form of self-expression, a sort of Second Blooming, a Winter Rainbow. There was no question about the rainbow, his wife agreed. Too law-abiding herself to steal the expensive thing, she begged her son to take it back to college with him by mistake. This he did, and returned home the next week-end with forty new silk ties. The most famous man of fashion in his fraternity had seen the winter rainbow, had desired it, and had given in exchange all that he had.

Sometimes the article of dress offends, not by reason of bad taste, but by reason of great age. It has suffered, the family feels, from the simple passage of time. A mackinaw, for instance, that has seen its best days; a crush hat that has given up the struggle; a pair of corduroy knickerbockers that has reached the stage eventually reached by all good corduroy when it creaks faintly like harness as its wearer walks about: these are the possessions that are dearly loved by their owners, and guarded apprehensively from lawless domestic ragpickers and officious junk-dealers on every hand.

The thing that would happen in the world, if this informal Green-Room Committee should cease to function in every home, is well illustrated whenever a large number of unattached unmarried people live in a town where nobody knows them well enough to lay down the law or steal. On a college campus, for instance, certain costumes become practically immortal; any academic assembly is a capital place to study interesting Old Favorites in various stages of repair. 'Can I not,' inquires Carlyle, 'stitch myself one perennial suit of leather?' On a university campus he almost could. That college is poorly off indeed that does not hold as a precious tradition at least one *objet d'art* among its faculty's haberdashery — at the very least some storied overcoat or book-bag, or eye-glass-ribbon, or curious celebrated hat. The campus legend is enriched, and the student body not without its innocent joys, simply because there is nobody at hand with sufficient Wifely Love to say decisively, 'It's high time that thing was called in.'

IV

This matter of laying down the law leads immediately to the third great inflammable topic on every hearthstone — the Criminal Code. The main statutes in the family codex may be firmly established, but there are usually certain by-laws that are not easy to enforce. Even so elementary a matter as the treatment of pets, for example, brings up a number of minor questions. That mother is very commanding, indeed, who can precisely enforce all her regulations as to what varieties of animals may and may not be brought into the house; what they shall be fed, and where; who shall put the cat out, and when; which of the neighbor's pets shall be encouraged and entertained. The animals themselves are so winning and

so agile, that these laws are particularly liable to infringement. That child has missed something who has never surreptitiously let the cat out of the cellar after hours, and smuggled it upstairs to bed. The gentle creature thus released is so affectionate, so astonished, and so pleased. The only difficulty here is the little matter of concealment when older persons come unexpectedly upstairs on errands to one's room. A cat hastily thrust out of sight beneath a counterpane is strangely blind to its own interests. There is no way of conveying to it the necessity of lying still. And to the bright parental eye there is something unmistakable about the contour of a cat moving anxiously about beneath a quilt. Back to its dungeon it must go, leaving only the wistful and lovely memory of its furry companionable form.

Laws about pets, however, are as nothing compared with laws about cash. This matter subdivides logically into two phases — where the cash shall be kept, and how it shall be accounted for. There is a type of busy housewife who, even after years of steady training, constantly mislays her wallet and her check-book. She never really loses them; she simply cannot put her hand on them at need. It happens, then, that in the midst of a pleasant domestic chat the laundry is delivered at the door, and she scurries high and low in search of funds. At this point, the other members of the group, rather than spare her longer from the circle, hastily make up a purse among them and pay the bill.

Far worse than the lady who loses her cash is the one who loses track of her accounts, and feels obliged to fill in the empty pages from memory. This sort of retroactive accountant should be suppressed by every means. Late in the evening on the last day of the week, she opens her books and tries to jot down an itemized account of all

that she has spent. 'Do you remember,' she begins — and the tribal peace is doomed. She wants to know, from Monday to Saturday, the History of Mankind. A person of this stamp should not have a cash-account. Oliver Wendell Holmes once observed, 'There are heads that can't wear hats.' Similarly, there are heads that can't keep books.

It would be interesting to know, not only the community practice regarding pets and cash, but also the code of honor that governs the overhearing of conversations in every talk-loving American home. Our houses are so open, so airy, and confidential. In nearly every typical American-built house there will be found at least one excellent listening-post, from which one can gather the main points of any discussion that may be going on. A certain amount of listening most families agree to countenance. When there is a group of callers for tea, for example, it is just as well to know what is going on before you come breezing in. The least you can do is to flit casually past the door, humming a little tune, and taking a hasty survey as you go. The question is, where is one to draw the line between legitimate reconnoitring and eavesdropping, as such.

The children of a hospitable young couple had this business worked out to a fine point. They entertained no scruples at all. There was a hallway at the top of the stairs, from which one could hear perfectly anything that was said on the floor below. When guests were invited for the evening, these children went dutifully to bed, but not to sleep. After the company had come out from dinner, and the evening's conversation was at its best, three solemn figures, each wrapped in a down-puff, would assemble by the balustrade. Huddled there, they heard the delicious peals of grown-up ladies' laughter,

and the genial rumbling of the grown-up gentlemen's replies. No reception of later years can ever be as full of wit as those, when it was on pain of death if one should laugh. There was another peril too. The little audience in the first balcony must be always alert, ready to run back to bed at the slightest warning; because they knew from experience that, sooner or later in the course of the evening, the ladies of the group would be invited to inspect the sleeping nursery. Escorted by the children's proud young mother, the ladies would steal up the stairs for just a glimpse of the innocent little ones sound asleep. At such times, it was well, of course, to have the pretty tableau staged as advertized. Consequently the three down-puffs were girded on compactly, and each small listener was always poised to spring.

This is all very well in childhood; but in later years this general wish 'for to see and for to know' is harder to deal with. In one large family, if any two of the relatives particularly wish to consult each other in assured privacy, they invite each other out to the garden, 'to look at the Brussels sprouts.' The Brussels sprout is an interesting vegetable the year round; even in the dead of winter the corner is kept green, and frequently inspected in the snow.

The eldest son of this house, on his return from France, wanted to give a certain girl who was leaving town for a long trip a chance to choose among his war-souvenirs. He arranged the matter carefully with his mother, in advance. He was going to bring Dorothy in early on Sunday afternoon, and let her see his treasures in the library, and then take her to her train. All went well. Dorothy was charmed with his things. But he made just one mistake: he closed the library door. Presently it opened. 'What's this door shut for?' inquired his younger brother, darting

headlong in. Seeing Dorothy, the brother, without waiting for an answer, darted headlong out again, banging the door behind him as he flew.

Dorothy, much amused, went on narrowing her choice. Once more the door burst wide. 'Why you got this door shut?' — his younger sister this time, and again the horrified and precipitate retreat.

His guest was laughing again, but he was not amused. He did not want Dorothy to be amused. He liked her serious and sweet. This moment alone with her was to have been a rare little episode of delicate companionship. Now his little scene had been turned into a burlesque. He could not bear it. It seemed impossible in a civilized country.

And then the thing actually happened once more: another brother this time after a book. 'What in *time* is this door —' A wide-eyed glance at the situation, a slam, and the retreating sound of running feet.

It was too much. Leaving Dorothy for a moment, the returned warrior rushed out and confronted his relatives on the porch. 'Come one, come all!' said he in the smothered tones of contained fury. 'If anyone *else* wants to know why I shut that door, mother *said* that I might show Dorothy my junk.' The selection made, he took the young lady to her train. Then he went for a long tramp, to work off his feelings before he met his relatives again.

Late in the afternoon he came home. Everyone had gone to vespers, and the house was quiet. His resentment still burned hotly against the huddled life of a family where a man could not have a dignified moment of quiet parting with a girl, without clownish performances on the part of everyone within a mile. But the house, of late so exuberant, was graciously expressive and very peaceful now. He poised on the arm of

the davenport, hands in pockets, and glanced critically at the familiar objects in the room: a jonquil opening in the window; his mother's mending-basket, with his brother's skating-helmet on top; his father's newspaper pitched tent-fashion on the floor. Over in the corner stood his own 'cello, the bow hanging from one peg, the late afternoon sunlight making dark ruddy shadows on the curves of its fine old form. Everything in the room was perfectly at peace, yet everything stood potentially for something going on — his father's reading-lamp, his own briefcase, the basket of winter apples on the table, his sister's violin. Family life looked very harmonious, he thought grimly, if you were n't on the inside. Peculiar how such a lovely stage-set could have been the scene for such an impossible slap-stick comedy, and for such a melodramatic thunderstorm of rage. The composition of that room expressed ideals; yet it was the scene of inelegant blunders, of ill-timed comings and goings, of skirmishes and cross-purposes and wrath.

Twilight and silence are weavers of strange spells. The most turbulent family life remembered in quieter years is full of unsuspected dignity and truth. Even reduced to its lowest terms, it was the period when, for a while, we were under close inspection of bright observing eyes; when our doings meant much to several active brains; when we heard and uttered fine unvarnished Truths; and where we knew one little group of lively fellow beings really fairly well. Irrelevant things from those days are never quite forgotten — not even the curiosity, the criticisms, and our sins against the Law. We would hardly forget them even if we could, for they contained a vital spark — a spark, indeed, so vital that it was in its day a never-failing kindler of Fire in the Eye.

FACING THE ISSUE

TWO PRISON CHAPLAINS

[Two letters, among the multitude which have come to us giving voice to insistent and increasing interest in prison reform, present contrasted aspects of the situation. Each is written by an expert whose life is a testimonial to his sincerity of purpose, and each sets forth the writer's point of view in such lucid detail that we print them together. Together they will leave unprejudiced readers divided on questions of theory, but with a new belief that a solution of the present intolerable situation can be compassed by men of good will. — THE EDITORS.]

March 9, 1922.

EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEAR SIR: —

I have read with increasing interest Mr. Frank Tannenbaum's articles on 'Prison Problems' appearing in the *Atlantic* during the past year. Because of the complimentary statements about San Quentin and an ever-growing interest in matters of prisons and prisoners, I am constrained to 'speak right out in meetin',' and add something to the alleged facts previously published.

First of all, let me deal with the warden. Whatever may be truthfully stated about the wardens of other prisons, the allegations in Mr. Tannenbaum's articles do *not* apply to the warden of San Quentin.

Warden James A. Johnston is, without question, the outstanding example in American prisons of what a warden should be. He is at once a firm disciplinarian and humane in his judgments. He is a careful student of human nature. He is a member of the California Bar Association, and a profound student of economics.

Warden Johnston looks upon the prison as a place wherein men may find themselves, build up their weakened

moral natures, overcome their physical handicaps, and have their intellectual powers developed.

It is his purpose to offer an education to the ignorant, teach a trade to the man who has none and, so far as possible, round out the life of the unfortunate inmate, so that he may be returned to society an asset rather than a liability.

There is nothing in the article on 'Facing the Prison Problem' (*Atlantic*, February, 1922) to indicate that the writer visited San Quentin about a year ago. Since the time of Mr. Tannenbaum's visit, many improvements have been made.

The educational work has been extended, and some of the industries, particularly the furniture factory, have been greatly enlarged. Eventually the jute mill will be discontinued, and industries at which men may work upon leaving the institution substituted in its place.

A glance at the following summary of courses, and the number of students enrolled in each course, will clearly indicate that there are many men devoting time to the study of advanced subjects, not purely academic, but which also fit into their vocational ambitions.

SUBJECT	STUDENTS
Accounting	2
Algebra	18
Arithmetic, Shop	24
Arithmetic, Commercial	16
Art Appreciation	1
Astronomy	3
Automobile	69
Biology	1
Bookkeeping	25
Business Management	16
Civilization	3
Composition	42
Drawing	58
Economics	7
Electricity	82
English, Business	16
Essentials of Mechanics	10
French	21
Geometry	5
Government of the U. S.	1
Grammar, English	28
History of the World	4
Journalism	2
Latin	4
Law, Commercial	15
Literary Criticism	1
Literature, English	7
Logic	9
Mineralogy	1
Music	10
Philosophy	2
Shop-sketching	3
Spanish	129
Stenography	58
Surveying	1
Theory of Investment	1
Trigonometry	3
Typewriting	15
Writing	9
<i>Total</i>	722

There are also sixty-eight students enrolled in agricultural subjects, most of whom are also taking other courses. Academic and agricultural courses are taken by correspondence, through the courtesy of the University of California.

There are also classes in electricity and gasoline machinery. These have a total enrollment of seventy-five students, and are conducted each Saturday afternoon by Professor S. P. Reed, a representative of Heald's Automotive School in San Francisco.

In addition to the advanced work

which I have mentioned, there were on February 1, 1922, men enrolled in the following subjects:

SUBJECT	STUDENTS
Elementary Arithmetic	862
Orthography	509
Advanced Orthography	17
English Grammar	398
Advanced English Grammar	5
Penmanship	945
Civil Government	3
United States History	6
<i>Total</i>	2745

With a number of the students in these subjects taking more than one subject, this total of 2745 represents the activities of 1093 men. And of these, 174 men are enrolled in academic courses. The lessons for the above are prepared by the educational director, assisted by the inmate teachers; they are printed in the prison printing-rooms and are sent to the student one lesson at a time, new lessons following as the work previously done is reviewed and corrected.

In addition to the correspondence work, there are twenty classes of illiterates and those who cannot study without the aid of a teacher, numbering in all—187. These classes meet on regular school-days after 'lock up.' They are taught by inmate teachers, and are divided into one group of twelve classes under a superintendent, and another group of eight classes also under a superintendent.

It would be fallacy to insist that all persons enrolled are 'making good,' but creditable returns are being made by more than half of those whose names appear upon our records. Every effort is made to induce those who are delinquent to begin or resume their work. Circular letters, personal letters, and personal interviews are resorted to in order to interest the man who fails fully to grasp the value of education.

The educational department of San Quentin is taking an advanced step in the conduct of a mental survey of the entire prison population. This will prove invaluable in the adjustment of individuals to suitable lines of study and labor. Army Alpha, and Beta, and Terman group-tests will be used for testing men in groups of twenty-five. For additional research, the Stanford Revision of the Binet-Simon and the Army Performance scale will be used.

The educational work of a prison differs materially from such work among the young, for most persons coming to prison lost the habit of study long before their arrival. There also arises the difficult situation due to various nationalities. The following table shows the nativity of the 1170 prisoners received during the year 1921:—

NATIVITY			
Afghan	1	Indian	6
American	838	Irish	9
Armenian	1	Italian	17
Australian	2	Japanese	3
Austrian	9	Mexican	142
Bohemian	2	Montenegrin	1
Brazilian	1	Norwegian	3
Bulgarian	1	Polish	6
Canadian	19	Porto Rican	2
Chinese	11	Portuguese	5
Cuban	1	Rumanian	1
Danish	2	Russian	8
Dutch	4	Scotch	8
English	10	Serbian	3
Filipino	7	Siamese	1
Finnish	2	Spanish	6
French	2	Swedish	3
German	15	Swiss	3
Greek	5	Turkish	2
Hawaiian	2	Uruguayan	1
Hindu	3	West Indian	2

While the Americans numbered 838, many of them had had very limited schooling. It is most significant that, during 1921, not a single college graduate was committed to San Quentin. In the following educational recapitulation for that year, everything over the sixth grade may be safely discounted 25 per cent. It is also noteworthy

that only 103 persons, of the 1170 received, claimed an education equivalent to high school or better.

Not one year	23	Ten years	86
One year	33	Eleven years	40
Two years	38	Twelve years	59
Three years	64	Thirteen years	13
Four years	79	Fourteen years	13
Five years	87	Fifteen years	9
Six years	117	Sixteen years	5
Seven years	120	Eighteen years	2
Eight years	225	Nineteen years	1
Nine years	83	Twenty years	1
No education		72	

Education is not compulsory in this institution. This, I believe, is as it should be. In fixing sentence, due allowance is made by the Prison Directors for whatever of industry and educational advancement an inmate has made, the Chaplain-Director of Education being required to submit a résumé of the individual's educational status and progress.

No better evidence of the value of Warden Johnston's policies is to be had than the conduct record for the year just closed. On January 1, 1921, the inmate population numbered 1850. There were 1170 persons received during the year 1921. The total number of inmates offending against the rules was 338, or a fraction more than one offender to each ten persons; a most admirable record.

RECORD OF INMATES LOSING PRIVILEGES IN 1921

	Offenders Offenses	
9 times	2	18
7 " "	2	14
6 " "	4	24
5 " "	3	15
4 " "	7	28
3 " "	17	51
2 " "	53	106
More than once, in all	88	
Once only	250	250
Totals	338	506

The furniture factory, employing 250 men, is run without a guard, and no

guard attends the chapel services. Nor is there a guard in any of the offices, or in the photograph gallery, Bertillon room, or hospital.

Restrictions on letter-writing are mild and visitors are permitted to come to the prison once a month; friends on Saturdays, and relatives on Sundays.

The physical plant is, much of it, old and obsolete. The new section contains 800 single cells, the dining-room, and the kitchen. This section is as good as any in the country. The old section is of the very obsolete type, housing from two to six men in each cell. Ventilation is forced and good, but sanitation is of the obsolete type. The hospital, though an old building, is up-to-date in equipment. No finer medical and surgical treatment is to be had anywhere. The chapel and library are old, and very inadequate.

I hand you these facts because I believe you will be interested in some first-hand information.

Yours very truly,
OLIVER C. LAIZURE,
Chaplain-Director of Education.

March 10, 1922.

EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MY DEAR SIR: —

You may well know that I have been deeply interested in the various articles that your magazine has been publishing in recent issues on prison reform. I see that, whatever the variety of opinion on various aspects of the subject, all agree that our present manner of dealing with the question of crime and criminals is a gigantic failure. With this conclusion I agree. But it is a rather serious conclusion, when we recall that more than a half-million of our fellow citizens are involved, yearly. If it were a private business, how long would it continue without at least an effort at some radical change? I sup-

pose that the answer to the question is found in the slowness of man to break with traditional habits and passionate prejudices. It is not my intention, in this communication, to give my views; but I cannot resist a strong desire to affirm a few opinions that have already been set forth in some of the articles referred to.

The present methods of dealing with criminals are about as stupid and senseless as those employed one hundred years ago, in treating many diseases — insanity, for instance. To begin with, we know almost nothing of the subjects we are working upon. Ignorance befogs the whole work. Until this is, at least in a measure, removed by accurate scientific study, we shall go on in our criminal blundering. In the first place, the court should acquire the necessary information upon which to base its decisions. The inconsistencies, absurdities, and almost, if not quite, criminal blunders practised by the courts because of ignorance would fill volumes. The youth who are sent to us for 'reformation' are a curious mixture. It is supposed that only *first offenders* shall be treated in this Reformatory; and yet, during the last four years, 48 per cent of these subjects have served time previously, and many of them three and four times, and a few as many as five times. Often the worst of these are recommended for special mercy.

It is a shocking experience to one who has been taught a patriotic reverence for our courts, to discover such weakness and inaccuracy in our criminal jurisprudence. This is not because the judges are dishonest, or perhaps always careless, but because they have not been furnished, in our state, with sufficient facility for knowing. The vital facts bearing on the cases are never within reach. The courts are weak enough, operating as they do under antiquated and traditional limitations even if all the facts were at hand.

But after the court has done its best, and we receive the youth for treatment, the system grows even worse. I know that the claim is often made that, from our prisons and reformatories, from 70 to 80 per cent are restored to an honorable life. This is not true according to our records. And these are quite incomplete. About 48 per cent become so law-abiding that they do not get into prisons after leaving. But I do not believe that this is because of the good work done in the institutions. It would be hard for any treatment to spoil more than 52 per cent, for many of these youths are rather fine fellows. We have here about five hundred who were among the bravest in the defense of 'Democracy' during the World War, and many are from respectable homes. Twenty per cent of these young men are from our Boys' Industrial School. This tells the story of sad failure. If at an early age we do not succeed, what can we expect to accomplish with advanced age?

What we do for them after we get them — or, rather, what we do not do — is the saddest reflection on the system. This institution, of which I have been chaplain long enough to know what I am speaking about, was, at one time, the foremost of all institutions in up-to-date methods of reform. It was in the eye of the world, and foreign commissions came here to study. It is not that we have receded from this pinnacle of success, but that the world has moved up a peg or two, and things seem different from what they did a few years ago.

We have a large variety of occupations and trades in which we 'occupy' the boy while he is here.

The design is all right. The special need of these inmates is a trade or occupation by which they can make an honest living. But what we really do — for we do not give wages, except a mere

pittance — is to teach the most slovenly habits of work imaginable. The boy has a fixed notion, soon wrought into him if he does not possess it when he enters, that he is to pass his time as easily as possible. There is no incentive to do an honest day's work for an honest wage. We actually corrupt him in his working methods. We unfit him, instead of fitting him. What *we* do, they all do, if they are honest enough to confess it. Take the farmer boy. We have a farm of 1200 acres. The boys work, or pretend to work, eight hours a day. Their one ambition is to quit on time and get back to rest. What farmer will tolerate such a habit when he hires one of these 'trained' men? The result will be that he will be discharged, wander about, and drop into the old ways.

The trouble with the whole system is that it desocializes; and, under the artificial restraints constantly present, the youth becomes unfit to settle back into normal conditions. It is almost a mercy to one who has been confined for a long time to be confined always.

This is not meant as a discouraging presentation, but quite the opposite. We never improve until we have it shown us clearly that we are failures. This vision is certainly appearing. Sensible men are beginning to probe the old system with questions, under which it can never stand up. Therefore, there is hope that something new will come. I see little hope of 'improving,' but more hope of 'revolutionizing.'

Science will bring a better knowledge of our fellow man, and will afford us a new appreciation of responsibility in crime. It will work a greater hardship, if it may be called so, on the persistent criminal and lawbreaker. He will be put away, and possibly made comparatively comfortable and, largely, self-supporting. The feeble-minded, who constitute such a large class in all our penal institutions, will be taken care of

as they should be. The cruelty of submitting men and women of the mentality of children of six or ten years of age to the severities of prison discipline will some day be looked back upon as worthy to be classed with the ancient cruelties of the thumbscrew and the fagot. With the remainder, who are capable of being improved, a new order will be instituted, which will encourage freedom of action and self-reliance, and furnish incentives to success. This is not impossible when once we get rid of the heavy burden that prejudice, traditional customs, and bigotry still impose upon us. The task of building the new

system will not be so difficult as to get rid of the old encumbrances.

And yet this very discussion makes us know that the future is bright with the promise of better work. But we shall not realize the success we desire until we secure a scientific diagnosis on which will be built a new segregation; until, also, we establish an adequate motive for honest labor, and so form industrial habits; and until scientifically trained men, and not policemen, shall be induced to manage the whole enterprise. Perhaps all this may come sooner than we now expect.

H. W. KELLOGG.

VIA OBSCURA

BY VIOLA C. WHITE

I SEEK, with those who roam afar from light,
The moon's face never turned; the under snow;
The circle just outside the lantern glow
Rustling with wings and wet with forest night;
The streets that run obliquely from the sight
Of peering sunshine to an antique row
Where pilèd armor, bowl, and censer show
The smouldering dreams of monk and sybarite.

I seek the coverts of the human mind,
Beyond its false and simple masquerade,
That pasture irony and half-desire;
The caves where wind of daylight never strayed;
The black and brooding mines, wherein I find
The fundamental origin of fire.

NOAH'S WIFE: OR, WHAT'S IN A NAME?

BY ROBERT M. GAY

Noah of old, and Noah's dame,
I think I never heard her name,
But she went in tho' all the same.

— MOTHER GOOSE

I WISH to say a word for Noah's wife. For all I know to the contrary, she has waited 4269 years (according to Archbishop Ussher's computation) for a sympathetic voice to be raised in her behalf. For this very considerable period there has been a shadow upon her reputation, due to no fault of hers; and it is high time that the grounds of this injustice be looked into.

I became interested in Noah's wife, more years ago than I can say, by way of her husband. Noah was my earliest hero. Almost every Christmas I received a Noah's Ark, with a red roof, half of which was hinged along the ridgepole like a lid, and with a row of windows painted on each side, out of which peered a variety of goggle-eyed animals. Lifting the roof I drew forth, first, Noah and his wife, and Shem, Ham, and Japhet. For some mysterious reason, Noah's daughters-in-law were never present. Father, mother, and the three sons comprised the human passengers — all dressed in bodices and long skirts, and wearing hats like those worn by Chinese coolies, and all standing stiff as grenadiers.

After them, I lifted out the animals, twenty or thirty of them, violently striped or spotted, and smelling of paint. One could tell the horse, cow, and deer apart by the horns. I think that Christmas held no joy quite comparable to this of pulling the slightly

sticky beasts out, one after another, guessing at their species, matching them up, and arranging them two by two on the hearthrug, while Noah and his wife supervised the shipment from the quarter-deck, and Shem, Ham, and Japhet shooed the animals in from behind.

I thought then, and I think still, that Noah's doings were the most remarkable in history. The Ark, we are told, was made of gopher wood, every plank and joist of which he had to fell, cut, and finish, himself. He had then to assemble his lumber, according to specifications that had been given him, into a seaworthy structure, 300 x 50 x 30 cubits or, as I estimate it, about 525 x 87 x 52 feet, built in three stories, with one door and one window. Meanwhile, he had to collect the animals, sort them out, arrange them in couples and sevens, drive them into the Ark, and — most appalling of all — live with them for one hundred and fifty days, before he even made Mount Ararat. And at this time he was six hundred years old! Even for a man much younger, this would have been the most difficult undertaking in all history.

About the Old Testament characters, however, there is an air which I find hard to describe. I can perhaps suggest what I feel about them by saying that they are always doing the most surprising things in the most matter-of-fact way. There is nothing just like this in any other book, I think. The labors of Hercules or Jason or Jack-the-Giant-Killer, though remarkable, were still

represented as laborious; but these Old Testament worthies thought nothing of undertaking to do, and of doing, things that would have made even Hercules or Jack resign his commission in despair. And they did these things calmly and competently, and without wasting any breath in talking about them.

Noah seems to have gone about catching the animals, for example, quietly, methodically, and modestly. Not a word is said about any difficulties he may have had. And yet anyone who has ever tried to catch an unwilling hen, or drive a pig through a gate, or keep a grasshopper or a frog in a box, or put salt on a bird's tail, must have wondered what his method was; how this astonishing man went about collecting his beasts, birds, and creeping things, arranging them in rank and file, and persuading them to march decorously up the gangplank; and one can only echo the words of an old French writer, who concludes an examination of this incident with the following reflection: 'There are many persons who have spoiled a good deal of paper trying to discover the truth of this affair; but there is no one who has been able to arrive at a perfect assurance or certitude.'

When I was a little boy, although my playmates and I were lost in admiration of Noah, we paid little attention to the ladies of the party. We early noticed, nevertheless, that his wife had no name, and she quickly became associated in our minds with Lot's wife, who suffers from the same anonymity. Now, this linking of Noah's wife with Lot's wife seems to have been constant throughout history, and furnishes a bit of evidence of the importance of a name that escaped even the researches of Mr. Shandy. For Lot's wife's reputation has never been any better than might be; and the shadow that rests upon her namelessness has been extended by the

unthinking to cover the only other matriarch who seems to have had no given name. Poor Noah's wife! And this in spite of the fact that, though she had a much better reason than Lot's wife for casting a longing, lingering look behind, there is no evidence whatever that she did so. As a boy I felt sorry even for Lot's wife, and could never see that she was guilty of anything deserving a fate so disagreeable. I heard ministers explain her saline conclusion more than once; but their explanation explained so little that it became grouped in my mind with other 'wingy mysteries in divinity, and airy subtleties in religion,' such as Balaam's ass and Elisha's bears and Jonah's whale, about which we children had many rationalistic controversies. I lived for years in the hope that a preacher might some Sunday explain the Flood, and drop a hint concerning the anonymity of Noah's wife; but none ever did; and it was only after a long while that I began to suspect that preachers were accustomed to skip rather lightly over these matters.

But the story of Noah was such a good one that, despite some difficulties in the higher criticism, it engaged my imagination for many a day. The world of waters, and the lonely Ark with its unique tonnage floating upon it, the windows of heaven being opened and closed, the flight of the raven and the dove, the lifting-up of the cover of the Ark and, above all, the disposition of the animals and the daily routine that must have been gone through to keep them all healthy and happy — these furnished materials for a good many hours of pleasant daydreaming. It was my earliest sea-story, and no other story in the world can hold a candle to a good sea-story. Some details bothered me; particularly how the Ark was lighted, since it had only one window. I had never read the Koran, and therefore did not know that there was a

gigantic carbuncle suspended from the roof-tree; nor did I know several other facts about which the Koran is explicit — such as that Noah's wife had a name, and that it was Wahela, and that the Ark sailed clear around the earth six times. Anyway, this information is clearly heterodox, and therefore not worthy of much notice.

A good many years later, I was amused to discover that Noah's family had engaged the curiosity of others, and that there had grown up a tradition even round Noah's wife. Among the Mohammedans, I learned, there was a notion abroad that, like Lot's wife, she was a freethinker, and in the Middle Ages it was the general opinion that she was a shrew, as Chaucer records: —

Hastow nought herd, quod Nicholas, also
The sorwe of Noë with his felashippe
That he had or he gat his wyf to schipe?

It was whispered also that she deceived her husband regarding her secret views on many subjects; that she tried to persuade the neighbors that he was crazy; and that, finally, as the old mystery plays relate, she refused flatly to go into the Ark, and had in the end to be carried in bodily, kicking and squalling.

This is a damaging indictment, if there is any evidence to support it; but there is no doubt in my mind that an estimable woman has been done a grave injustice, and for no reason whatever except that the narrator of the Flood incident either forgot to record, or did not know, her name. He was equally careless regarding her three daughters-in-law; but, so far as I know, no one has ever gossiped about them. They are simply Shem's, Ham's, and Japhet's wives, and posterity has been willing to let them go at that; but their poor mother-in-law has been singled out for obloquy merely, so far as the testimony indicates, because she enjoyed a cer-

tain social prominence as the wife of the first and most remarkable of skippers.

The mediæval legend is, it is true, an excellent bit of irony, quite in the vein of Anatole France, intimating as it does that the man who could manage all the rest of animate creation with such efficiency could not manage his wife — that he was, in fact, henpecked. But we need not give too much credence to it on the score of its plausibility; for in the Middle Ages, when humor was a robust growth than it is nowadays, men never hesitated to rationalize the Scriptural stories and to embroider them with amusing suggestions. They handled the story of Balaam and his ass so freely that they, or the ass at least, became the most ribald fun-maker of the age, and they seem never to have tired of spinning new yarns about Jonah and his whale. Even the Devil, afraid as they were of him, struck them as funny; and they knew no joke quite so good as Beelzebub pitchforking sinners out of this world into a warmer. Finally, they had a theory that Satan somehow got into the Ark, possibly disguised as an animal, and that he made trouble throughout the voyage. Such a story is quite in character, if we are to believe Milton, who says that Satan first got into Eden by using the same ruse.

In the light of such inventions, what they said about Noah's wife need not cause us much perturbation. Since I have grown up and have observed the attitude of her descendants of her own sex toward such experiences as were hers, I have come to sympathize with her wholeheartedly. Think of having to watch a taciturn husband neglecting his business for years, to build a boat on dry land, miles from any water; think what impressions must have been hers, as he went to and fro collecting animals that smelled unpleasantly, most of which she of course detested; think of

her premonitions when she was invited to enter the Ark, still on dry land, and to permit herself to be shut in with all the creeping things in their kinds there were in the world! And after she was in the Ark — to live almost a year in a box, in which there was only one window to look out at, and nothing to see even from that except water; to have nobody to talk to except her sons, who seem to have taken after their father, and her daughters-in-law, who seem to have been women of no importance; to walk for exercise between interminable rows of snorting, snuffling, growling creatures; and to wake in the small hours of the morning, wondering how many of the creeping things might have got into the bedroom! Where is there an instance of feminine heroism comparable to this?

Noah can hardly have been much in the way of company for her, because he had to feed the animals. I cannot see how he ever had a moment to sit down, or how, if he ever did sit down, there was anything to talk about except the animals — the last subject a woman wants to talk about. Was ever woman subjected to such an ordeal? And yet, is there a single indication that she added to Noah's worries, that she complained, scolded, moped, or wept? Not one. On the contrary, all the evidence available suggests that she went through her trying experience as calmly as her husband. She could not have been a high-strung, nervous woman, or a woman with a temper, or a woman full of the irrational fears usually ascribed to her sex; for, if she had been any of these, she would have jumped overboard after the first week. No. I am convinced that she was rather a quiet, self-possessed body, with a sense of humor, fond of flowers, which she cultivated on the sill of her only window, and gifted with unusual intellectual resources. Probably she played on the

harp, mended the bodices and skirts of her family, scratched the noses of the less ferocious animals, fed the birds, and kept a diary; a silent, self-effacing woman, who knew how to milk the cows and goats, and make butter and cheese, and keep things tidied up in the cabin. She was, I have no doubt, loved by her husband and her sons, and even by her daughters-in-law.

I am led to these conclusions, not only by the Anglo-Saxon principle of justice, that a person is innocent until proved guilty, but also on grounds of general probability. For, if Noah's wife had been what is known as a strong-minded woman, is there any doubt that her name would have come down to us? Is it not at least likely that she would have been careful to see that it did? Or, if she had been noted for a bad temper or a shrewish tongue, is it not almost certain that some of her sayings or doings would have been recorded? The evil that men (and women) do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones.

An Additional Note. — After I had written my purely impulsive defense of Noah's wife, I discovered that, according to certain rabbinical legends, she had a name. She was Naamah, and she was the daughter of the saintly Enoch. But, more noteworthy than this, I also discovered that she was called the 'pious Naamah'! Noah, the legends intimate, really did not deserve to be saved, but was somewhat less wicked than the rest of mankind. It is very gratifying to have one's intuitions ratified by the facts. The pious Naamah, on whose account, in all probability, the entire family was saved, and therefore the animals, has come down in history merely as 'Noah's wife,' and Noah has received all the credit. Many of my feminine readers will exclaim, 'Now is n't that just like a man!'

THE TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR SHIFT

A CHAPTER IN STEEL. III

BY CHARLES RUMFORD WALKER

I

7 A.M. *Sunday.*

I TRIED to get a lot of sleep last night for handling the long turn; managed about nine hours. When I came to the locker, Stanley was there, dressed, cleaning his smoked glasses.

'How much sleep, last night?' I asked.

'Oh, six, seven hour,' said Stanley.

'You 're a fool,' I said; 'this is the long turn.'

'I know, I know,' he returned, 'I have t'ing to do. No have time sleep.'

I looked at him. He had a big frame, but his limbs were hung on it, like clothes on hooks. His face was of a gray pallor, sharply caving in under the cheek-bones. His eyes were very dull, and steady. I had noticed those eyes of his before, and never could decide whether they showed a kind of sullen defiance, or resignation, or were just extraordinarily tired.

'Two month more,' he said.

'Two month more what?'

'Two month more this goddam work every Sunday — goddam work all day like hell, all night like hell. Pretty soon go back to good job.'

I knew what he meant now. He had told me weeks before, when we had hewed cinders together in the pit, how he was a rougher in a Pittsburgh mill. Worked only twelve hours a day, and no Sundays.

'No more long turn,' he concluded; 'work of rougher slack now, all right October.'

He moved off slowly, with no spring in his step, and no energy expended beyond what was absolutely necessary to move him.

I walked out on the floor to look at the clock. The night gang on every furnace was washing up, very cheerfully and with extraordinary thoroughness. They were slicking up for the once a fortnight twenty-four-hour party. Nearly everyone drank through his day off, or raised hell in some marvelous manner. It was too precious and rare to spend in less violent reaction to the two weeks' fatigue. I looked at them and tried not to be envious. The first helper on Seven was taking a last look through the peepholes as he put on his collar. A great Slavic hulk on Number 5 was brushing his clothes with unheard of violence.

Dick Reber passed by. He saw me leaning against a girder buttoning my shirt.

'Front-wall, Number 5, you!' he bawled.

I was sore at myself for having been seen standing about doing nothing. But I was sore at Dick, also, unreasonably. I went back to my locker, got my gloves and went to Number 5. I began filling the spoon, with the help of 'Marty,'

the Wop. He glared at me, and interfered with my shovel twice when we went together to the dolomite pile. Marty had made enemies widely on the furnaces, because of a loud mouth, and an officiousness that sat ridiculously on his stature and his ignorance of steel-making. I was glad when the front-wall was done. I took the hook down, and went over to the fountain in back of Five, cooled my head, neck, and arms, and went over to Seven, without taking a swallow. I had decided to have only two drinks of water in the half-day.

Dick Reber saw me coming up, and I think in punishment for loafing said: 'Clean up under there. I want you to clean all that filth out, all of it from behind that girder.'

It was near the locker and under the flooring, in a sort of shelf, where lime, dolomite, dirt, old gloves, shoes, filth of all sorts had accumulated. I cleaned it out with a broom and a stick. It took me half an hour.

'All right,' said the first-helper; 'now get me ten thousand.'

So I went off to the Bessemer, rather glad of the walk. I climbed the stairs to the pouring platform, and watched the recorder, who had left his book, operate the levers. The shifting engine backed a ladle under, and slowly the whole Bessemer cauldron, bubbling and shooting out a tide of sparks, dipped and allowed about 20,000 pounds to drop into the ladle.

'Ten thou' for Seven,' I said.

In another five minutes, the engine brought up a ladle for my ten thousand, and the boy dipped it out for me with the miraculous levers.

'All right,' I said; and ran down the stairs fast enough to catch a ride back past the furnaces, on the step of the locomotive.

The second-helper grabbed the big hook which came down slowly on a

chain from the crane, and stuck it into the bottom of the ladle. As the chain lifted, the ladle tipped and poured the ten thousand pounds with a hiss. But the craneman was careless, which is n't usual. Fred kept saying: 'Whoop, whoop!' but he went right on spilling for quite a spell before he recovered control.

'Dolomite,' said the first-helper to me, after the 'jigger' was poured.

I went to a box full of the white gravel, at the end of the mill, and yelled at Herb, the craneman. A box of dolomite is about eight feet square and three high. This one was perched on top of a dolomite pile, ten feet off the ground. I struggled up on top, and took the hooks Herb gave me from the crane, — eight-inch hooks, — and put them into the corners of the box, using both hands. Then I slid down, and the box rose and swung over my head.

Herb settled it neatly on our own little dolomite pile in front of Seven. I slipped out the front hooks, and the back ones lifted and dumped the load, with a soft swish, neatly on the low part of the old pile.

There was a little time to sit down after this — perhaps ten minutes. I smoked a Camel, which had spent the last shift in my shirt-pocket. It was a melancholy Camel, and tended to twist up in my nose, but it tasted sweet. I sat on Seven's bench, and watched Fred take his rod and move aside the shutters of the peepholes to give final looks at the furnace. She must be nearly ready. He looked back at me, and I knew that meant 'test.'

I grabbed tongs, lying spread out by the anvil, clamped hold of the mould, and ran with them to about ten feet from Number 2 door of the furnace. Fred had the test-spoon lifted, and shoved into the door; he moved it around in the molten steel, and brought it out full, straining his body tense to hold it

level and not lose the test. I shifted the mould a little on the ground, and closed my hands as tight as I could on the tongs, so that the mould would n't slip and turn. He poured easily and neatly, just filling the mould, and flung the spoon violently on the floor, to shake off the crusting steel on the handle.

I ran with mould and tongs to the water-trough in front of Eight, and plunged it in, the steam coming up in a small cloud. I brought it out and held it on the anvil, endwise, with the tongs, while Nick flattened in the top slightly on both edges, to make it break easily. Nick broke the ingot in two blows, and Fred and the melter consulted over the fragments.

'All right,' said Dick.

We were about to tap. I went after my flat manganese shovel, but it was gone from the locker. Some dog-gone helper had nailed it. I took out an ordinary shovel.

In back of the furnace, Nick was already busy with a 'picker,' prodding away the stopping from the tap. He burned his hands once, swore, gave it up, went halfway along the platform away from the tap, returned, and went at it again. Finally the steel escaped with its usual roar of flame, and its usual splunch as it fell into the ladle. I stepped back, and nearly into 'Shorty,' who had come to help shovel manganese. 'Where you get shovel?' he said, with his eyes blazing, pointing at mine.

'Out of my locker,' I said.

He started toward it, and I held it away from him.

'I tell you that shovel mine —' he began; but Dick, from the other side of the spout, shouted at us how many piles to shovel, and Shorty shut up. We were to get in the first big pile and the next little one.

The ladle was beginning to fill. 'Heow!' yelled Dick.

Shorty and I went forward and put in the manganese. It was hot, but I took too much interest in shoveling faster than Shorty to care. Then came the second ladle, during which Shorty's handkerchief caught on fire, and made him sputter a lot, and rid himself of some profanity in Anglo-Italian.

I went to that trough by Eight afterward, to wash off the soot and cinder, and put my head under water, straight down. I knew back-wall was coming, and sat down a minute, wondering, rather vaguely, how I was going to feel at six or seven the next morning.

Back-wall came. I had bad luck with it, trying too hard. It was too hot for one thing. There are times a back-wall will be so cool you can hesitate a long second, as you fling your shovelful, and make sure of your aim; at others, your face scorches when you first swing back, and you let the stuff off any fashion to get out of the heat. There's a third-helper on Five, I'm glad to say, who is worse than I. They put him out of the line this time; he was just throwing into the bottom of the furnace.

Everyone develops an individual technique. Jimmy's is bending his knees, and getting his shovel so low it looks like scooping off the floor. Fred's is graceful, with a smart snap at the end.

Then front-wall. I start in search of a spoon and a hook. It's not easy to get one to suit the taste of my first-helper. There's one that looks twenty feet, — I have n't any technical figures on spoons, — but it's too long, I know, for Fred. There's a spoon three feet shorter, just right. Hell — with two inches melted off the end! I pick a short one in good repair, — he can use the thing or get his own, — and drag it to Seven, giving the scoop a ride on the railroad track, to ease the weight. Fred has put a hook over Number 1 door, so I hurry, and lift the spoon handle

with gloved hands to slip it on the hook. If it's not done quickly, you'll get a burn. You're at arm's length from molten steel, and no door between. I get it on, and pick up a shovel.

Front-wall can be very easy, — you can nearly enjoy it, like any of the jobs, — if the furnace is cool, and there's a breeze blowing down the open space of the mill. And, too, if the spoon hangs right, in the hook, and the first-helper turns it a little for you, then you can stand off, six feet from the flame, and toss your gravel straight into the spoon's scoop. You hardly go to the water-fountain to cool your head when the stunt's over. On Number 1 the hook hung wrong, the spoon would n't turn in it, and you had to hug close, and pour, not toss. I tried a toss on my second shovel, and half of it skated on the floor.

'Get it on the spoon, — you!' from Nick.

So I did.

After that, we sat around for twenty minutes. Fred looked at the furnace once or twice, and changed the gas. Several gathered in front of Seven — Jock, Dick, the melter, Fred, and Nick.

'Do you know what my next job's going to be?' said Fred.

The others looked up.

'In a bank.'

'Nine to five,' said Dick. 'Huh? gentlemen's hours.'

'Saturday afternoons, and Sundays,' said Fred.

The other faces glowed and said nothing.

'This would n't be so bad if there were Sundays,' said Fred.

'I'll tell you there'll come a time,' broke in the melter, 'when Gary and all the other big fellers will have to work it themselves — no one else will.'

'Now in the old country, a man can have a bit of fun,' said the Scotchman. 'Picnics, a little singing and drinkin',

and the like. What can a man do here? We work eight hours in Scotland. They work eight hours in France, in Italy, in Germany — all the steel mills work eight hours, except in this bloody free country.'

The melter broke in again. 'It's the dollar they're after — the sucking dollar. They say they're going to cut out the long turn. I heard they were going to cut out the long turn when I went to work in the mill, as a kid. I'm working it, ain't I?'

I left, to shovel in fluor spar with Fred.

When we finished, Fred said: 'You better get your lunch now, if you want it. Then help Nick on the spout.'

I ate in the mill restaurant. My order was roast beef, which included mashed potato, peas, and a cup of coffee — for thirty-five cents. Then I had apple pie and a glass of milk. The waiters are a fresh Jew, named Beck, and a short, fat Irish boy, called Pop. There is a counter, no tables; the food is clean.

I went back to help Nick on the spout, and found him already back on the gallery, with a wheelbarrow of mud. He looked up gloomily and said: 'One more.'

I dumped the wheelbarrow, and went after more mud, bounced it over tracks, and a hose, and up and down a little board runway, to where the mud-box stands. After filling up, I went back slowly, dangerously, swayingly, over bits of dolomite and coal, navigated the corner of the gallery by a hair's tolerance, and dropped the handles of the wheelbarrow by Nick, with relief. It's bad on my back, that's it. I'd rather do two back-walls, and tap three times in high heat, than wheel these exacting loads of mud.

Nick knelt on the other side of the spout, and I gave him the mud with my shovel, to repair the holes and broken places of the spout, which the last

flow of molten steel had carried away. When he finished the big holes, I gave him small gobs of mud, dipping my hands in a bucket of water between each, to keep the stuff from sticking. A wave of weakening heat rose constantly from the spout, still hot from the last flow. I prayed God Nick would hurry. He made a smooth neat surface the whole seven feet of spout, rounding the edges with his hands.

When I came back from the spout, Fred was in front of the furnace, blue glasses on his nose, inspecting the brew. He put his glasses back on his cap, glanced at me, and pointed to a pile of dolomite and slag which had been growing in front of Number 3 door.

'All right,' I said, and picked up a shovel from the dolomite pile. For a couple of minutes, I shoveled the stuff down the slag hole, and remembered vividly the bygone pit-days. Then I would have been cleaning up around the buggy. For a minute I felt vastly superior to pit people. I earned two cents more an hour, and threw down a hole the dolomite and dirt they cleared away.

I began to feel a little tired in back and legs, and repeated Fred's formula on how to get away with a long turn: 'Take it like any other day to five o'clock. Then work for midnight. Anyone can stand it from midnight to morning.' I did a front-wall on that basis.

'Watch those buggies!'

I ran over to the furnace and glanced down the slag hole, yelling back: 'Half full.' Then Fred went to an electric switch, and the whole furnace tilted till the hot running slag flowed over at the doors, and dripped into the buggy-car beneath, in the pit. I held my hand up as one of them filled, and Fred caught the pitching furnace with the switch, and stopped the flow of slag.

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II

4 P.M. Sunday.

Number 8 furnace tapped, and I shoveled manganese into the ladle with that man from Akron, who is new, and who, I noticed, burned his fingers in the same way I did on my first day. Then back-wall and front-wall, and Jock saying all the while, 'It's a third gone, lads.'

5 P.M. Sunday.

I felt much more tired after this first ten hours than later; it was the limp fatigue that comes from too much heat. I ate fried eggs and a glass of milk, and then my appetite took a start and I ordered cold lamb and vegetables. When I had finished I went back into the mill, to my locker, and took out a cigarette. I sat on a pile of pipes against a main girder, intending to smoke; the cigarette went out, and I slept a half hour.

Things were going first-rate from six to nine. Jigger, clean up scrap, front-wall Number 6, front-wall Number 8. I could n't distinguish between this and any other night shift; the food must have acted for sleep. But after nine the hours dragged. From 9.20 to 10 was a couple of hours. In the middle of a front-wall, I saw the efficiency man, Mr. Lever, come through and stare at the furnace, walk around a little, and stare profoundly at the furnace.

Mr. Lever was pointed in two places, I noticed for the first time. He had a pointed stomach, and his face worked into a point at his nose. I noticed carefully that he had a receding chin and a receding forehead. As he watched us scoop the dolomite, drag up to the spoon, dump, scoop up the dolomite, and do it over for three quarters of an hour I thought about him. I wanted to go up to him, and give him my shovel. I had to struggle against that impulse — to go up to him and give him my shovel.

The evening dragged. I fought myself to keep from looking at the clock. I fought for several hours after ten o'clock, and then, when I thought dawn must be breaking, went up and found it ten minutes of eleven.

I did feel relieved at twelve, and went out to the restaurant, saying: 'Anyone can wait till morning.'

Sometimes, when things are hurried, when tapping is near or a spout is to be fixed, you have to eat, still drenched in sweat. But to-night, I had time, and at quarter of twelve, hung my shirt on the hot bricks at the side of the furnace, and stood near the doors in the heat, to dry my back and legs. I then washed soot and dolomite dust from ears and neck, and dipped my left arm, which was burned, in cold water. At twelve I put on the dried shirt, and went to eat.

Half the men wash, half don't. There were a number of open-hearth helpers in the restaurant, with black hands and faces, two eating soup, two with their arms on the table. Their faces lacked any expression beyond a sullen fatigue, but their eyes roved, following Beck about. Lefflin had his arms on the table and his face on them.

I ate ham and eggs, which included coffee, fried potatoes, two slices of bread, and a glass of milk.

Walking back to the furnaces was an effort of will. I climbed the embankment to the tracks very slowly, the stones and gravel loosening and tumbling downhill at each step. I tried hard to concentrate on a calculation of the probable number of front-walls to come. Then I wondered if it would n't pay to cut out breakfast in the morning, and get nine hours' sleep instead of eight and a quarter. Friselli came up the bank behind me. He is third on Number 6.

'Well,' I said, 'make lots of money to-night.'

'What's the good money, kill your-

self,' he said, and went past me along the tracks.

Number 8 was preparing to make front-wall. I felt weary, and full of ham and eggs, and very desirous of sitting down right there on the floor. But Jock, the first-helper on Eight, said, 'Oh, Walker!' when he saw me, and we began.

Through that front-wall Jock was tiring. He worked in little spurts. For half a door he would sing, and goad us on in half-Scotch; and for the next half he would be silent, and wipe his face with his sleeve. After that door, he came up to us and said with profound conviction, 'It's a lang turn, it's a lang turn.'

When we finished, Jock lay down on a bench.

It's a part of a third-helper's duties to keep five or six bags of fine anthracite coal on the little gallery back of the furnace near the spout. I went after that little job now. Fifty pounds of coal in a thick paper bag is n't much to carry — till you get doing it a couple of days running.

I sat on the seat where the Wop stays who works the furnace doors. They call him the 'pull up.' That had some sacks and a cushion, and was broad, with a girder for back. I fell asleep.

Something twisting and pinching my foot woke me up. It was the first-helper. 'Fifteen thousand, quick,' he said.

I got up with a jerk, feeling not so sleepy as I expected, but immeasurably stiff. I moved in a wobbly fashion down toward the Bessemer. I felt as if I were limping in four or five directions. Very vigorously and insistent I thought of one thing. I would look at the clock opposite Number 6, when I went by, and possibly, very probably, a whole pile of hours had been knocked off. Then I thought with a sting that we had not tapped, and it could n't be more than three. It was two.

'Fifteen thousand,' I said to myself, 'quick,' and climbed the iron stairs to the Bessemer platform.

When I came back, I walked beside the locomotive as it dragged the ladle and the fifteen thousand pounds of liquid steel. Through closing eyes I watched the charging machine thrust in the spout. That long finger lifted the clay thing from its resting-place on the big saw-horses between furnaces. Then the machine adjusted itself in front of Number 2 door, and shoved the spout in with a jar.

I stood lazily watching the pouring of the molten steel. Fred motioned slowly with his hands, with 'Up a little. Whoop!' as the stream flowed very cleanly into the spout and furnace. Then came the noise of lifting, that characteristic crane grind, with a rising inflection as it gained speed and moved off. 'Pretty soon tapping, after tapping, back-wall, front-wall, the spout, morning,' I meditated.

'Well, how in hell are you?' It was Al, the pit boss.

'Fine!' I said, as loudly as I could, and went and sat down at once. My chin hit my chest. I stopped thinking, but did n't go to sleep.

'Test!' yelled Fred.

We tested three times, and then tapped. There were two ladles, with four piles of manganese to shovel in. A third-helper from Number 4, a short stocky Italian, shoveled with me. The ladle swung slightly closer to the gallery than usual and sent up a bit more gas and sparks. We put out little fires on our clothes six or seven times. After the first ladle, the Italian put back the sheet iron over the red-hot spout, and after the second ladle I put it on. We rested between ladles, in a little breeze that came through between furnaces.

'What you think of this job?' he asked.

'Pretty bad,' I said, 'but pretty good money.'

He looked up, and the veins swelled on his forehead. His cheeks were inflamed and his eyes showed the effects of the twenty hours of labor.

'To hell with the money,' he said with quiet passion; 'no can live.'

The words sank into my memory for all time.

The back-wall was, I think, no hotter than usual; but men's nerves made them mind things they would have smirked at the previous morning. The third-helper on Eight and Nick quarreled over a shovel, and Nick sulked till Fred went over and spoke to him.

Once the third-helper got in Nick's way. 'Get out, or I'll break your damned neck!' and so on.

I felt outrageously sore at everyone present, not least, myself. After that back-wall, everyone except Fred threw their shovels with violence on the floor and went to the edge of the mill. They stood about in the little breeze that had come up there, in a state of fatigue and jangled nerves, looking out on a pale streak of morning just visible over freight cars and piles of scrap.

We made front-wall and, when it was over, I went to the bench by the locker and sat down, to try to forget about the spout. I had been forgetting about it for twenty minutes when Nick came up and shook me, thinking I had fallen asleep.

'Mud,' he said.

I got him mud.

Nick fixed up the spout amid an inclination to curse in Serbian, and gave me commands in loud tones in the same language. I felt exceedingly indifferent to Nick and to the spout, and finished up in a state of enormous indifference to all things, save the chance to sleep. Jack, the second-helper of Eight, was making tea, having dipped out some hot steel with a test-spoon and set a teapot on it.

'Want some?' he said.

I nodded.

Watching him make it, and drinking the tea woke me up.

'What time is it?' I asked.

'Four-thirty,' said he.

'Thanks for the tea.'

Then the summoning signal for a third-helper rang out — a sledge-hammer pounding on sheet iron. They were 'spooning up,' that is, making front-wall, on Number 6. All through that stunt I was wide-awake, quite refreshed, though with the sense, the conviction, that I had been in the mill, doing this sort of thing, for a week at the inside.

Coming back to Seven from that, I found Fred flat on his back, looking all in. Jock came up for a drink of water, and looked over at me.

'You look to me,' he remarked, 'like the breaking-up of a bad winter.'

III

5 A.M. Monday.

The sun came into the mill, looking very pallid and sick beside the bright light from the metal. I watched the men on Eight make back-wall, and heard the sounds; I sat on the bench, my legs as loose as I could make them, my head forward, eyes just raised.

'Lower, lower, goddam you, lower!' came a desperate command to the 'pull-up' man to close the furnace-doors.

'Get out —'

'One more —'

'Up, up, where are your damn ears?'

'Come on, men, last door.'

'My shovel, you — —!'

Now they were tapping on Number 6. The melter came out of his shanty; he had had a sleep since the last furnace tapped. He rubbed his eyes, and went out on the gallery. I could hear his 'Heow.' Four poor devils were standing in the flame, putting in manganese. Thank God, I don't shovel for Six.

'A jigger,' from Fred.

'Sure.'

When I went for it, the sores on the bottom of my feet hurt so that I walked on the edges of my shoes. I was so delighted with the idea of its being six o'clock, with no back-walls ahead, that I almost took a pleasure in that foot. I stopped in front of a fountain, and put my right arm under the water.

The recorder in the Bessemer was asleep. He was a boy of twenty. I woke him up, and grinned in his face.

'Fifteen thou' for Number 7.'

'You go to hell, with your Number 7!'

I grinned at him again, knew it was just the long turn, knew he'd give me that fifteen thousand pounds; went downstairs again —

Twenty minutes of seven. It's light. Nobody talks, but all dress in a hurry. Faces look grave, eyes dead. We leave at ten minutes of seven.

7 A.M. Monday.

It's a problem whether to walk fast, and get home quick, or walk slow, and sort of rest. I try to go fast, and have the sense of lifting my legs, not with the muscles, but with something else. I shake my head to get it clearer. One bowl of oatmeal. Coffee. 'I feel all right.' I get up and am conscious of walking home quietly and evenly, without any further worry about the difficulty of lifting my feet. 'The long turns, they're not so bad,' I say out loud, and stumble the same second on the stairs. I get up, angry, and with my feet stinging with pain. Old thought comes back: 'Only seven to eight hours sleep. Bed. Quick.'

I push into my room. The sun is all over my bed. Pull the curtain; shut out a little. Take off my shoes. It's hard work trying to be careful about it, and it's darn painful when I'm not careful. Sit on the bed, lift up my feet. Feel burning all over; wonder if I'll ever sleep. Sleep.

SHALL WE ABANDON THE GOLD STANDARD?

BY WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER

WE frequently try to imagine what the mythical man from Mars would think of us. We never succeed; for us there can be no such thing as a detached view of the world in which we live. Nevertheless, the attempt to look at human institutions as if we had never seen them before is a useful exercise of the imagination. Undoubtedly, we stage many old dramas in exactly the same way, year in and year out, simply because we cannot take a seat in the orchestra, and with ample perspective watch our own performances. The man from Mars has an advantage over us. What would he think of our monetary system?

Doubtless he would ask many questions, to which he would receive answers as puzzling as the Mad Hatter's answers to his own riddles. Let us hear the dialogue:—

'What are these apparently worthless pieces of green paper that men accept in exchange for useful articles?'

'They are promises to pay the holders 23.22 grains of gold in exchange for each dollar certificate.'

'Where is the gold and what is done with it?'

'It is merely piled up in vaults. Nothing at all is done with it.'

'Why gold? Is that the most useful thing in this world?'

'By no means. Many other substances are more useful—copper, for instance, and iron and rubber and wool. Land, too, is more useful.'

'Then there must be some other reason for making gold the basis of

currency. Does the production of gold bear a definite relation to the growth of business?'

'Far from it. The supply fluctuates widely with discoveries of new mines and with labor costs.'

'At any rate, you say there is now enough gold in the vaults to pay all these paper claims?'

'No, indeed. For example, the law requires the Reserve agents to keep on hand only enough gold to pay forty per cent of the Federal Reserve notes.'

'Then the Government could not keep its promises to pay?'

'Not all its promises at once; but that does not matter, for hardly anybody asks for the gold.'

'Is all exchange in this country made by means of gold or gold warrants?'

'Assuredly not. More than ninety per cent of the exchanges of goods in this country are made without the use of gold or gold warrants. The debits and credits are merely entered on books.'

'All this is passing strange! You say that gold is not very useful, yet everybody wants it. Everybody wants it, yet scarcely anybody asks for it. There is not enough gold to redeem all the paper money at any one time, yet everybody prefers the paper, the value of which depends on the promise of somebody to pay the bearers more gold than there is in the country. Yet even these pieces of paper are not used in most of your business transactions. Then I do not see why your internal trade would not go on just the same if these stores of gold were made into

bracelets, or sunk in the sea, and if the paper money were kept at exactly the same volume merely by government regulation.'

It might be well at this point to assure the man from Mars that the situation is not as incomprehensible as it seems. At any rate, he is on the right track; for nobody can understand how the work of the world is carried on until he understands the part that money plays; and nobody can understand the part that money plays in the world's work until he understands the part that gold plays in money.

I

To many terrestrial citizens, as well as to the man from Mars, the workings of our mechanism of exchange seem incomprehensible. Even Mr. Edison asks many questions; and it is too much to say that satisfactory answers are found in elementary textbooks. One writer goes so far as to say that finance 'pertains far more to the realm of mystery, like astrology, and to what has been called the "Science of the Infinitely Absurd," than to any of the exact sciences.' Whether or not this is true of other phases of the subject, there is at least nothing mysterious about the way in which gold came to be adopted as the basis of money. Even the Ford propagandists see no mystery here. All governments, they declare, made the error of adopting gold, 'on no better grounds, very likely, than a sentimental preference.' Monetary history, however, seems to show that gold gradually displaced all other commodities as the basis of money for scientific rather than sentimental reasons: gold survived because of inherent qualities of gold, for which we can hardly hold monarchs or bankers or economists responsible.

Early in the history of human inter-

course, men began to use a medium of exchange. For this purpose they tried innumerable commodities, from primitive times, when some use appears to have been made of shells and furs and cattle, down to recent times, when certain hard-pressed farming communities in the United States have tried to make corn legal tender. It is said that tobacco, salt, dried fish, eggs, iron spikes, and bullets have been used for media of exchange. However that may be, there is no doubt that many kinds of money have passed current, from time to time, and from place to place. As they varied widely in their fitness for the purpose, it was natural that in the struggle for existence the fittest should survive.

There is no mystery connected with the fact that cows did not survive as currency. The early Greeks, who in the Homeric poems express the value of coats of armor in terms of the number of kine they would bring in the open market, were well aware of the fact that cows, however admirable for certain purposes, were not all that could be desired as circulating media. In the first place, they were not easy for ladies to take with them when they went shopping. Nor were they readily divisible in making change, at least not without trouble to the traders and damage to the cows. Nor were they durable: before the owner could spend them, they might lose weight or die. Furthermore, no two cows were exactly alike: as a result, arguments were always in order, not merely concerning the value of the goods offered for sale, but likewise concerning the value of the medium of exchange. In short, cows were destined to escape the arduous work done by money, — which Bassanio, centuries afterward, dubbed 'the pale and common drudge 'tween man and man,' — because they did not possess those traits of a satisfactory currency which

are now discussed in the textbooks as portability, divisibility, durability, homogeneity, and uniformity.

There is still another essential attribute of money that helps to explain why gold survived. It is easy to recognize a piece of gold. It is easy, for that matter, to recognize a cow: but an acceptable currency must satisfy *all* the tests; and men have gradually discovered, first in one part of the world and then in another, that no single commodity possesses all the essential qualities in so high a degree as gold. No other commodity having the other needed characteristics is so easily carried about as gold: most of us could carry in our pockets, in the form of gold coins, all the money we could afford to spend in a day, without being aware of the weight. No other commodity, equally good in other respects, is also both infinitely divisible and virtually indestructible. If a gold coin had been placed in circulation in the boyhood days of Methuselah, and had since been subjected only to the ordinary wear of currency, it would still be a gold coin.

But this does not tell the whole story. Paper money can be made that is sufficiently durable, that is more easily carried about than either gold or silver, and that is just as satisfactory in respect to all the other qualities we have enumerated. Until comparatively recent times, however, paper money did not meet the needs of trade because there was no assurance that it would be generally accepted. Something was needed which was widely desired on its own account. Gold met this test because it was in universal demand for use in the arts. In some countries gold is still valued as highly for ornament as for money. A *débutante* in India joyously carries on her person thirty pounds of gold trimmings, with the reckless disregard for comfort that is shown by her fur-bearing sister on a warm day at

Atlantic City. In most countries, however, the present demand for gold in the arts depends in part upon the fact that it is used as the basis of money. The greater the demand for gold as a medium of exchange, the more it was desired in the arts: its prestige as money enhanced its value as ornament.

All these requisites of a medium of exchange, although still dealt with at length in books on money, are no longer live issues. If we needed nothing more to aid us in carrying on the work of the world than to find a medium of exchange which satisfied all these tests, the problem would now be settled by the adoption of gold — settled on better grounds, evidently, than 'a sentimental preference'; settled in such a satisfactory manner that for most people — Mr. Henry Ford and Mr. Thomas Edison and Mr. Charlie Chaplin to the contrary notwithstanding — the subject would have merely an historical interest. It would create no more controversy than the use of mercury in thermometers.

However, to be beyond reproach as money, a commodity must have still another quality: it must have stability of value. Let us admit at once that gold, though *relatively* free from fluctuations in exchange value, is nevertheless far from being *absolutely* free. That is one reason why the problem of a stable monetary unit, even in the only countries which are still on a gold basis, is a major interest — perhaps the paramount interest — of business. But having admitted that the gold basis does not ensure stability in purchasing power, — a point to which we shall return presently, — let us also take due account of the other outstanding lesson of monetary history, namely, that no other basis has been as effective as gold in curbing fluctuations in the purchasing power of money. This is mainly because the annual production of gold

has been but a relatively small addition to the world's permanent stocks of gold.

Most of the evils attributed by the *Ford International Weekly* to gold are the evils of unstable money; and they are evils whether money is unstable on a gold basis or on any other basis. Says the *Ford weekly*: 'If . . . articles were traded in on the basis of ancient barter, each trader would receive an adequate value in exchange. As soon, however, as the modern method of finance on the gold basis requires that each article must first be reduced into terms of gold, values are dislocated, and the goldless trader is penalized accordingly.'

This statement is contrary to the facts. It is in barter-trading that the exchange values of goods are most uncertain. This is partly because the inconvenience of barter greatly restricts the markets, whereas it is free and wide markets that tend to stabilize values. Indeed, barter-trading would probably develop no 'market price' at all, but many different prices. Throughout the world to-day, it is precisely where the gold basis has been abandoned that values are most badly dislocated, and precisely where the gold basis is maintained that values are most nearly constant.

Like Coin's Financial School and the Bryan campaigners of old, Mr. Ford attributes our business depression to the gold standard. 'Goldless Germany is humming, busy, productive. Gilded United States is stagnant, timid, lopsided.' But this argument does not explain how it happened that a few years ago Germany and the United States, both on the 'gold standard,' were the busiest and most productive countries in the world; and how it happens that to-day Russia and Austria, the two great nations that have wandered farthest from the 'gold standard,' are the most stagnant and unproductive

of all. The fact is that the gold basis, of and by itself, neither causes nor prevents either booms or panics. But it does mitigate their severity. Those countries are the most prosperous to-day — despite some superficial appearances to the contrary — in which the gold basis has done most to curb fluctuations in the price-level.

II

Gold helps to meet the financial requirements within a country in two ways: first as currency, and second as reserves. When a country is on a gold basis, the amount of gold needed for currency, and the amount of gold coins which, in consequence, the banks must carry as till money, depend on the volume of business, the habits of the people, and the degree of their confidence in the ability of the country to maintain the circulation of paper dollars on a par with gold dollars. In many European countries this confidence is to-day nil. In the United States, on the other hand, gold has all but disappeared as a medium of exchange, not because there is any premium on gold, but because most people prefer paper money and bank checks. The fact that the people do not insist on exchanging their paper for gold, even when the banks deliberately put difficulties in the way of free convertibility, shows that there is a widespread belief in the ability of the country to maintain the circulation of paper dollars on a par with gold dollars. Or, to speak more accurately, it is because, on account of this belief among the few people who do any thinking at all on the subject, all forms of paper money actually do circulate on a par with gold.

The Ford arguments overlook this fact. They insist that 'the underlying explanation as to why the people are satisfied to be on a gold basis despite

the difficulty of obtaining gold on demand is due to the impression, constantly fanned among the masses, that the "money" they handle is as good as gold.' This statement is in error. People do not now accept paper money because they think it is convertible into gold. They accept it because their daily experience has convinced them that other people will freely accept it. If, with money on any other basis, they had the same daily experience, year in and year out, they would continue to accept the money and continue to think nothing about its basis. But that is a large 'If'. Every country that has abandoned the gold basis has found it impossible to maintain the belief among its people that its fiat money would be accepted as if it were 'as good as gold.'

To justify this belief, no country is obliged to keep on hand enough gold reserves to satisfy all the claims of all the people who, as holders of various kinds of paper money, have a legal or customary right to demand gold. No country that is on an assured, convertible basis needs such vast reserves. In the United States, for example, there is an immense inverted pyramid: at the bottom, a comparatively small volume of gold; based on this gold, a larger volume of legal tender notes; and, on top of all that, an even larger volume of bank credit. To keep all these paper promises on a par with gold, only enough bullion is needed to meet actual, legal demands for gold. 'Before the war,' says Mr. Edison, 'German currency was on a gold basis; to-day she has many millions of gold in the Reichsbank. Is n't she still on a gold basis? If not, at what particular state of her holding of gold did she cease to be on a gold basis?' The answer is clear and simple. When a country is on a gold basis, it meets its obligations in gold, dollar for dollar, as far as it is called

upon to do so. The moment it fails to do so, it is off the gold basis.

There are no runs on the banks of the United States to-day, although it is well known that, even in this country, which has at least one third of the world's monetary gold supplies, there is not enough gold to meet all the legal demands that, theoretically, might be made. But because there is not a dollar of gold behind every dollar of money in circulation, Mr. Edison is concerned; and Mr. Ford bombards the country with denunciations of its 'fake bank notes,' 'imaginary money,' 'fraudulent standards.' 'The deception,' it is said, 'bleeds the common people for the enrichment of the gold barons.' And so the new shock troops of Michigan, using as the sinews of war large munitions of gold-supported money, are out to destroy the gold standard. It can hardly be called a 'deception,' however, when every day the United States Treasury publishes the exact figures for gold bullion, gold coin, Federal Reserve bank notes, silver coin, and every other form of money. Furthermore, the so-called deception injures nobody except the gold barons themselves, if by that term is meant the owners of gold and gold mines; and they lose merely because, if there were no superstructure of bank credit and paper money on the gold basis, gold would be even more valuable than it is to-day. But perhaps we may assume, after all, that some opponents of the 'gold standard' are not so concerned as their words imply over what they call the inadequacy of the gold reserves, since they themselves urge the abolition of all gold reserves.

Except in times of crises, we do not know how large the reserves must be to ensure convertibility. We do know that nearly all the nations of the world except the United States have encountered difficulties, which seemed to them insurmountable, in maintaining an ade-

quate reserve. From the beginning of the World War to 1921, the ratio of gold to note issues fell, in England, from 118 to 29 per cent; in France from 61 to 14 per cent; in Germany from 45 to 1 per cent; and in other countries the gold all but vanished. The so-called convertible notes of these countries were merely fair-weather notes. They were exchangeable for gold only when the demand for conversion fell within the usual, narrow limits of quiet times. It is only in a hurricane, however, that a ship's anchor is fully tested; and it takes a world war to demonstrate whether a country's gold anchor is sufficient to keep it from drifting away upon multitudinous seas of inconvertible paper.

To maintain the confidence of the people, gold reserves must be used, in time of stress, freely and boldly. To try to protect them when a panic threatens would be like sealing up the fire-extinguishers whenever an alarm sounded. This is contrary to the popular notion. Says the *Palladium*: 'Only a very little of the money the government makes is allowed by the banks to get to the people, [the banks] preferring that the people be dependent on bank credit.' As a matter of fact, the people, and not the banks, decide the relative amounts of gold and of bank notes and of bank credit that are to be used in daily exchange. When a bank makes a loan of a thousand dollars to a farmer, or a stockbroker, or a bank, or a railroad, or to anybody else, the one who receives the loan is free to draw out the full amount in gold, or to draw it out in bank notes, or to transfer the credit to other persons by writing checks, or to leave it in the bank. Even though an individual bank may make restrictions concerning the form in which a loan shall be used, the borrower may draw checks, which are promptly deposited in other banks where there are no such

restrictions. And so it is the choices made by all the bank depositors every day that determine how much of 'the money the government makes' gets into circulation.

III

The chief purpose of the gold reserve is to prevent the depreciation of paper money by adequately providing for its convertibility into gold. This object can be achieved only by the limitation of the volume of paper money. But any limitation whatever causes what is called 'scarcity of money.' After Germany had increased its issues of paper marks more than one-hundred-fold, merchants were still complaining that there was 'not enough money to do business with.' Russia, with the largest volume of money ever printed, to-day finds business impeded by a 'dearth of currency.' This is not surprising. As there are always people who are sure that they would be better off if they had more 'ready cash,' campaigns for freedom from the restraints of the gold basis occur in every country as regularly as the movements of the business cycle. Particularly in times of depression, when currency seems unusually scarce, governments are urged to issue 'fiat' money — that is to say, money which is supposed to be just as good as any other money merely because the governments say so. Such was the Continental money of Revolutionary days in the United States, which the Government insisted was perfectly good money even after it had become so nearly valueless that the phrase 'not worth a continental' passed current, as the paper would not. Such were the irredeemable 'greenbacks,' which were favored in the seventies by such eminently successful business men as Peter Cooper. Such would be the 'Muscle Shoals Green-

backs,' if issued according to the plan advocated by men so wonderfully able in their own special fields as Mr. Ford and Mr. Edison.

The thirty millions of dollars which seem necessary to develop the power plant at Muscle Shoals, Alabama, Mr. Ford declares can be obtained from the printing press, at little cost to the Government. Mr. Ford is right, if only initial cost is considered; but he is wrong, if he thinks that he has discovered anything new in finance. The same plan was carried out in the days of American wildcat money, until the time came when a Mississippi steamboat captain who asked the price of firewood received the answer, 'Cord for cord.' Exactly the same reliance on printers' ink has now brought Russian currency to the point where it takes a bale of one-ruble notes to buy a cheap hat. Indeed, it was Mr. Ford's proposal, carried out logically in Central and Eastern Europe, that did even more than the war to demoralize the industry and trade of the world. We say 'carried out logically,' for if the printing press is all we need for thirty millions of dollars, why not thirty billions? If one plant is a sufficient basis for currency, why not a thousand plants? If the Government should print money to assist the projects of one citizen, why not all citizens? And with such boundless issues of paper dollars, how would our own currency differ from that of Russia? It would differ not at all. Indeed, it is the Lenin-Trotsky policy of paying bills with irredeemable paper money — a method first employed, according to Goethe's *Faust*, by the Devil — that Henry Ford, through his various publicity agents, is now urging upon the United States.

It is true that money issued against anything of value might circulate at par with gold certificates, with or without the fiat of the Government, *provided* the

volume of notes was not too large. Thirty millions of dollars, 'representing' the Muscle Shoals project, or Hood River apple ranches, or even Ford cars, would not ruin the currency if the issues stopped there. One drink does not make a drunkard. Such an able business man as Mr. Ford could probably stop short of a currency debauch, by making his Muscle Shoals plant yield sufficient profits to retire the original notes; but we could not trust Congress to stop with Mr. Ford's project. When, however, Congress has to borrow money instead of printing it, automatic stops are provided.

But Mr. Ford and Mr. Edison insist that for the Government to pay interest on loans is stupid. Says the *Dearborn Independent*, 'It is a fact, that if the Government issued all money, contracting or expanding the currency in accordance with the nation's economic needs, it would eliminate that choice bit of investment paper — the government bond. . . . No government bonds — no public debt — and there would be no interest.'

This is the Russian method, pure and simple. When public expenses exceed public revenues, there are two ways of paying the bills: by borrowing money, and by printing money. When a government borrows money, — whether it borrows the savings which people have entrusted to the banks, or borrows directly from the people through the sale of bonds, — it must pay, as any other borrower must pay, whatever interest is necessary to obtain the funds. And, in so far as it borrows savings, it does not inflate the currency. But when a government pays its deficits by printing money, it pursues the very policy of inflation that has brought Russia to financial and industrial chaos. For a nation to spend money which is not the savings of its people is as unsound financially as for an individual to sign

checks without having first deposited money in the bank.

Various other monetary matters are badly confused in the Muscle Shoals project — the distinction between money and capital, the theory of bank credit, the factors that change the purchasing power of money, and the far-reaching effects of depreciated currencies — subjects which cannot be dealt with here. But we ought not to leave this discussion without a passing reference to two other substitutes for the gold basis which are now urged: labor hours and land.

IV

The labor-hour, as a unit of exchange and a substitute for gold, has been proposed many, many times in the past, has been tried recently in Russia, and is now enthusiastically advocated by the Equitist Society. The argument is that all wealth is the product of labor; that labor should therefore be the basis of money; and that, as a matter of justice, every man should be able to exchange the product of his labor for the product of the same amount of labor of any other man. Accordingly, it is proposed that every worker should receive one exchange-unit for every hour he works, and that the price of each commodity should be as many exchange-units as it took hours to produce it. Thus, if it took a hatter three hours to make a hat, he would receive for his labor three exchange-units, and they would entitle him to a book that was made in three hours.

The difficulties of carrying out the labor-hour plan are insuperable. In the first place, by what means are we to determine how many hours it took to produce a given article? Consider, for example, a copy of the latest novel. How long did it take to make the ink, dies, glue, and thread used in the book?

How much of the labor of the author, advertiser, and bookseller are to be charged to this copy of the book? How much of the time of the fireman who stoked the engine that hauled the car that carried the pulp that went to the mill that made the paper the book used. We need go no further to show the impossibility of pricing the book on a labor-hour basis, though we should have to go much further before we had found all the miners, stenographers, bank clerks, freight agents, postmen, fishermen, salesmen, and so on, whose labor helped to produce that book and to place it in the hands of the man who bought it.

In the second place, what is to be done with all the products that nobody will buy at the fixed price — the books that nobody wants, the cakes that were spoiled in the making, the hats that are out of style? How, on the other hand, are goods to be distributed when the demand, at the labor-hour price, exceeds the supply? Which lovers of art are to have the privilege of exchanging their labor, hour for hour, for the labor of our greatest portrait painter? Somebody must decide: the artist could not honor the labor-hour checks of all the eager patrons of art who had the right to present them. There is a third objection: under a plan by which every man's wages are the same, regardless of the work he performs, where are we to get our ditch-diggers, our telephone operators, our heads of great industrial enterprises? Why should anyone choose the hard or the disagreeable jobs? The fourth objection is also the crucial objection to Communism. Few workers would find adequate incentives to do their best in any position, if rewards bore no relation to achievements. The whole world would suffer, therefore, because of decreased output. Finally, the labor-hour unit would be more disastrously unstable in value than cows, or

nails, or hides, or any of the other commodities that have been used as media of exchange. This extensive examination of labor-hour units is unnecessary, perhaps, for the purpose of showing the futility of the plan; but it may help to make vivid the infinitely complex work which monetary units on a gold basis perform daily, with almost incredible smoothness.

V

Now others are advancing the equally alluring, equally old, and equally unsound proposal that money should be issued 'representing' farm-lands. Why not? 'Our need is more money,' says H. L. Loucks, 'and we must take another step in the evolution of our medium of exchange and base the increased supply on "the best security in the world — productive land"; and in addition, as needed, on the non-perishable, stored products of labor. We can no more have too much of the representatives of wealth than we can have too much wealth.' This idea makes a strong appeal to many farming communities. Why not eliminate banks? If a farmer needs money to buy land, or even to buy ploughs and seeds for the land he already owns, why should he either stop planting or be obliged to pay interest on a loan? Why should not the Government issue new currency, based on the land. Then the laborer would have the needed money, production would go forward, and nobody would make profits merely by lending money — which, after all, it is the sole privilege of the Government to issue. This is the most attractive form in which the land-basis argument can be presented. It sounds plausible. It has always sounded plausible.

It seemed entirely plausible to the French people at the time of the Revolution. They decided to issue money which 'represented' property. They

called the new money *assignats*, because the notes were supposed to be assignments of public land. At first 7,000,000,000 were issued, then; 10,000,000,000; and soon 45,000,000,000. In an attempt to maintain the value of this land-basis currency, the law declared that anyone who gave or accepted it at less than face value should spend twenty years in irons. In spite of the law, the *assignats* depreciated until the holder of a note professing to be worth as much as five United States dollars was lucky if he could pass it off for as much as two cents. Mr. Edison errs in assuming that France 'would have been worse off without *assignats* than with them,' because the country was bankrupt. Printers' ink aggravates rather than alleviates the malady of bankruptcy. Massachusetts found this out when, in colonial days, it issued land-currency. Unmindful of these and similar experiments elsewhere, Japan, in 1868, issued money on the 'security of land.' The usual depreciation in value and the usual fruitless efforts of the Government to stop it by law followed promptly.

Thus land as a basis for money has always failed to stabilize its purchasing power. The reason is simple, and is an answer to half of Mr. Edison's questions. A ship is not held in place merely because it is made fast to another ship, which is itself drifting. When we use land as the basis of issues of money, the dollar-value of the basis itself increases with the increased volume of money and the consequent depreciation of the dollar. Then we can issue more dollars on the same basis, with the same result; and so on, up an endless spiral. Thus land provides eventually for issues of paper money as boundless as Russian rubles.

This brings us back to the efficacy of gold as a restraint on the universal tendency toward inflation. The whole world knows exactly what is meant by

the convertibility of a paper dollar into a fixed weight of gold. The whole world accepts gold in settlement of trade balances. But what is meant by the convertibility of a paper dollar into land? What is meant by a unit of land? Where could the holder of money get it, and what could he do with it? Who would accept it in exchange? How could it be sent across the ocean to settle international balances? Nobody questions the value of land for certain purposes, but for monetary purposes it is more cumbersome than cows.

Nevertheless, people are still insisting that money cannot depreciate if it 'represents' land. There is a bill now before Congress authorizing the Government to issue paper money up to sixty per cent of the value of any farm-lands upon which the owner wants to borrow money. And recently new enthusiasm has been aroused over the old proposal that 'international currency' should be issued on the security of 'property of all forms.' 'My solution,' says the versatile Charlie Chaplin, 'would be to eliminate the gold standard and have the Government issue currency based on production.' It is to be hoped that this solution will never become as popular as the proposer; for, if notes are to be limited merely by what they represent, it would do just as well to have them represent the energy of the sun or the estimated number of fish in the ocean. Unless 'representation' means *convertibility* on demand into a commodity freely acceptable in exchange for goods of all kinds, then the value of notes cannot be maintained unless the new issues are strictly limited to the increase of consumers' goods actually on the markets. But the history of the world is one long story — of which the present European currency debauch is merely another chapter — of the failure of frail human governments to limit

their volumes of *inconvertible* paper money.

It is true that the banks now issue Federal Reserve notes against liquid assets — goods in process and in transit. But these notes are not 'commodity money.' If a member bank turned over to a reserve bank commercial paper in connection with a shipment of pig iron, and received Federal Reserve notes in return, it would do no good to stamp the money 'pig-iron notes.' There is only one commodity that can maintain the purchasing power of a paper dollar on a par with a gold dollar, and that is gold. Reserve notes may be issued against a peach crop that fails, or a cargo of rubber that goes down at sea, or an invoice of shirts that nobody will buy; but that does not trouble the holder of the notes, for they are payable, not in peaches, or rubber, or shirts, but in gold. The bank that issued the credit may suffer loss, but not the owner of the notes.

VI

We must admit, however, that the gold basis is not ideal. The annual production of gold bears no known relation to the changing monetary needs of the world. The yearly output has always been subject to accidental discoveries and to various other unpredictable influences. At any time in the future, the world's stock of gold may be increased a hundredfold through the discovery of the 'philosopher's stone,' which men have eagerly sought in all ages, and which, contrary to mediæval ideas, need be no more magical than the radiophone. There is the further possibility that gold may be extracted from the sea in sufficient quantities to throw into confusion all monetary systems based on gold. In short, gold has failed to ensure a stable monetary unit in the past; and in the future its failure may be even greater — that is to say, unless, in

addition to the gold basis, we adopt more satisfactory methods than have yet been employed for preventing fluctuations in price-levels.

It is true that an absolutely invariable standard of value is unattainable. On this point, Mr. Edison is right. If the processes of evolution continue undisturbed by current controversy, there can be nothing unchangeable to which a monetary unit may be related. Nowadays, the favored basis is a collection of commodities. But even such a standard will change from time to time, as new products appear and new needs arise. The item of candles in the family budgets of a century ago and the item of automobiles in the budgets of to-day show that 'commodities used by an average family' is a shifting standard. But this is not a valid objection, either to the use of index numbers, or to attempts to stabilize the dollar. In the midst of a world in which nothing is stable, we nevertheless succeed in attaining degrees of stability sufficient for most human enterprises, and we may yet succeed in attaining a sufficiently stable monetary standard.

'Must we always remain on a gold basis? Is it beyond the wit of man to devise any equivalent method?' These questions of Mr. Edison, the experience of the world is insufficient to answer. Until, however, some basis is proposed that is less elusive than cosmic energy, or farm land, or labor-hours, or anticipated production of fertilizers, or the credit of the nation, it is folly to abandon the one basis of money that all nations have recognized. What a timely achievement it was for the world to reach an agreement before the present chaotic era! It is not certain that the current session of the the Congress of the United States could agree on any sound financial policy whatever. It is quite certain that *all* the Congresses of the world,

as now constituted, would have even greater difficulty in coming to a common understanding. Fortunate is the world in having long ago settled upon a basis that, in spite of the fortuitous output of mines and the equally fortuitous acts of legislatures, has come nearer than any other basis to maintaining stability of the monetary unit. The nations which have lost the support of the gold basis appear to have no prospect of restoring economic relations, foreign and domestic, which they all desire, until they get back upon a gold foundation on some parity, new or old. True, when we think of the way in which the United States dollar shrank during the war until it had lost more than half its purchasing power, we look with scorn upon the term 'gold standard'; but when we think of the precipitous fall of the German mark, from a value of about twenty-four cents to less than one third of a cent, we look with some respect, at least, upon the gold basis. Confusion is better than chaos.

It may be admitted that no arrangement is ideal that requires the hoarding and carrying back and forth across the oceans of vast stores of gold, which men have dug from the bowels of the earth and refined only with the hardest kind of labor. But there is no immediate need of devising an ideal system, for there are no communities of ideal men to use it. If all men were honest, the world could do away with vaults and prison bars, and thus save tons of iron and steel. If nations were sufficiently wise, they would get on without armaments. But nations are not sufficiently wise to abolish at once their jails or armaments or gold reserves. In some far-distant day, there may be such widespread and accurate knowledge of the dependence of general welfare upon stable money, and such sound understanding of foreign trade, that men will need no metallic restraint

upon their experiments with the currency.

Meanwhile, we have the satisfaction of knowing that the waste involved in storing and transporting gold is a minor matter: the people of the United States pay far more each year for chewing-gum than for the maintenance of gold reserves. Indeed, when we consider the magnitude of the interests involved, the waste seems negligible. A nation may lose more wealth in a year by cutting loose from its anchor of gold reserves than is required to maintain those reserves for a generation. When business men object to the maintenance of large gold margins of safety, as they did in England before the war, what they really object to is not the waste of gold, but the limitation thus imposed on note issues and other forms of circulating credit; whereas it is the necessity for this very limitation which is the chief reason for maintaining any metallic basis at all.

VII

We must conclude that, however interesting, and even ultimately profitable, it may be to try to devise a perfect form of currency for a different race of human beings, the immediate need is for a monetary system that will come the nearest to perfection in actual use among human beings as they are. And, as we have seen, those who have come nearest to preserving the one most elusive quality of their currency, namely, its stability, are those who have not departed from the gold basis. Whatever the defects of this system,

therefore, and whatever modifications must be made, in the interests of a greater stability of value than any currency has yet attained, it seems that we human beings — with all our defects upon our heads — must, at least for a long, long time to come, make some use of a gold basis.

Many earnest and high-minded reformers, convinced that our economic system does not function as it should, are impatient with a defense of any part of the system. They seem to take the position that, because something is wrong, everything is wrong: that, because change is the law of progress, any change must be progress. To them a defense of the gold basis seems reactionary and therefore bad. We must agree that it is hopelessly unprogressive to insist that everything is all right, when periodically we have surplus raw products, idle factories, idle workers, idle dollars, and no way of getting the materials, machines, men, and money into such relations that they can go on with the work of feeding and clothing humanity. We do not need the perspective of the man from Mars to see that something is wrong. But when there is a hot-box, we cannot set the machinery in motion by seizing hammers and pounding the engine in the wrong place. Not only is valuable time thus wasted, attention diverted from the right place, and the machinery injured, but meanwhile the bungling mechanics work themselves into such bad temper that there is less prospect than ever of eliminating the real troubles. To attack the gold basis of money is to hammer the economic machinery in the wrong place.

THE BIBLE QUILT

BY ELEANOR C. GIBBS

ALL the negroes on the plantation were deeply interested in the little visitor at the House. She had come, they were told, from that far-away land, the North, and had never before been on a Southern plantation, or among negroes.

In the shade of a great live-oak one of the negro washerwomen had placed her washtub; and while she was sousing the clothes in the water, preparatory to placing them on the strong wash-bench to be battled with the great wooden paddle, she was singing with the wild, strange, untaught melody that seems peculiar to her race. You could not help listening to her song, and hearing every now and then the conversation with which it was interspersed.

A blue jay-bird darted down to the ground from a catalpa tree and its discordant notes, 'Jay, jay!' filled the air.

'Hush your mouf, jay-bird,' cried the washerwoman. 'G'long whar you gwine. I knows whar you gwine. You goes down ter de debble's house ev'y Friday regular, an' totes san' ter de debble. What he gwine do wid so much san'? Nobody never see jay-birds on Friday ceptin' in de mornin'. Den dey gone 'bout dey business for de debble. Dey got mighty good 'bejence ter de debble. Dat dey is. G'long, old jay-bird.'

The flaxen-haired child from the North looked up with a questioning glance, and said, 'What makes you say gwine?'

'I says gwine kaze I is gwine. Little mistiss, 'pears like you doan' know de use uv words like de t' other chillern does. You ain' like de chillern dat been fotch up on de plantation. I doan'

b'lieve you ever gwine ter learn how ter do, ever gwine ter bend down de saplin's an' ride 'em for horses, an' run off an' hide in de cotton hampers, an' ride prancin' horses like de t' other chillern does. I know you is Miss Mandy's little gal, but 'pears like you ain'. She des lef' de plantation an' went clean off de place, an' liv up dar in de Norf wid 'nother nation uv folks. Gawd doan' know nothin' 'bout Hottentots, an' I doan' b'lieve he know 'bout dem cuyous folks in de Norf. Dey oughter come down ter dis plantation an' git some sense an' some understandin'. Ole mistiss read de Scriptor ter me 'bout gittin' understandin'. De plantation de place to git it. Niggers is got understandin' des like chickens knows when ter crow for daybreak. Niggers ain' got dey nose stuck down in a book all de time like white folks is; niggers listen ter de sense Gawd gin 'em. Gawd sho did gin niggers pow'ful 'mount uv sense. Dat's de trufe, sho's you born. I knows you is born. Ef you had n' bin born you wuld n' be settin' dar lookin' so peart.

'Honey, in de mornin' I gwine show you all my pretty quilts. You ain' never seed my Bible quilt. Ole mistiss gib me one uv her fine sheets, linen sheets. Hit gittin' mighty ole an' frazzly-like, but I sho wuz proud ter hab it. I cut out one big square uv dat linen sheet, an' den I tuck a piece uv brown calico she gin me once, an' I cut out a tree, de body uv a tree. I hemmed dat tree-body onter de white square. Den I tuck my shears, an' I notched out a green tree-top, an'

hemmed dat on 'bove de tree-body. Nex' thing I done, I cut out Adam an' Eve, out of pale pinkish calico. Den I hemmed 'em on onder de tree. Nex' I set down in my split-bottom chair an' studied 'bout makin' de serpent. I knows all de kin's uv snakes — black snakes, an' cotton-mouf snakes, an' chicken snakes, an' vipuses, an' all de snakes dey is; moccasins, too, an' water moccasins an' rattlesnakes. I cut out a long black snake, and hemmed 'im on 'side de tree. He sho did look devilish, dat snake did. I hemmed de snake on by de side uv Eve. She 'peared pleased, settin' dar onder de fig tree.

'My min' tol' me I gwine hab a mighty pretty quilt. I got heaps uv quilts I makes at night by de big light-'ood fire. But I ain' never made a Bible quilt 'fore dat night. Hit sho wuz a injoicin' time when I sot dar sewin', an' hemmin' on dat Bible quilt. I gwine show hit to you in de mornin'. Doan' you ax me ter gib you dat Bible quilt, honey, kaze I gwine keep dat quilt 'tel def us do part, like folks does when dey 's wed-locked. I had a mighty pretty piece uv yaller silk, yaller as gol'. I cut out de sun from dat an' hemmed dat on, way up 'bove de top uv de tree. Den I 'membered 'bout hyearin' de song, wid de chune gwine dis way, —

An de moon hit wuz onder her feet.

I did n' know whose foots de moon wuz onder. I studied an' studied an' my min' tol' me hit wuz onder Eve's foots, kaze she wuz de onlies' 'oman dey wuz. Den I tried dat yaller silk moon, an' hemmed hit on des below Eve's foots. Hit looked so nachul-like, I felt satisfied. Den I say ter my min', "Dat 's all right!" Pres 'ly I sung out de chune an' de words, "De moon hit wuz onder her feet." I knowed dat my Bible quilt wuz de purties' Bible quilt on de plantation.

'Niggers sho does like ter meck quilts.

White folks always sends out some good vittles ter de cabin whar de niggers is quiltin'. Spinnin' an' weavin' does mighty well, but quiltin' beats de beater. All de niggers come consortin' roun', an' dey sings songs wid funny chunes. Dey mecks out de songs is Gawd's trufe, an' dey whoops when humpback Solomon sings: —

Col' frosty mornin' nigger went to work,
Ax 'pon his shoulder an' not a bit of shirt.

'Sometimes one nigger gits up an jumps Jim Crow, an' does a double shuffle. All de t'other niggers — dem dat ain' drappin' off ter sleep — sho does hab an injoicin' time. Dey keeps dat up mos' 'tel daybreak, kaze dey takes a little nap, an' den wakes up, an den takes anudder little nap. Dey kin snore mos' loud as dey kin sing. A quiltin' is mos' as good fun as a funeral or a stracted meetin' or a baptizin'. Dat 's de trufe. I ain' gwineter let on-ligious niggers see my Bible quilt. I gwine show hit ter de 'pentin' sinners who done sot dey min's on 'ligion. When folks got dey min' sot on 'ligion dey 's ready when de angels comes flutterin' down ter 'scort 'em up ter de mansions in de skies. I 'ze seed 'ligious folks des a-starin' up ter de sky kaze dey knowed Marse Jesus wuz dar drivin' his white horses 'long de road to de glory lan'. Ef you is anxious to git yo' foots firm on de glory road, you got ter go 'long like a inch worm. Ef you gwine ter climb a hill, you got ter slide back a little, an' den lif' up your foots an' go on your course. Ef you keep on goin' an goin', pres'ly de trees will bow dey heads, an' say "Glory! Halleluyah!" an' de dove will flutter down an' say, "Glory," an' de stars in dey sockets will say: "Glory, Glory, Halleluyah!"

'De more I gazed at my Bible quilt, de more 'ligion helt onter my min'. I studied 'bout meckin' Daniel in de lions' den, but I culd n' cut out a lion. De onlies' lion I uver seed wuz in de

circus parade, an' he 'stonished me so I culd n' git no 'membrance uv 'im when I was meckin' dat Bible quilt. I got a log-cabin quilt an' a sunrisin' quilt, but my Bible quilt tecks de shine off dem. Hit 'pears like all de niggers on de plantation done hheard 'bout dat quilt. Dey keeps on comin' ter see me, dey say, but dey sho ter ax ter see my Bible quilt.

'I sot back an' took satisfaction 'bout dat Bible quilt. But I was mightily 'stressed kaze I culd n' put in ole Daniel. I knows de Scriptor, but I culd n't cut ole Daniel out, an' ole Shadrack an' Mashak an' Abed-nigger. Dey wuz too much for me. My shears des went ter slidin' an slip-

pin' when I tried ter meck de fiery furnace — I doan' like a fiery furnace, doan' cyar how yer fix it. Dat fiery furnace did n' git inter my Bible quilt. I des staldded right dar. Ef I had had some silvery sort of cloth, I mought have cut out a fluttrin' angel. But I was staldded dat night on de fiery furnace. I des sot dar an' studied 'tel de roosters crowed; an' bless Gawd, dar I sot snorin' 'an' de Bible quilt done slipped off my lap down on de flo!

'Honey, I des folded dat quilt up an' put hit 'way in my chist. Ef your ma 's sick ter-morrer night, an' I comes ter de House agin, I sho gwine bring dat Bible quilt wid me an' give you-all de 'splainment uv de Scriptor.

HILL HUNGER

I WANT to stride the hills! My feet cry out
 For hills! Oh, I am sick to death of streets:
 The nausea of pavements and people always about;
 The savagery of mortar and steel that beats
 Me under, hedges me in; the iron shiver
 Of traffic! — I want to stride the hills, I want
 Hills toned frantic silver or a quiver
 Of scarlet; hills that hunger and grow gaunt!

I am tired of steps and steps, and a thousand flights
 Of stairs resounding, shuffling, quarreling
 With shoes. I want a hill on windy nights,
 When April pauses with me, clambering
 Over the purple side to the top, until
 We pull ourselves up by a star — the hill! the hill!

JOSEPH AUSLANDER

THE QUARE WOMEN

III. THE FOURTH OF JULY

BY LUCY FURMAN

I

ON Tuesday noon, Uncle Lot announced to Aunt Ailsie that he would go to the strange women's Fourth-of-July picnic the following day, and would take her along.

'Hit appears to be my duty, as a law-loving man, like they said, to be thar on the hill in case of trouble, which is nigh-about sartain to come, there not being hardly a gethering in two year, be hit election or court or funeral-meeting or what not, that hain't been shot up, and sometimes broke up, ginerally by Fult and his crowd.'

'Oh, paw, you allus a-faulting Fulty, and him your own grandchild, and the picter of you when you was young!'

'Picter or no picter, I hain't proud of daddying no sech, and don't uphold none of his doings. And if Darcy's crowd is there, too, which hit will be, with all the county a-mustering, then hit's unknowing what the day may bring forth.'

About eight o'clock Wednesday morning, the two started down the branch — Uncle Lot, a tall, grizzled figure in dark homespun and black slouch hat, leading, on Tom-mule; Aunt Ailsie following on old fat fleabitten Darb. Profiting by the quare women's example, she had discarded the hot brown-linsey dress in favor of an everyday one of blue cotton; but she still clung to the black sunbonnet and light-print

apron — inevitable badges of the respectable married woman.

When they arrived at The Forks, the one street was lined with nags, — they could scarcely find two palings to tie Tom and Darb to, — and a stream of people was zigzagging up the steep hill behind the court house. Uncle Lot went on up, while Aunt Ailsie stopped at the hotel for her daughter, Cynthia Fallon, whom she found in the kitchen frying chicken, while three or four of the girls packed baskets. Cynthia was complaining: —

'Fulty, he allus has so many to feed, jest pine-blank like his paw — all them boys that runs with him, and then a big gang more he's sartain to ax to eat. I allow to feed anyhow fifty.'

'You go wash and dress and I'll fry what's left,' insisted Aunt Ailsie.

Half an hour later, the two started up with their heavy baskets. Cynthia, too, wore a black sunbonnet and print apron; and from their appearance it would have been impossible to say which was mother, which daughter. If anything, Aunt Ailsie looked the younger, Cynthia's face being so lined and drawn from the troubles she had had as Fighting Fult's wife and widow.

The first thing they saw as they toiled up past the deserted tents was a tall pole, with the great flag which usually hung in the large tent flying before

the breeze. It was set beside the flat rock, just at the top of the ascent, which the women had named Pulpit Rock. Beyond, on the level top of the spur, were numbers of seats made by laying saplings across logs; and here elder'y folk and mothers with babies were tightly packed, while hundreds wandered about or sat under the trees or against the small, latticed grave-houses; for the spur-top was also a burying-ground.

The two women, Virginia and Amy, who sat on a puncheon-bench beside the rock with Uncle Ephraim Kent between them, beckoned for Aunt Ailsie and Cynthy to join them. A solid phalanx of young people, whom Aunt Ailsie recognized as the singing class, stood beneath the flag, all wearing sashes of red, white, and blue across shoulders and breasts. Fult was in the front line, beside his delicate-featured sweetheart, Aletha.

Aunt Ailsie leaned forward and said anxiously, 'Lot, he's sartain thar'll be trouble; he says some of the boys will get liquor, shore, and then —'

'I'm not very much afraid,' replied Amy. She turned to little John Wes, Cynthy's five-year-old, who was perched on the rock behind her. 'Tell Fult to step here,' she said.

He came forward, looking very handsome, his dark beauty set off by the bright colors of his sash.

'Your grandparents fear drinking and trouble here to-day,' Amy said.

Fult drew himself up. 'I have give my word,' he said, 'not only that thar won't be no drinking and trouble on the hill to-day by me and my friends, but that nary drop of liquor shall be fotched up here by nobody. Me and t' other boys have been scouting around all morning, meeting folks as they rid in, and going into saddlebags and coat-pockets, and warning all hands that we aim to have peace on the hill to-day

if hit takes cold steel to get hit. And Charlie Lee and two more boys air still spying around for hit, whilst I sing.'

This astonishing transformation of peace-breakers into peace-compellers laid Aunt Ailsie's fears. A little later, however, when she saw Darcy Kent, Fult's archenemy, come up with the pretty young woman who presided over the cooking-tent, and sit down not twenty feet from Fult, anxiety again awoke.

'Hit gives me a spell to see them two so nigh together,' she whispered to Cynthy.

The latter cast a glance of cold, withering hatred at Darcy. 'Pears like he's trying to get him a fotched-on gal,' she sneered.

But the programme was already beginning, with the singing of the 'Star-Spangled Banner' by the class, Fult's rich voice leading. Then followed a prayer by Uncle Lemmy Logan, an Old Primitive Preacher. Then the reading of the Declaration of Independence by Lawyer Nath Gentry, and a song and march by fifty little kindergartners who aroused more enthusiasm than any of the performers; then Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, read, somewhat haltingly but most impressively, by Uncle Lot. Then more patriotic songs by the class, and an oration, 'The Founding of Our Nation,' by Robert Galbreth, a young lawyer just returned from Law School.

All had gone finely so far. Everybody was reassured by seeing Fult and Darcy in such conspicuous and peaceable proximity, and attention was rapt, even the scores of babies being quiet. Then, when everybody hung breathless upon the orator's words, and he was just launching into his peroration, three loud pistol-shots were fired in the immediate rear of the crowd. Instant panic fell. Women, without a word, seized their smaller children and

scuttled down the hill like rabbits; men sought the shelter of trees, all save a compact group, headed by Darcy and Uncle Lot, which made for the scene of the trouble. Aunt Ailsie wrung her hands.

'I seed Fulty leave the singers a little grain ago,' she said; 'I'll warrant hit 's him!'

It was. They found Fult bending, pistol in hand, over a prostrate young man. 'Hit 's Charlie Lee, my best friend,' he said. 'He holped me sarch all comers for liquor this morning, and then I left him and two more to patrol the hill whilst I sang. First thing I knowed, I seed him behind a tree tipping a bottle, and gethered that he was drinking some he had tuck off of somebody and, knowing his weakness, I felt sartain he'd never stop till he was crazy drunk. I had give my hand to the women thar would be no drinking on the hill, and there was n't but one thing to do — take hit away from him. When I come back to do so, he already had enough in him to be mean, and refused to give hit up; and when I tried to take it anyhow, he drewed on me. I seed then the onliest thing to do was to shoot the pistol out of his hand, which I done, scaring him pretty bad, and maybe grazing two-three of his fingers, but not hurting him none to speak of. Hit was the only way.'

Sure enough, while Charlie's hand was bleeding profusely, it was found that there was not even a bone broken.

'Where 's the fotched-on nurse-woman?' was the cry.

But she was already at hand, with a small first-aid outfit; the fingers were quickly bandaged, and Charlie, sobered by the shock and extremely shame-faced, was soundly berated by Fult for his faithlessness.

And now arose a dilemma. By rights Darcy, being sheriff, should have placed both disturbers of the peace under

arrest. He made no move, however. A hand was placed upon his arm, and Uncle Ephraim whispered, —

'Don't do nothing at all; hit would start a battle that would never end.'

Then the old man stepped forward, and spoke authoritatively.

'Fult here desarnes a vote of thanks from the citizens of this county for keeping the peace here on this hill to-day, and not having hit broke up by even his best friend. In the name of the people, and the women, I thank him.' He solemnly offered a hand to the boy, who took it, flushing.

Uncle Lot also stepped forward. 'I hain't never in life seed you do nothing I tuck pride in before,' he said to his grandson; 'but you done hit to-day when you went pine-blank again' your feelings and your friendship to maintain the peace.' He also put forth his hand, which Fult accepted as one in a daze.

In fifteen minutes the women and children were all back, relieved and smiling, and the young lawyer was completing his peroration. There was then a slight pause in the proceedings, while everybody talked of the panic and its happy ending.

II

Then, very slowly, Uncle Ephraim Kent, a notable figure, with his mane of white hair, his crimson hunting-jacket, his linen trousers and moccasins, his tall, lean body very little bent by the passing of eighty-two years, mounted the pulpit-rock and faced the audience.

'Citizens and offsprings,' he began, 'hit were not in my thoughts to speak here in this gethering to-day, even though the women axed and even begged me so to do. I never follered speaking, nor enjoyed listening at the sound of my own voice, the weight of

no-larning allus laying too heavy upon me. But carcumstances has riz and sot up lines of thought that calls for the opening of my mind to you, and I will therefore do the best I am able.

'And firstways I will say how I rej'ice that them shots that brung fear to our hearts to-day was good shots, and not bad ones, fired to keep the peace by one that has too often follered breaking hit. And I'll say further that, in my opinions, he never would have broke hit that first time but for old, ancient wrongs, done afore he seed the light; sins of the fathers, visited down on the children, and ketching 'em in a quile they can't hardly onravel.'

The audience, well-knowing that the old man referred to the killing of his son, Rafe, by Fult and to the previous warfare between Kents and Fallons, listened breathless.

'But,' continued Uncle Ephraim, 'let me leave that sorrowful tale for a spell, and go back to the good old days when there wa'n't no sech things as wars betwixt friends and neighbors — the days when our forbears first rid acrost the high ridges from Old Virginny or North Cyar'liny and along these rocky creeks and tuck up land in these norrow valleys. A rude race they was, but a strong, with the blood of old England and bonny Scotland in their veins, and in their hearts the fear of naught; a rude race, but a free, chasing the deer and the b'ar and the wild turkey and the Indian, tending their craps with a hoe in one hand and a gun in t' other; a rude race, but a friendly, banding together again' all foes, helping one another in all undertakings. Some of 'em, like my grandsir, the old cap'n, come in to live on land that was granted 'em because they had fit under Washington; t' others jest wandered in and tuck up what pleased 'em.

'Well, atter they settled theirselves in this rugged, penned-in land, then

what happened to 'em? Well, right thar was the trouble, *nothing* never happened. Here they was, shut in for up-pards of a hunderd year, multiplying fast, spreading up from the main creeks to the branches and hollows, but never bettering their condition — you might say, worsening hit. For before long the game was all kilt off, and life become the turrible struggle hit still is, jest to keep food in our mouths, raising craps on land that's nigh straight-up-and-down, like we have to. And while a many of the first settlers, like my grandsir, had been knowledgeable men, with larning, their offsprings grewed up in the wilderness without none, because there wa'n't no money to send the young-uns out to school, or to fotch larning in to 'em. And the second crap, of which I was one, was wusser and ignoranter still, being raised up maybe like me, eighty mile from a schoolhouse or church house; and the third was wusser and meaner yet, and so on down to now, when they hain't no better, though there is a few pindling deestriect schools here and yan.

'And about the onliest times in all them years our folks found out thar was a world outside these mountains was when the country sont in a call to fight hit's battles. Then we allus poured forth, rej'icing — like when thar was trouble agin with the British, and we mustered under Old Hickory behind them cotton-bales and palmetty-logs at New Orleans; and then later, when Mexico got sassy; and then when the States tuck sides and lined up, you know how we fit through them four year — mostly for the Union; this here stiff right arm I fatched back remembers me of hit; then thar 's this here leetle war in Cuby, too, not long finished.

'All of which proves we air a brave and fighting race. And if the fighting had stopped with wars for our country,

all would have been well. But, citizens and offsprings, hit never stopped thar. You all know how, when thar wa'n't no outside wars to keep us peaceified, there was allus them amongst us, for thirty year and more, that could n't take no satisfaction in life onless they was starting wars amongst themselves.

'And right here you will say to me, "Uncle Ephraim, begin at home." Which is but true and just. For well I know the part my offsprings has bore in the troubles of this country, and that the Kents, which used to be a peaceable gination, has come down to be a mean one. But, friends, hit never was with my counsel or consent. I have loved peace and pursued hit. But all in vain. War hit raged hither and yan; battles was fit all over the county; and here at The Forks, many was kilt — three of my sons amongst 'em — and many a more wounded, and sorrow was brung to many hearts. Hit was not until Fighting Fult and my son Rafe was both kilt, that we had a taste of peace. Then, for a spell, whilst young Fult was down at Frankfort, and fighting in Cuby, we rested; and oh, what a joyful rest hit was!

'Then young Fult come back, and sad times begun again — not that I am faulting him for hit, for Darcy, being older, ought to have knowed better than to sarve them warrants on him in the first place. Hit was like throwing fire in gunpowder. In my opinion, if the boy had been let alone a spell, to kindly work off his youth and sperrits, he 'd 'a' soon settled down. But he wa'n't, and the war hit flamed up again, and for nigh two year we have seed trials on top of tribulations. As I said afore, I hain't blaming neither boy — both was bitter-hearted from the family hate which they had drawed in, you might say, with their mothers' milk; both had loved their paws; both had lost them; revenge was naetural. But if ever a

people was wore out with wars and troubles, we air them people; if ever folks yearned and pined and prayed for peace, we air them folks.

'Yes, many 's the time, walking the ridge-tops, standing up yander on the high rocks, I have looked down on the valley of Troublesome¹ and agonized in sperrit over hit, calling upon the God of Israel to send us help and peace. Many 's the time, too, up there, I have dreamed dreams and seed visions.

'People under the shadow of my voice, — all you that the mountains has give birth and suck to, — you know what I mean. Though we air ignorant folk, not able to get much acquainted with God through his written Word, yet He hain't never left us without a witness; He hain't never failed to speak to our minds and our hearts. In the high, lifted-up places, gazing out over the green mountain-tops, with maybe the sun-ball drapping low in the west, and the clouds and the elements all a-praising Him in their beauty; or maybe of a cold winter's day, with the whole world white and the snow a-sparkling and the shadows deep-blue in the hollows, He talks to us; He shows us things that no level-lander don't know nothing about, or get no inkling of — visions, and dreams, and things to come. You have all, even the meanest, kitched a glimpse of 'em. For we air a seeing people.

'And several times in sech visions, friends, I have beheld down there below, in the valley of Troublesome, all manner of peaceful and happy homes, where every man had his mind made up to let liquor and guns alone, and the women folks tended their offsprings in the fear of the Lord, and even the young was too busy getting larning to be briggaty and feisty.

¹ It seems well to call the creek by its right name. In an earlier paper it has appeared as Perilous. — THE EDITOR.

'I allow, moreover, that there is but few here that, in their better hours, hain't beheld and wished for the same. But how hit was to come about, did n't appear. We wa'n't able to help ourselves, or bring about a change; hit was like a landslip; things had got too much headway to be turnt back. We needed outside help, but where hit was to come from, nobody knowed. But from the time I were a leetle shirt-tail boy, hoeing corn on yon hillsides, I have had faith to believe the Lord would send hit in some time, from somewheres, and have never ceased a-praying for hit.

'And in the week past, friends, sence these here women tuck up their abode with us, hit has appeared like my prayers was answered, my visions a-coming true. I hain't heard a gun fired off sence that first night they come in; I have seed the boys that ginerally drinks and fights and shoots (because they hain't got nothing better to do) all a-gethered in, happy and peaceable, singing and playing and even sewing; and the gals, that is apt to idle and squander their time, taking joy in larning how to cook right vittles and dig out dirt; and the older folks likewise waking up to things they never heard of before; and me myself, — which hit don't seem noways possible, but yet hit is true, — me, that nigh a lifetime ago had give up all hope of ever being knowledgeable; me, with you might say both feet in the grave, becoming a man of larning. For the women here has already teachd me my letters, and I'm a-studying on Page 3 of my Primer; and before the summer passes I'll be a-reading in my grandsir's old yaller Bible I have churrished so long, praise the Lord!

'In all which, friends, I see the hand of the Almighty. Hit is Him that has sont these women in to us; hit is Him that has led 'em along the rough way

to our help; hit is Him that has answered my long-raised prayers.

'Now, the Lord having done his part so complete, and these here women a-doing theim, what about ourn? Deep down in our hearts, don't we feel to do something, too, to help along the good work and bring the visions to pass?

'There is several things, citizens and offsprings, we can do if we so feel to. One is to treat these women kind and friendly, and incourage 'em to keep on; another is to send our young-uns in to take the benefits of what they can get. But the most demandingest thing of all for us to do, 'pears like, is to patch up our differences and troubles for the time the women air amongst us, and publicly agree on hit. I hain't got no differences or troubles with nobody nowhere, thank God! but some of my offsprings has, and this is what I am getting down to, right now. I ax my grandson, Darcy Kent, and likewise my young friend, Fult Fallon, that has already showed sech a fine sperrit here to-day, to step forrard here, whilst I lay the matter before 'em.'

The two young men, startled, flushed, reluctant, came slowly forward, avoiding one another's eyes, and stood, some distance apart, in front of Uncle Ephraim, at the foot of the rock. The audience held its breath.

'I praise and thank you, boys,' began the old man, 'that in these past few days, for the sake of these women and the work they are doing for us, you have turnt aside from follering your feelings and have sunk your troubles out of sight. I was glad a-Saturday, when I seed you playing in the same set. I was glad when I seed you, and all the boys that follers you both, a-keeping peace on the hill here to-day. Hit is fine and honorable in both of you; and the only trouble is, we hain't got no assurance hit will last, and that your innard feelings won't bust out in death

and destruction maybe the next minute. Hit is, therefore, my desire to counsel you two boys — being the leaders in the war — to declare here and now a truce, a solemn truce, in the presence of this county, for the full time the women stays with us.

'Hatred is long and lasty, boys — you have got a lifetime before you to work hit out in. The folks of this county is plumb wore to a frazzle with fighting and fear. What they need is a spell of rest. I allow you would have kept the peace anyhow for these few weeks, out of respect to the women; but everybody 'll feel better if hit 's agreed on in public. Now I don't ax you to take one another's hands — hit would be hy-pocrisy, your feelings being what they air; but I do ax you both to jine hands with me, and give your solemn word not to take up the war again in no way, or let it be tuck up by your friends, while these women stays with us. Ponder hit, boys, — study on hit, — take all the time you need; be plumb satisfied in your minds.'

Silence fell, while Uncle Ephraim and all the audience gazed upon the two tall young men, one so fair, one so dark, both so handsome, and both standing as if turned to stone.

Uncle Ephraim's voice again broke the intense stillness.

'As I look upon you two boys,' he said, 'both so pretty, both so upstanding and brave, both orphans through this war that has been handed down to you, both honest as the day, both feeling hit your bounden duty to kill each other off if you can, both knowing that, if either one had his way, t' other's fair body would be laying under the sod, hit does seem like sorrow plumb swallows me up, and my heart swells too big for hit's socket, like I would gladly pour out my life here before you if hit could only bring you together in right feeling.'

'Boys, when Amy here was a-reading Scripeter to me a-Sunday, she read where hit said, "Give place to wrath — vengeance is mine, saith the Lord"; and another, and better, read: "Love your enemies, pray for them that despitefully use you." I ax you to meditate on them words in days to come, to open up your hearts and your minds to 'em. Not now, — the day is still far off when you can accept sech ideeas, — love being a puny-growing and easy-killed plant. I don't ax for nothing of that kind now. All I request is your word calling a truce while the women stays. All I ax is for you to think about the county and forget yourselves. Do you, Darcy, my offspring, and the oldest of the two, feel to give me your hand on hit?'

Darcy, flushed and then pale, reached up and slowly laid a hand in his grandfather's. 'I do,' he said, firmly.

Fult did not wait to be asked. 'Me, too,' he said, taking Uncle Ephraim's other hand. Then, impulsively, 'And I 'll say further, Uncle Ephraim, that if all the Kents was like you there never would have been no war.'

'There would not,' repeated Uncle Ephraim, emphatically, clasping the hands of the two.

He looked out over the assembly. 'Citizens of this county,' he said, 'you have witnessed this solemn covenant this day made and sealed in your presence. And I call upon all here that has ever tuck sides or had hard feelings to see to hit that they keep the truce their leaders has agreed on, and make hit stand. And I hereby declare peace in this county for the time these women stays with us. And now, may the Lord dig round our hearts with the mattock of his love, till the roots goes to spreading, and the sap goes to rising, and the leaves buds out, and the blossoms of love and righteousness shoots forth and abounds in all our lives!'

OSTEOPATHY, CHIROPRACTIC, AND THE PROFESSION OF MEDICINE

BY CHANNING FROTHINGHAM

I

OSTEOPATHY and chiropractic have, in recent years, grown to such proportions that they are now of considerable importance, not only in regard to the sick individual, but also in relation to the public health. In order that these professions may fit into the community in their proper places, it is important that a definite understanding should exist as to just what they claim to be, and also what, in fact, they are. In this article, therefore, an attempt is made to describe osteopathy and chiropractic, and their relation to medicine in general. Furthermore, suggestions will be offered as to a fair way to handle the problems presented by the growth of these new professions.

Osteopathy was founded in 1874, by Dr. A. T. Still who at that time was practising medicine in a small town in Kansas. It depends upon a theory. There is some divergence of opinion among osteopaths themselves in regard to the details of the theory. In general, however, it is held that there are within the human body all the elements necessary for health, and that, if the circulation is unimpaired, these elements will reach all parts of the body and health will result. Impairment to the circulation, according to this theory, is produced by the action of the vasomotor nervous system (which is the mechanism for regulating the size of the blood

vessels). This theory provides that disturbance of the action of the vasomotor nervous system is produced by direct pressure upon these nerves in the region of the spine, from bones, muscles, or ligaments. In addition, pressure upon these nerves may result from reflex disturbance in the tissues about the spine, from abnormalities in any organ or part of the body far removed from the spine.

According to this theory, in all cases of disease, one should be able to find in the region of the spine the so-called osteopathic lesion which produces the disturbance in the vasomotor nervous system. This osteopathic lesion will be described in detail later. Furthermore, the orthodox osteopath should feel that a general knowledge of medicine is not necessary, because, according to the theory, it is only necessary to find the osteopathic lesion in the region of the spine, and remove it by appropriate treatment, and health will result.

In support of this theory, after all these years since its development, no satisfactory experimental or other proof can be found in the osteopathic literature or elsewhere. The osteopaths have established research laboratories in California and Chicago, and, although certain results of experimental work have been published from these institutions, the interesting isolated

facts reported in their publications can hardly be construed as experimental support for their theory of disease. Therefore, it seems absurd to discard all the accumulation of facts in the science of medicine for this unproved theory.

It is only fair to state that many osteopaths, at the present time, do not adhere rigidly to their original theory, but endeavor to combine with their osteopathic learnings a general knowledge of medicine. It is interesting to note the change in their books that has appeared between those written in the early days of osteopathy and those written recently. In the more recent publications, considerable space is taken up in discussing the symptomatology and diagnosis of disease, as outlined in general medical books. Also, in their later publications, the treatment of disease is often recommended along the lines suggested by doctors of medicine, in such respects as in the use of diet and surgical intervention. One author goes so far as to state that surgery is a part of osteopathy. Furthermore, it is evident from conversations with osteopaths that few of the younger ones consider that osteopathy should replace the general knowledge of medicine, but that it should be used in conjunction with other methods of the treatment of disease.

It becomes important, therefore, to decide just what osteopathy really is at the present time. Since the writers on osteopathy, and many of those who practise it, feel that it is not going to replace all general medical knowledge, but that it is one of several therapeutic agents to be used in the treatment of disease, it seems fair to look upon osteopathy as such.

One should realize that, in general medicine, there are already a variety of therapeutic agents employed, such

as drugs, surgery, serums, vaccines, hydrotherapy, mechanotherapy, massage, and so forth. If osteopathy may be looked upon as simply another therapeutic agent, — as it seems fair so to consider it, — it is important to study this new agent, and see in what instances it is of value.

Before discussing its value, it may be well to describe what the osteopaths attempt to accomplish by their treatments. They attempt, by manipulation, rubbing, massage, and the like, to remove the osteopathic lesion from the region of the spine. This lesion along the spine manifests itself by three chief signs: abnormal positions of the vertebrae in relation to each other; spasm of some of the groups of muscle along the spine; and a tender point. Only one, or all, of these signs may be present in a given disease, and the location along the spine varies with the part of the body involved. Although there is some specificity of location of the lesion along the spine for various disorders, there is no variation of the lesion recognized for different types of disease in the same organ. Thus, in kidney disease, the osteopath would expect to find the same lesion along the spine, whether it were due to Bright's disease, cancer of the kidney, acute infection of the kidney, or renal colic from various causes; and, according to his theory, any of these diseases should be cured by the removal of this same lesion.

In addition, the osteopaths in their treatment endeavor to relieve pain and relax spasm by so-called inhibition, which consists in steady pressure upon a part, or upon the nerve supplying it. This use of inhibition appears more frequently in their later writings than in the earlier ones, and it would seem as if it had not been included in the original theory, but added afterward.

In regard to the actual presence of

the osteopathic lesion in various diseases, some doubt has been raised by students of medicine, and even by some osteopaths. It is surprising that, in their literature, satisfactory proof cannot be found of the presence of this lesion in a group of cases of any special disease, compared with carefully selected control-groups. It would be a relatively simple study to have this question of the osteopathic lesion settled by a research conducted by a combined group of osteopaths and regular physicians; and it is interesting to note that the Massachusetts Medical Society has appointed a committee to study this and other related problems.

Even if this osteopathic lesion should be present along the spine in all disease, it is important to try to find out if the treatment, or the removal, of this lesion has been proved to be of benefit. It will perhaps be a little more clear if we divide up diseases into those with well-recognized pathological lesions and those with their exact nature not definitely understood. It is very apparent upon reading osteopathic literature that there is no satisfactory proof of the value of the osteopathic treatment along the spine in diseases of recognized pathology. A careful comparison of a group of cases treated by the methods of the medical profession with a group treated by these same methods, plus osteopathic procedure, has not been reported in such a way as to demonstrate the value of this procedure. Reports of instances in which fever has been reduced and comfort given to the patient by this treatment, in a variety of diseases, are found; but as there are many methods of lowering temperature and giving relief to the patient which do not have any real effect upon the course of the disease, it is not possible to draw conclusions from these isolated reports.

There is, therefore, not only doubt about the presence of this osteopathic lesion along the spine in diseases of recognized pathology, but also no really satisfactory proof that the removal of this lesion, if present, influences favorably the course of the disease.

In that group of diseases in which the nature of the abnormal process is not well understood, the value of treatment by osteopathic procedures has not been proved to be of value by any reliable comparative studies. In this group of cases, careful comparative studies are, of course, more difficult to carry out, because the normal course of these vague disorders is not well known. On the other hand, from individual reports, it is quite evident that osteopathic treatment in some of these ill-defined cases gives relief, and in some instances even after regular physicians have failed to make the patient comfortable.

If this form of treatment in certain conditions, such as painful backs, headaches, and the like, is of value in relieving symptoms, it is of importance to find out in what way, in accordance with the known laws of physiology and pathology, this relief is obtained. In this regard, it is surprising that it is impossible to form a satisfactory picture, which will conform to existing established facts of medical science, as to just what has actually taken place in these successful results obtained by osteopathic procedures. That the osteopathic physicians themselves are not quite clear in their own minds as to what happens in these cases is suggested by the variety of theories met with in their writings. Furthermore, a regular physician, who has made a considerable study of osteopathy, has evolved a separate theory of his own in regard to what happens to produce the favorable results in the

cases which are benefited. It is, perhaps, not strange that a physiological basis for the cause of the improvement has not been worked out, when it is realized that the character of the disturbance is not clear in these cases, and that no careful experimental work has been conducted to find out just what does happen as a result of the treatments. Replacement of subluxations of joints, the improvement of circulation by massage, the effect of suggestion, the interruption of a vicious circle, and so forth, are some of the suggestions which have been advanced as the cause of the benefit from osteopathic treatment. For the present, at least, one should remain open-minded on this point, and hope that, in the future, experimental work will clear up these questions.

The present knowledge in regard to osteopathy seems to warrant its being considered of value in the treatment of a limited number of abnormal conditions, but it does not warrant looking upon this profession as being a worthy substitute for the established facts in general medical science. Therefore, osteopathy should take its place in the science of medicine as one of the various therapeutic procedures available for the treatment of disease. Like other therapeutic agents, its use should be limited to those cases in which it is of value.

II

Chiropractic, unlike osteopathy, was founded by a layman. Like osteopathy, however, it depends upon a theory in regard to health and disease, although the theory is different from that of osteopathy. The chiropractic theory consists in the belief that all disease results from the pressure upon the nerves as they leave the spinal canal. This pressure is produced by the vertebrae, which have become somewhat dis-

placed. This displacement is spoken of as a subluxation of the vertebrae. These subluxations may be so slight that they cannot be detected by the Roentgen ray. If they are detected and reduced by the special chiropractic method of treatment, health will result.

A general knowledge of the established facts in medicine is not needed by the true chiropractor; and one author states that a medical diagnosis is not even desired. In support of this theory, no experimental or other satisfactory proof is available. The chiropractors apparently have not as yet attempted to stimulate experimental work in research to the same extent that the osteopaths have. It seems quite unreasonable to cast aside all the established facts in medicine for this unsupported theory, especially as many of these established facts are quite contrary to it.

Attention should be called to one feature of the curriculum in the chiropractic schools, namely, the large amount of time given to the pupils in the art and method of advertising. This is so contrary to the established custom among the more sincere practitioners of the healing art, and other scientific professions, that it is worthy of consideration.

If there is no reason to consider seriously that chiropractic may replace the established facts in medical science, it is important to determine just what place, if any, it should hold in general medicine; for its growth during the few years of its existence has been remarkable. In order to form an opinion in this regard, it will be well to find what proof there is of the relation between disease and these subluxations, and what benefit, if any, is derived from the chiropractic treatment in various diseases.

The chiropractor makes his diagnosis of diseased conditions by an examina-

tion of the spine by means of the Roentgen-ray pictures and digital palpation. His books state that often the subluxations are so slight that the Roentgen ray will not show them, and palpation alone can reveal the abnormality. As a result of his special training, the chiropractor is supposed to be able to detect abnormalities in the relation of one vertebra to another more readily than other individuals, who have been better trained in general knowledge of anatomy, pathology, physiology, and so forth. Additional aids to making a diagnosis appear in certain chiropractic books, such as nerve-tracings, which consist in hunting for tender points along the course of cutaneous nerves, and a study of the markings on the iris of the eye, with the belief that certain pigmented areas on the iris indicate disease in certain parts of the body.

As stated above, the chiropractor believes that in all diseased conditions some type of subluxation of the vertebræ exists; but no careful comparative study can be found to substantiate the correctness of this statement. There is also no reliable information to show the type of subluxation for the various diseases, although some specificity of location of the lesion along the spine is claimed for certain ones. That diseases of all types occur, run their course, and get well, without any attention to the position of the vertebræ, is, of course, an established fact.

Even if it is granted that some subluxation of the spine does exist in all diseases, it must still be demonstrated that this subluxation may be corrected and benefit result from the chiropractor's method of treatment, which consists in manipulation of the spine. It is quite apparent from reading the chiropractic literature, that no satisfactory proof exists that any permanent change is made in the position of the vertebræ upon each other by their manipulations.

It is also apparent that no comparative studies in groups of cases of well-recognized diseases have been made, in an attempt to show the value of this method of treatment; and, therefore, its value has not been established over other recognized forms of therapy for these cases. In the more vague conditions, there is also no report of careful comparative studies on groups of cases. In this class of cases, however, more attention must be given to the reports of individual cases, because the natural course of these various diseases has not been so well worked out. In the community in which the writer lives, reliable reports of success from chiropractic treatment are too few, and the cases too isolated, for satisfactory judgment to be formed in regard to the results. The growth of the profession, however, suggests that some benefit may be derived in a small group of ill-defined conditions by this form of treatment; but it is quite clear that the cause of the benefit, if any exists, has not been explained on any satisfactory basis so as to conform with known laws of physiology and anatomy.

It seems fair to conclude, from the existing established facts in regard to chiropractic, that there is no reason to consider that it will ever replace the general science of medicine; that there is some doubt of its being of any value; and that, at the most, it can be looked upon only as another possible therapeutic agent, to be used for the alleviation of human suffering in a limited number of cases.

If it is true that osteopathy and chiropractic are in reality simply methods of treatment valuable in certain conditions, and that there is no evidence to justify the assumption that they may some day replace the science of medicine, it is important that the relation which they should bear to general medicine be understood by the public, and

that provision be made to see that this proper relationship is carried out. Like other therapeutic agents, these two methods of treatment should be available to the physicians, to be used in appropriate cases for the relief of suffering and the cure of disease. In order to accomplish this, certain changes must be made in the attitude both of physicians and public toward these professions.

The medical profession, on its part, should not be intolerant of the study and application of any new therapeutic agent, simply because those who advocate it present their claim with more enthusiasm than is justified by the facts, or because the advocates are not trained in general medical knowledge. It is only too well established that methods for the treatment of disease have been taken up with enthusiasm by the medical profession, only to be eventually discarded as either useless or even harmful to the patient. Also, valuable additions to the cure and prevention of disease have been made by individuals who have not been trained in medical science. The medical profession should, therefore, take up with tolerance, study carefully, and endeavor to fit into its proper place, any new therapeutic agent that is brought forward in a serious manner. It must be admitted that, as yet, very little study or use of osteopathy or chiropractic have been made by the medical profession; and yet osteopathy seems to be well established as of value in a limited number of cases, and it is possible that chiropractic may be.

The public, on the other hand, should be very intolerant of anyone who attempts to practise the healing art without a general knowledge of the established facts in medicine, not only for the sake of the individual but also in the interest of the public health. Medical science has already established be-

yond doubt that, in the early stages of some diseased conditions, an opportunity for cure by certain procedures exists: such as surgical intervention for acute appendicitis and cancer, serum therapy for diphtheria and meningitis, drug therapy for malaria and syphilis; while a delay in the diagnosis and in the institution of proper treatment in these conditions may lead to death, or to a much more serious illness for the individual. Since the diagnosis of these and other pathological conditions is often exceedingly difficult, it is important that all who profess to cure disease, or are allowed by law to practise any healing art, should be skilled in the general knowledge of disease and its recognition. Not only should those who use therapeutic procedure, which has been proven by careful statistical studies to cure these conditions, know the established facts in regard to these diseases, but even more so should those who offer as a cure procedures, such as osteopathy and chiropractic, which have no proved value in these well-recognized conditions, know the established facts in regard to disease before practising their special curative procedure.

Instances are only too frequent in which the golden opportunity for the cure of a patient has been let pass while osteopathic and chiropractic treatment has been tried out. These instances are especially unfortunate in some cases, because through ignorance the individual felt that he was consulting someone properly trained to handle diseased conditions. The individual can hardly be blamed for the lack of understanding of the situation, since the law, in many instances, allows these special practitioners to treat disease, but does not demand that they shall know how to recognize it.

In regard to the public health, the public should also be intolerant of anyone who takes the place of the physi-

cian, unless trained in general medical knowledge. For, although an individual may gamble with his own life regardless of public opinion, he has no right, so far as the public is concerned, to be a factor in the spread of contagious diseases, such as diphtheria, scarlet fever, syphilis, typhoid fever, plague, and the rest, with resulting death and suffering for the public. Such a condition may and does arise, if the public allows individuals to treat diseases who are improperly trained in recognizing them. For a patient may well think that he has consulted a properly qualified physician, when he has been to one of these individuals allowed by law to treat diseased conditions; and therefore considers that his responsibility to the public has been discharged.

In this short summary of the situation as it exists to-day in regard to osteopathy and chiropractic, an attempt has been made to show that, in both these professions, there is something of value in the treatment of certain diseased conditions, even if the exact method by which this benefit is obtained is not understood. It has also been attempted to show that these professions can in no way replace the established facts of medical science; and that those using these methods of treatment should have the same general knowledge of medicine that is required of regular physicians, in order to safeguard the individual and the public health.

In certain states of the Union such is now the case, and the osteopath and the chiropractor have to pass the examination of the state board of registra-

tion in medicine. In other states, special boards of registration exist for these professions, with the result that the state sanctions the practice of these methods of treatment without in any way limiting the type of disease upon which the treatment is used, or demanding reasonable educational requirements in regard to the general knowledge of disease. This latter plan of legislative control has been found to be dangerous not only to the individual, but also to the public health.

In the states in which all those practising the healing art are compelled to demonstrate a general knowledge of disease, by passing an examination before the state board of registration in medicine, attempts are being made to have special boards of registration created for osteopathy and chiropractic, in order that those who profess them may practise their special therapeutic procedures without a thorough knowledge of disease and its diagnosis. The public should demand that all those who are to practise the healing art, in any manner, as a profession should have a general knowledge of the established facts in medicine, and the relation of special diseases to the public health. In other words, in all the states there should be one general board of registration in medicine, and the standards established by that board should be high. With the education necessary to pass such a board, the sincere therapeutic enthusiast, be he osteopath, chiropractor, electrotherapist, faith-healer, or herb-doctor, will probably not do much harm to the individual, or be a source of danger to the public health.

PHINEAS TAYLOR BARNUM

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

PHINEAS TAYLOR BARNUM! The very sound is compact of a large and common hilarity, —

Of joy in widest commonalty spread.

Phineas Taylor Barnum! And his wife was Charity Barnum, and his sister, Minerva Barnum: all in a concatenation accordingly, as Tony Lumpkin and Sir Walter would have it. Barnum! The name itself is redolent of shows and showmen and humbug; and a showman he was, as his *Autobiography* abundantly makes manifest, almost from his boyhood in the eighteenth-twenties, till he died at eighty in 1891, the monarch of the Greatest Show on Earth. So far from feeling disgraced by his calling, he boasted of it on all possible occasions, appropriate and inappropriate: 'I am "*a showman*" by profession, and all *the gilding* shall make nothing else of me. When a man is ashamed of his origin, or gets above his business, he is a poor devil, who merits the detestation of all who know him.'

Apart from his singular and absorbing pursuit, Barnum was a good average, you might say typical, American citizen. He was twice married, and had a family of daughters, and was an affectionate husband and father. He says so, and others agree with him. The appendix to his *Autobiography*, written by his second wife after his death, shows a genuine tenderness, which could have been inspired only by a kindly nature, and gives a most winning picture of the

great showman in his home, with a group of grandchildren and great-grandchildren about him.

He was eminently a social creature always, liked people of all sorts — to have them in his house, chat with them, laugh with them, frolic with them. His acquaintance was vast, included everybody. In Europe and America he fraternized with high and low. Samuel Rogers and the Bishop of London jested with him. Mark Twain and Matthew Arnold visited him. He would walk or talk or work or play with whoever happened to be his companion at the moment. 'As a host he could not be surpassed,' says one who visited him often. 'He knew the sources of comfort — what to omit doing, as well as what to do for a guest. He had the supreme art of making you really free, as if you were in your own house.'

As in his human relations, so in his intellectual traits, Barnum was an average man. He was quick, shrewd, immensely keen to grasp the practical bearing of a problem. If he interested himself in any speculative matter, he would clarify it speedily, or let it alone, as not worth clarifying. He was an expert mathematician, at least as concerned dollars and cents. But he had little education and little real interest in abstract questions. It is curious to note that, although his business kept him in close contact with all sorts of animals, his *Autobiography* does not show the faintest trace of scientific curi-

osity. Neither does it indicate any affection for a single one of the numerous creatures who must have come more or less directly under his observation.

Matters of art did not take any more real hold of him than matters of intellect. It is true, he is careful to inform us that his own taste was much above the Museum. 'I myself relished a higher grade of amusement, and I was a frequent attendant at the opera, first-class concerts, lectures, and the like.' His admiration for the beauties of nature shows itself in a delicious tirade against those who mar such beauties by advertising. 'It is outrageous selfishness to destroy the pleasure of thousands for the sake of a chance of additional gain.' But I do not find evidence that either the painting of Botticelli, or a quiet walk in the fields, afforded him any particular ecstasy.

Also, his religion was of a good, practical, working quality, rather than of mystical depth. It often appears in queer connections, and disappears in queerer. But, after all, in this muddled world, whose religion can be consistently counted on? Barnum's was, I am sure, sincere and genuine at bottom. His little pamphlet on the principles of the Universalist faith shows some reading and a good deal of serious thinking; and he said shrewd and tender things about life and death, both. 'Of his own death he would not speak,' says Mrs. Barnum; 'of death in the abstract, he said: "It is a good thing, a beautiful thing, just as much so as life; and it is wrong to grieve about it, and to look on it as an evil."' As to life, and the beliefs back of it, he remarked with keen insight, 'If the fact could be definitely determined, I think it would be discovered that in this "wide-awake" country there are more persons humbugged by believing too little than too much.'

In his relation to the affairs of the

community at large Barnum was always an active and a useful citizen. Here, again, he himself is liberal with information and commendation; but his testimony is amply supported by that of others. He was mayor of his own city, Bridgeport, and a member of the legislature of Connecticut; and as such, he fought abuses and advocated reforms, and was always a conspicuous and sometimes a significant figure. He was a candidate for Congress; but, according to his own account, party considerations defeated him. Perhaps the voters did not wholly relish being represented by a man whom the world at large could not be persuaded to take seriously.

General reforms attracted this zealous nature as well as political. Above all, for many years he preached — and practised — total abstinence. His story of his conversion and final adjuring of alcohol is most edifying. He lost no occasion of lecturing on the matter, with an abundant and fervid rhetoric. 'In the course of my life,' he says, 'I have written much for newspapers, on various subjects, and always with earnestness; but in none of these have I felt so deep an interest as in that of the temperance reform.' And again, in his later years: 'At my stage of life I confess to a deeper interest in the noble cause of temperance than I ever had in the largest audience ever assembled under canvas.'

And he worked and gave, as well as talked. As his wealth grew, he dispensed it with broad and wise liberality, especially contributing to the development and improvement of the city in which he lived. If I cite his own evidence, instead of the abundant corroboration of his admirers, it is simply because of its delightful naïveté. 'I speak of these things, I trust,' he says, 'with becoming modesty, and yet with less reluctance than I should do, if my fel-

low citizens of Bridgeport had not generally and generously awarded me sometimes, perhaps, more than my meed of praise for my unremitting and earnest efforts to promote whatever would conduce to the growth and improvement of our charming city.'

But, though Barnum's avocations and amusements may have been politics and philanthropy and reform, his real life was in his business. From his infancy his thoughts were devoted to making money, to getting a good bargain, to turning a penny shrewdly, even on a small scale. As a child, he was given pennies by his grandfather, 'to buy raisins and candies, which he always instructed me to solicit from the storekeeper at the "lowest cash price."' The boy concentrated all his mental energy on the study of the qualities that would enable him to get and keep. He was born with a natural instinct in such matters: 'I usually jump at conclusions, and almost invariably find that my first impressions are correct'; and he improved his natural instincts to a point that made him a phenomenon.

Note, however, that the driving force in all this was not the mere money-greed itself. In this side of his nature Barnum was distinctively and thoroughly American. Foreigners are always accusing Americans of idolizing the dollar. They misunderstand. In reality, the American man of business cares nothing for the dollar. He has not the miser's passion for accumulating, as such. He is just as ready to spend as he is to gain; to fling away the dollars for amusement or benevolence as fast, almost, as they come in, unless retaining them is clearly necessary, to get more. What he idolizes is not money, but success; and success in business, in money-making, is the crude, obvious form that appeals to a nation which has not yet wholly grasped the finer issues and interests of life. This

was eminently true of Barnum. To call him avaricious or penurious would be absurd. To be sure, we have to discount a little when he says, 'You are much mistaken in supposing that I am so ready or anxious to make money. On the contrary, there is but one thing in the world that I desire — that is, tranquillity.' But it is certain that, after he had assured himself against want, what he sought was to carry out his projects. Those projects happened to involve money-making, and he made it.

He did not even care greatly for the things that money gives. He could — and when it was necessary, he did — live with the utmost simplicity. When money came, he spent and, no doubt, enjoyed being eminently human. Besides, great spending, even personal, was great advertising. But he did not need dollars for luxury any more than for the mere pleasure of possessing them.

I wish there were detailed evidence as to the most important of Barnum's business qualities — that of dealing with men. His relations with them must have been vast and successful; but he himself throws little light upon the question. Now and then, however, there are glimpses of singular tact and aptitude; and I find one observation, from a man who knew him well, that is illuminating: 'In the management of business he was both skillful and acute, but what surprised some was the fact that he habitually asked advice of you, whoever you were, on every matter he had in hand that could be disclosed. In this way he got all sorts of opinions, studied their value, and struck such a balance between them as his own judgment led him to think was the correct one.' Such methods of procedure go a long way in accounting for a successful career.

It cannot be denied that the most

conspicuous feature in Barnum's business activity was the instinct of speculation, of venturesomeness, of taking a chance. Earning was well. Saving was well. But using your brains to make a big profit out of a small investment was far better. 'My disposition,' he says, 'is, and ever was, of a speculative character, and I am never content to engage in any business unless it is of such a nature that my profits may be greatly enhanced by an increase of energy, perseverance, attention to business, tact, and so forth.' In his youth lotteries were much in fashion. They suited him exactly, and he loved to embark in the wild lotteries of others, and to invent wilder of his own. Even after he had left the lottery, the same gambling instinct clung to him. Only he himself used and enjoined upon others that combination of iron restraint with boldness which alone can bring speculation to success.

As to the moral element of such dubious ventures, Barnum's career offers a most curious and interesting study. That he did not mean to delude and defraud is obvious enough. But his infinite delight in Yankee shrewdness often blinded him to the fact that such shrewdness is too apt to mean plain cheats and lies. He was brought up in an atmosphere of petty trickery, which he himself analyzes with the keenest insight; and his final comment on it is: 'Such a school would "cut eye-teeth," but if it did not cut conscience, morals, and integrity all up by the roots, it would be because the scholars quit before their education was completed.' He wrote a huge and curious book on the *Humbugs of the World*, mixing and confusing all sorts of trifling deceptions, elaborate frauds, and political and religious delusions and hallucinations. His deduction from this study was that mankind liked to be humbugged and always would be; that some humbug

was legitimate and delightful, and that precisely such was his.

Humbug or not, it must not be supposed that his success, or his wealth, was gained without bitter struggle. As he himself sums it up, with his luminous complacency: 'A life with the wide contrasts of humble origin and high and honorable success; of most formidable obstacles overcome by courage and constancy; of affluence that had been patiently won, suddenly wrenched away, and triumphantly regained.' To tell the story in more detail, he began poor, worked hard, though he hated work, wandered widely. He kept store, he ran nomadic shows, he dabbled in journalism, which landed him in jail, whence he emerged with a gorgeous ovation that tickled every fibre of his soul. By feeding men's wonder with strange sights, he gathered a considerable property. Then he became involved, through what seems incredible carelessness, in an investment that practically ruined him. He took disaster with admirable equanimity, set to work with energy and independence to reëstablish himself, rejected offers of help, milked the world's gullibility once more on an even vaster scale, paid his honest debts, and shone out in the end far more prosperous than when ruin overtook him.

You could not shake his confidence or his hope. His Museum was burned and burned again. He laughed, and rebuilt it. Competition beset him. The very nature of his business required extension and ever extension, and his closest followers were often alarmed and ready to draw back. Not he. He laughed, and told them that the desire for amusement was the one passion that was inexhaustible. You might tap it more and more deeply, and never find an end. At one time he thought he had got enough and done enough. He would give up and rest, and let others do the

work and get the profit. But nature was too strong, and back he went again, and kept at it till he died. His last words to his secretary were, 'What were the receipts yesterday?' and when told they were good, with the figures, he remarked that they were not up to the receipts of the Olympia in London.

II

It will not be disputed that the greatest element in Barnum's success was advertising. The rapid development of journalism in the last half of the nineteenth century made it preëminently the age of publicity, and few human beings have ever lived who enjoyed publicity, or understood it, or profited by it, more than Barnum did. He recognized this, himself, at all times. In 1855 he wrote: 'Fully appreciating the powers of the press (to which more than to any other one cause I am indebted for my success in life), I did not fail to invoke the aid of printer's ink.' Twenty years later he declared, 'Without printer's ink, I should have been no bigger than Tom Thumb.' By unfailing, unblushing proclamation of the merits of his goods, he drew the whole world about him; and so enormous was the force at his command, that even he did not appreciate it fully. On one occasion he remarked, 'I lost a large amount of money that day by not having sufficiently estimated the value of my own advertising.'

Every agency of direct, paid publicity was, of course, set constantly to work, with all its resources of flare and glitter. Once convinced that he had something worth public attention, he did not hesitate to arouse that attention by all that printing and painting could devise. In his homely way he says, 'Advertising is to a genuine article what manure is to land — it largely increases the product.'

But direct methods were the smallest part of the matter. It was the cunning and subtle psychological suggestion of every sort and kind that counted most. Barnum speaks with delight of a sign he saw one day on which was written, 'Don't read the other side.' Every human being did read the other side, and bought in consequence. It was the ingenuity of such things that charmed him, quite as much as their profit. Reporters? 'Approachable, democratic in every way, and shrewd, he fairly melted to the interviewer, whom he frequently did not wait for, but sent for.' Mystery? Infinite are the uses of mystery. Keep people guessing and you keep them interested. Crowds? They bring other crowds. Only make a man feel that his neighbor wants to enter your door, and he will jostle the world to get in himself. Elephants? Big, strange creatures, are n't they? Good advertising anywhere. But if we buy a farm, in plain sight from a great railroad, and set elephants to ploughing it, what a stir we shall make! Pickpockets? You might think them a nuisance about a show. So they are. But if you catch one and shut him up, and tell everybody that a live pickpocket may be seen for a quarter, you will draw fools, and some who are not. Barnum did it. Religion? We have the greatest possible respect for religion. But if a minister attacks our show, and we can speak up for ourselves and tell his congregation that he is mistaken, and that we are one of the greatest moral influences of the age, well, religion will make as good advertising as anything else — and better.

On the dishonest, the fraudulent side of advertising, Barnum is inexhaustible and delightful. The ingenuity of his resource is equaled only by the sophistry of his defense. The fierce and solemn reprehension of the great English magazines as to the first edition of his *Auto-*

biography should be read and enjoyed. But, after all, these attacks affected chiefly one or two conspicuous frauds, which Barnum himself in later years did not regard with much pride. Joice Heth, the one-hundred-and-sixty-year-old nurse of Washington, the Mermaid, and the Woolly Horse were not creditable adventures. Barnum confesses that he lied about the age of Tom Thumb, and in the earlier *Autobiography* (omitted in the later) insists that, so long as Tom was really a dwarf, it made no difference. Exaggerated statements, more or less deliberate misrepresentations, ingenious and far-fetched suggestion, had confused the great showman's conscience to such an extent that, so long as the atmosphere of publicity was rosy, its haziness did not greatly disturb him. Yet when it came to actual business transactions, his substantial honesty seems beyond dispute. The whole history of his dealings with Jenny Lind, told from her side as well as from his, supports this. Moreover, he was firmly convinced of the great principle of advertising, which he never loses an occasion to emphasize: it only pays to advertise a good thing. Make the public feel that it has got its money's worth, and you may tell it what you please.

As to the speculative aspect of publicity, the necessity of outlay and the uncertainty of return, Barnum is most interesting and instructive. No one had studied the intricacies of the subject more thoroughly than he. Yet he admits that, with all his experience, it is impossible to tell what will pay and what will not. "The public" is a very strange animal; and although a good knowledge of human nature will generally lead a caterer of amusements to hit the people, they are fickle, and oft-times perverse.' Nothing pleases him more than to combine advertising with practical utility. When he was convey-

ing Tom Thumb through France, the railroad service proved inconvenient, and it was necessary to substitute other conveyances. The number of the attendants and the various accessories made a great display of vehicles indispensable. But Barnum consoled himself with the thought that it all helped to create interest. 'It was thus the best advertising we could have had, and was really, in many places, our cheapest and, in some places, our only mode of getting from point to point.'

And always, when he was anxious to inform the world, he believed in spending without limit, even if the gain was not directly visible. A man complained to him once that he had a good article and had advertised it, but could not sell it. 'How did you advertise it?' 'I put it in a weekly newspaper three times, and paid a dollar and a half for it.' And Barnum's comment was: 'Sir, advertising is like learning — a little is a dangerous thing.'

If it was a question of getting himself and his wares before the public, Barnum was perfectly ready to appreciate the value of abuse as well as of commendation. Few men have been more scolded, more criticized, more lavishly and scurrilously ridiculed, than he. But his skin was thicker, apparently, than that of his own elephants; and so the world talked about him, he did not much care how it talked. He wrote his book to expose the humbugs of history, and he was quite willing that anybody who wished should expose him. A woman came and tried to make him buy up a pamphlet in which she had found fault with his procedure. My dear madam, he answered in substance, write what you please; 'only have the kindness to say something about me, and then come to me and I will properly estimate the money value of your services to me as an advertising agent.' — 'It's a great thing to be a

humbug,' he quotes from a kindred spirit; 'I've been called so, often. It means hitting the public, in reality. Anybody who can do so is sure to be called a humbug by somebody who can't.' Again and again he returns to this point: 'The object was accomplished, and although some people cried out "humbug," I had added to the notoriety which I so much wanted and I was satisfied.' Finally, in one precious and perfect phrase, he sums up his whole attitude on the matter: 'After all, it was a good advertisement for me, as well as for Higginson; and it would have been pretty difficult to serve me up about these times in printers' ink in any form that I should have objected to.'

Nor was he satisfied with working through the newspapers, or through the tongues of others, or through a hundred subtle, indirect agencies of every kind. He was always ready to appear before the world in person; to tell it of the merits of his shows, and incidentally — and largely — of his own; to talk anywhere, illimitably. He assures us of his imperturbable coolness on the platform. You could not upset his equanimity or exhaust his patience. His golden, or brazen, abundance of words was unstinted, whether with tongue or pen. He could talk on any subject, telling stories, quoting authors, making points of all sorts, and always attracting the attention of wider and wider multitudes to the incomparable excellence of the Greatest Show on Earth.

And it cannot be denied that he made words serve his purpose with a deftness and facility calculated to increase the distrust of even one who regards those subtle agents with the extreme skepticism. He spoke and wrote well, with lucidity and energy, about politics, finance, temperance, general virtue, even religion. That he

did not always live up to the high level of his eloquence is of less account, because a verbal standard so lofty would have been beyond the reach of any man. But, if you take the words by themselves, they do tell. The little pamphlet in which he, for a wonder concisely, expounds his Universalist beliefs, is a statement of singular vigor and directness. Do not sentences like these snap and sting? 'The force of habit is indeed strong, but this argument overloads it tremendously. . . . If a man cannot will to obey, he cannot sin. He is not a responsible actor. If death does this, we are all alike unmanned. There can be neither heaven nor hell; we are not men, but things.'

And it is everywhere evident that the man was not going before the public simply for business motives: he loved it. The advertising instinct was bound up in his nature with an extraordinary childlike vanity. You can see it written all over him. A huge, benevolent, inimitable expansiveness radiates from every portrayal of his face and figure. He liked to talk of himself, had a large, clever gift of narrating all sorts of adventures in which he was the hero or the butt — at any rate the significant personage. He boasted of everything, even of his modesty. Of one of his earlier undertakings he says: it 'led me into still another field of enterprise which honorably opened to me that notoriety of which, in later life, I surely have had a surfeit.' But if surfeit means enough, it does not appear that the point was ever really reached. With what joy does he record the arrival of the time when 'visitors began to say that they would give more to see the proprietor of the Museum than to view the entire collection of curiosities!'

And all the vanity, all the love of popular applause, or even abuse, is poured out in the immense, singular

document called *Struggles and Triumphs*, the bulky *Autobiography* which sets forth so many things that happened and that did not happen, and makes the wide world revolve around that jovial heap of kindly egotism. To be sure, the power of self-observation is not quite equal to the infantile candor. Yet what a book! What a collection of books! For it was revised over and over, and printed and reprinted in half a dozen different forms, all ingeniously adapted to entice dollars from purses fat and lean and ragged and gorgeous. How he did love it, how he thought over it and worked over it, the precious record of his abounding and world-agitating self! Not Henry James could have given more care to the revision of his earlier writings to suit his later glory, than did this busy and, in a sense, illiterate showman. The crude anecdotes, the crowding vulgarisms, of 1855, are *chastened*, to use his own favorite word, in the editions of the seventies, so that they may not profane the transformation from thousands to millions. Heaven knows there are still enough left. Up to his death he added a yearly chapter, that not one precious act might be unnoted; and he enjoined upon his disconsolate widow the melancholy completion, which unhappily he could not set down himself.

So, from the cradle to the grave, his impulse was to keep always before the people. In Mr. Conklin's excellent book about the circus, there is a vivid picture of Barnum, showing how he revelled in the opportunity of exhibiting himself to applauding crowds. 'Soon after the show began, he arrived, in an open carriage drawn by two horses, with a coachman and a footman in full livery on the box. The whole performance came to a stop while he was driven slowly around the hippodrome track. At intervals he would have the carriage stop, and would stand up in it,

calling out in his squeaky voice, "I suppose you came to see Barnum, did n't you? Wa-al, I'm Mr. Barnum.'" For fifty years he had been proclaiming through a megaphone to the admiring universe, 'I'm Mr. Barnum.'

III

The palliation for all this immense and undeniably vulgar egotism, the excuse which made the world tolerate it and makes those who read about it tolerate it still, was, first, the man's benefaction to humanity in public entertainment. Here, again, no one can state his own merits more emphatically than he does. 'Every man's occupation should be beneficial to his fellow man as well as profitable to himself. All else is vanity and folly.' — 'Men, women, and children, who cannot live on gravity alone, need something to satisfy their gayer, lighter moods and hours; and he who ministers to this want is in a business established by the Author of our nature'; which is certainly putting the circus under respectable patronage. But that Barnum did labor to amuse mankind, as well as to enrich himself, cannot be disputed.

As to the quality of the amusement, there may be some question. Critics of what, if he had lived fifty years later, he would have called a 'high-brow' order, are unsparing in their condemnation. If he did not degrade and deprave public taste, he at least appealed to much that was degraded and depraved in it. If he was careful to avoid conflict with the more obvious principles of morality, he at least fed the idly and vulgarly curious with entertainment that tended to crowd all that was fine and noble out of their lives. I should not undertake to determine the truth of this complicated charge, merely pointing out that some of the reprehensible features of Barnum's shows

gradually gave way to what was more wholesome, and that, since his time, diversions have evolved to a stage that makes anything he could conceive innocuous. The interesting thing is his own complete self-complacency in the matter. To his mind all that he furnished the public was beneficial and improving in the highest degree, and every shade of the harmful was carefully eliminated. I do not know how this can be urged with more force than in the concluding words of the 1880 edition of his *Autobiography*: 'When it is evident that the public, old and young, are not made wiser, better, and happier by the recreation which I provide for them, my efforts in that direction will cease.'

As to the quantity of amusement furnished, there will be less question than as to the quality. 'Taken altogether, I think I can, without egotism, say, that I have amused and instructed more persons than any other manager who ever lived.' So writes this creature of infinite self-content. And he proceeds to give figures to prove that, in all, he had exhibited to over eighty-two million persons. This, of course, as he is careful to point out, may include the same visitor many times. But, even so, it is a vast total of human delight. And while the majority must consist of the youthful and the uneducated, we know that young and old, high and low, man and woman, the millionaire, the scholar, the preacher, all alike meet at the circus and the menagerie. The child is the pretext, but the immortal child in all of us is the explanation. Who has been such a benefactor to children as Barnum, and who like him has teased the child out of the weary and fretted and forgetful man?

Moreover, we forgive much, not only to his faculty of entertaining others, but to his own exuberant delight in what he was doing. Some entertainers

are anxious and worried, like the rest of us. They make amusement a business like another, dry and shrink up in a back office, while the huge, mad riot of the world is going on about them. Not so Barnum. It was his riot and his world, and he savored every thrill of its enjoyment as if it were his own. He could himself perform, if necessary, could do sleight-of-hand tricks, or black up and sing coon songs — anything to divert the waiting multitude, if occasion called for it. He could plunge into strange antics, for the mere zest, as when he visited the South of France in time of vintage. 'While I was there, desiring a new experience, I myself trod out a half-barrel or so with my own naked feet, dancing the while to the sound of a fiddle.' But most of all he reveled in the glory of exhibiting glory. He knew it was second-hand, knew it was mere reflection. With a pretty mock-modesty he sometimes tries to shrink into the background. But why? It was Barnum who pulled the wires, Barnum who set these puppets dancing and doing their clever tricks, and all the world knew it, and he was Barnum. Why not enjoy it?

The truth was, he enjoyed everything. Life was a huge joke, and jokes were the spice that seasoned his whole existence. From the first page of his *Autobiography* to the last there is a succession of jokes, some clever, some vulgar, some monstrous, but all side-splitting — or so he found them. The taste was inborn, he says; and from his cradle, his grandfather and all his family made him the butt of a jest about an inherited mud-patch called Ivy Island. The germ caught in his system, and for seventy years he played jokes on all about him, and expected them to be played upon him. His splendid health, his ever-abounding spirits, all conspired to keep him daily and nightly in the mood of this perpetual frolic.

Note that there is no particular wit or element of intelligence about this fun of Barnum's. Now and then he strikes a happy retort; as when the Bishop of London expressed the assurance, at parting, that they would meet in Heaven, and Barnum said, 'If your Lordship is there.' But in the main it is the unfailing outflow of a vigorous temperament, taking the form of so-called practical jokes, rich with the suggestion of a large, luscious, animal felicity, but not especially diverting in the record, and quite often degenerating into dullness.

Also, there were worse elements than dullness. The practical joke, as everyone knows, runs too easily into cruelty, and Barnum's were not exempt from this feature. Mr. Benton insists that 'his audacious performances and jokes were always good-natured.' So they were in intention, no doubt; but Barnum himself says of the town where he passed much of his youth, 'A joke was never given up in Bethel until the very end of it was unraveled'; and we all know what that means. It was immensely humorous to send forged dispatches at Christmas to all his employees; but the man who was informed that his native village was in ashes and his own homestead burned could not have passed a pleasant hour. It was a rollicking jest to tell a ticket-taker that an angry student had challenged him to a duel. But 'as he expected to be shot, he suffered the greatest mental agony. About midnight, however, after he had been sufficiently scared, I brought him the gratifying intelligence that I had succeeded in settling the dispute.' Read in cool quiet, these things do not altogether amuse. And I feel still more the callousness they suggest, in Barnum's apparent complete indifference to the semi-humanity or sub-humanity of the horrible creatures that he often exhibited. One would think

that a nature with a shred of sensitiveness would have recoiled from the public display of these monstrosities and the sickening, morbid curiosity they fostered. Sensitiveness of this kind Barnum had not.

Even worse than the mixture of joke with cruelty is the mixture with dishonesty, because the combination is more easily effected and more insidious. Barnum's preoccupation with this side of the matter is always evident. When, as a boy, he was a clerk in a store, and tricked his customers, he remarks that some of them 'were vexed, but most of them laughed at the joke.' When he has advanced much further in experience and success, he comforts himself for various odd procedures with the reflection that 'the public appears to be amused even when they are conscious of being deceived.'

The earlier chapters of his elaborate study of 'Humbug' are largely occupied with a specious apology for his own career. With extreme and far-reaching ingenuity, he argues that humbug and swindling are very different matters. With all respect for his cleverness, however, I think the average honest man will hold that humbug in everything even remotely connected with money does mean swindling, and nothing else. The peculiarity of humbug is that it is swindling with a sense of humor, of practical joke, in it. This is what makes it tolerable to the American public, and this is just what fascinated Barnum — profitable practical joking. But it may be questioned whether either the precept or the example was of advantage to American youth.

Yet, in spite of all the callousness and all the trickery inherent in the joking habit, there was at the bottom of the jokes, in Barnum's case, a vast and jovial good-nature, which you cannot help admiring and liking and enjoying.

Tried by the final test of the joker, that of being willing to take a joke on himself, he comes out with an unfailing cheerfulness and a hearty sense of reciprocity which always command respect. He tells innumerable pranks that were played upon him, in full detail and with huge impersonal relish. To be sure, he usually contrives a sequel by which the rash jester is amply repaid. But it must be admitted that he does not hesitate a moment to show himself in a ridiculous light, even when he has been placed there by his own folly. And this is only part of the general, winning candor of self-confession by which, so far as he sees, which perhaps is not to the very bottom, he places his whole heart before the reader of his pages. At times, as is apt to be the case with such candor, he reaches a point of joking self-depreciation that is misleading, and might easily tempt the critic to judge him more severely than he deserves. Thus it was that, in his later years, after a life of far-extended beneficence, he could say publicly, 'Mine is usually a *profitable philanthropy*. I have no desire to be considered much of a philanthropist in any other sense.'

When it is finally analyzed, a good deal of philanthropy brings its profit in one way or another. But few people have had the kindly instinct of spreading and promoting joy more fully than Barnum. He believed that the Americans, 'with the most universal diffusion of the means of happiness ever known among any people,' were unhappy, and he wanted to make them cheerful. He believed in laughter, wanted to make people laugh; and 'men who had not laughed for twenty years, or maybe never, held aching sides when it was their good fortune to meet P. T. Barnum in a merry mood.' He loved children, above all things loved to make them happy, and did it; and, next to

becoming like a little child, — and Barnum was not unlike one, — is there any surer passport to the Kingdom of Heaven? He turned his whole circus parade out of its route to amuse a sick boy who had dreamed for days of seeing it. To be sure, these things sooner or later found their way into the papers, and made famous advertising, and the philanthropy was profitable. But the philanthropy was there, just the same; and some men like the profit without it.

So he lived and died, the great showman of the world; turning the world into a show, making a show of everything in it, and all the time himself furnishing the greatest show of all. And he knew it, reveled in it, was as ready to turn himself into laughter as anything else. The glorification of laughter has its weak points, the weakest perhaps being that those who laugh easily are inclined to laugh too much and quite out of place. But in the world as it is, a good many of us might laugh, or smile, a little more; and Barnum at least did his part toward diffusing the habit.

It is true that at moments he tried to pull a long face and emphasize the solemn trumpet tone of the Koran sentence: 'The heavens and the earth, think ye that we have created them to be a jest?' With his inimitable verbal facility he could reproduce this tone, as he could many others: 'The endless ages of immortal life are not given to sit on a flower-bed and sing and play harps, but for the endless development of immortal souls.' But this was not his natural vein, was not in the essential temper of his spirit. If he lingers in history at all, or in the memory of his American fellow countrymen, whom he amused so vastly, it will be as a trifling bubble of riotous and somewhat vulgar laughter on the stream of the Infinite Illusion.

INDIA IN FERMENT

BY C. H. VAN TYNE

I

WE Americans have a vein of sentimentalism which leads us almost intuitively to sympathize with any people that strives for self-rule. The living traditions of our own struggle for independence account in part, no doubt, for that tendency. We ask no questions; we consider no facts; we merely give our approval on the general principle that it is good to be free. We greeted China, free of the Manchus, with glad acclaim; we shouted joyfully over Russia, free of the Romanoffs; those of us who were not making our living or our political capital out of the troubles of Ireland sighed with relief when the 'treaty' secured the 'Irish Free State.' That the real tribulations of the Irish had only just begun we were gloriously unaware.

To-day, just as our wearied sympathies seem relieved of the burden of Ireland, they are set all quivering again by the report that India is aflame with revolution. Men who claim to be the representatives of three hundred and fifteen millions of people, of one fifth of the inhabitants of the globe, declare that those mute masses are trembling with desire to be free from British rule. Here in America, a certain section of the press is spreading, among millions of ignorant American readers, stories of British misrule — in most cases utterly without foundation. Imported agitators appear on the platform. We are told that the Malabar tragedy in India was caused by an Eng-

lish officer putting poison gas in the car with the imprisoned moplas, a yarn which even the most lurid agitator in India never thought to invent.

This unique situation in India, without a parallel in the history of the world; the opportunity to study the new creation by the British Government of the Indian Legislative Assembly, a Parliament in embryo; and the promise of a friend that 'every door in India' would be open, tempted me to go and see the situation for myself.

Of India, the great continent, with its many races, religions, and castes, with its varied climates, soils, and products, a lifetime does not suffice to gain fullness of knowledge; but if there is value in a survey at a moment when political agitation has touched the masses of Indian peoples, for perhaps the first time in their long history, it may not be overbold to assume that the results of the survey are worthwhile.

II

India challenges the world's attention as never before. Great and inevitable changes are going on there, beyond the power of any viceroy to check or even to retard. The political tides of the world are sweeping the Indian people on to goals unseen, perhaps to rocks and shoals they know not of. It is a most pathetic situation. Indians, great and good men, yearn for self-rule — *swaraj* — as it is called. Spiritually, as

they insistently claim, the educated classes might be ready for it; but practically, the outlook is very dark. If it came suddenly, to-morrow, as Gandhi would have it, all logic suggests chaos, invasion, famine, plague, internecine war; and yet it can be argued that the very habits of peace and order which the British have given India, the very lessons of sanitation and hygiene which their régime has taught, might tide the experiment over to a better day. The risk is great, the goal most alluring. High-spirited, impatient Indians, with no fortune to lose, wish to dare all; cautious, judicious, conservative men, with worldly goods and social positions to be risked, urge delay.

When I saw the 'squalid splendor' of Benares, and passed down to the river bank through throngs of pilgrims who parted timidly before me when my guide (a miserable little rat who would have passed unnoticed alone) shouted, 'Make way for the Sahib,' I said to myself, Can this timid cowering herd ever hope to win and maintain self-rule? But later, at His Excellency's dinner at Government House in Lucknow, I walked among nawabs and rajahs and talukdars, glorious fellows, proud of carriage, with full-orbed glistening eyes, dark sleek skins, black haughty moustaches, who dressed in long, close-fitting coats of smooth velvet, ornamented with gold chains, and whose fine heads were wrapped in rich dark turbans. I wondered, as I saw that stunning sight, whether my former doubts were justified. Again, at Viceroyal Lodge at Delhi, as I sat at the state dinner in honor of the Prince of Wales, and looked with admiration at the noble forms and aristocratic bearing of rajahs and maharajahs, and famous Indian ministers of state, and noted their strong, dark faces, and recalled from the previous day the long columns of splendid Punjabi soldiers,

I began to waver and to admit that the problem of India has many aspects.

As I sat in the great canopied space before the noble hall of audience of the old Delhi Fort, where, on a peacock throne, the Mogul Emperors had once ruled, and saw the barbaric splendor, the gleam of jewels, and the riot of color in the dresses of forty Indian princes ranged on either side of the raised dais where sat the Prince of Wales and the Viceroy of India during the great Durbars; as I looked below them to the members of the Legislative Assembly and the Council of State sitting at their feet, it was startling to reflect that all over India the subjects of these absolute despots, of these princes sitting there covered with dazzling jewels, whose price had been wrung from their poor peasantry, were giving unquestioning obedience; while, throughout British India, the people for whom the British had lately devised a representative system, which was intended to give them a share in their own government, were seething with discontent, and dreaming if not actually practising 'civil disobedience' against the laws enacted by the Viceroy in Council with this legislative body before me. Was all the Indian unrest based after all on race hatred, and not at all on unsatisfied political aspirations?

It would require a thick volume and a patient reader if we should attempt to trace all the causes of the present Indian ferment. One might go back to the famous Indian Mutiny, or further, to find the source of that trickling stream of discontent which has now become the swollen torrent of race hatred and passion for nationalism. The formation of the Indian National Congress, as long ago as 1885, and its evolution from a fairly conservative organization — led at times by men who are to-day the chief supporters of the Government — to a body now wholly in the

hands of extremists, would seem an essential part of the story. I have read of it in books, I have heard it from the suave lips of the sweet-spoken Pundit Maliviya, President of Benares Hindu University, one of the three or four greatest Indian leaders, who has, in my opinion, the best brains of them all. He is sane enough to keep out of jail, though a minister of state at Delhi assured me that the Pundit was a very viper in his hate of the English, and that for twenty years he had been at 'the bottom of all political deviltry in India, but concealed his part under a cultivated exterior.' Maliviya, I should add, asserted solemnly to me that he did not hate the English, that he would 'be ashamed to hate any human being.' I heard the story very differently told by His Excellency, Sir George Lloyd, Governor of Bombay, sitting with legs curled up in an easy-chair, and his head thrown hard back as if to relieve a nerve-strain. There in his office, whose windows looked out over the Arabian Sea, he told me with perfect frankness his Tory political background, his original lack of sympathy with the aims of the Government of India Act, but his present perfect loyalty to its purposes.

This slight man, of medium height, with thin, keen, alert face, black hair, brown eyes whose lids almost close as he talks earnestly, and whose voice grows thin and falsetto as he becomes earnest, is a most interesting ruler of men. His mind is alert, incisive, positive. He graces his speech with apt literary quotations. Indeed he has the face and delicate emotions of a poet, but the clear decisive action of a ruler — as he is, of 22,000,000 people, and the protector of 20,000,000 more. He is always courteous, but unyielding; 'a definite, determined, little fighter,' as a friend said of him. With a slight drawl that hastens on to a rapid-fire utterance as he grows intense, he soon con-

vinces you that he feels what he says. You would take his word if a kingdom were at stake, but you would admit that he might see clearly only one side.

I have sketched him at some length because he has handled very ably one of the most difficult situations in India during the past few months, and I have every reason to believe that he and Lord Willingdon, Governor of the Madras Presidency, have been the determining forces that led to the final arrest of Mr. Gandhi. For his seizure, indeed, Sir George takes full responsibility. Neither have liked the policy of drift and 'watchful waiting.'

III

The history of the growth of the Indian Congress, and of the processes of education by which the British Government carefully trained the body of Indian agitators, which seeks to overthrow it, is not within the scope of this article. I cannot tell here even the fascinating story of the early stages of the Government of India Act, as it was told me at the fireside in the office of Sir William Marris, Governor of Assam. Sir William described the early discussions of this subject in the 'Round Table' group, the great influence of Lionel Curtis, the discussions with the Viceroy, Lord Chelmsford, and the criticisms of Sir Sankaran Nair, Indian member in the Viceregal Council — all of which preceded Lord Montagu's taking a hand, and the ultimate Montagu-Chelmsford report upon which the Government of India Act (1919) was founded. In that Act the British Parliament tried to provide the Indian people with legislative machinery that would enable them at once greatly to influence, if not wholly to control, their own government, and led them to expect from time to time further grants of power leading ulti-

mately to full self-government. It was made plain to the Indians that, if they should prove faithful over a few things, they might ultimately be made rulers over many things.

The Act provided that in the Government of India at Delhi, the new capital, the Viceroy's Executive Council was hereafter to have three Indian members out of a total of eight; and in the Secretary of State's Council, in Whitehall, there were to be three Indian members. A Legislative Assembly in Delhi was to have a large majority of its members freely elected by Indian constituencies having as broad a franchise as conditions permitted. An upper house, the Council of State, was also to have a good majority of Indian members, some elected, some nominated, a few *ex officio*. The Government of India was not, it is true, to be responsible to these Indian-dominated legislative bodies, but to the Secretary of State in London, and through him to Parliament, itself responsible, of course, to the British electorate. Nevertheless, though the Governor-General in Council cannot be overthrown by an adverse vote, and though he may override his legislature, 'certifying' that items which it may have refused are essential to the welfare of India, the fact remains that this power has not been exercised. The men who govern India will scarcely run the risk of wrecking the new scheme by creating a direct conflict between the Assembly and the Government.

More important, perhaps, are the provisions as to the provincial governments under the Government of India Act. The Act provides for a 'devolution' — an unfolding of powers formerly rolled up in the attributes of the provincial Governor in Council. In Bengal, Bombay, Madras, and five other divisions of British India, Indian ministers, acting with the Governor, ac-

quire control of certain matters subject only to the approval of a Legislative Council wherein there is a large Indian nonofficial majority. These subjects — education, sanitation, public works — are called 'transferred subjects' as against the 'reserved subjects' concerned with peace, order, and good government which are still vested, as of old, in the Governor, now assisted by one Indian and one British member of Council. This curious device, the last resort of ingenious minds driven to desperation by a baffling problem, is called 'dyarchy.' Sir William Marris, who has one of the ablest and most interesting minds in India, admitted to me that it was an effort to poison government, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth. 'Dyarchy,' he said, 'rests on the assumption that some departments are more concerned with essentials than others. I believe there is more error than truth in that assumption.' He had proposed departments which would be placed under one councilor (an Englishman), and one minister (an Indian); the councilor to interfere, as does the British resident in a native state, only in case of absolute necessity.

Finally, the makers of the Act tried to change the eternal laws of political science and to divide sovereignty, which after all was no greater task than was attempted by the makers of the Federal Constitution in the Philadelphia Convention in 1787. This division of sovereignty includes both the arrangements which seems to make Government responsible to the Indian people, when it is actually responsible to the British electorate ultimately, and the division of the functions of provincial government into reserved and transferred subjects. One other peculiarity, almost incomprehensible to the American mind obsessed by the idea of proportional representation, is the plan

of communal representation, by which certain Indian minorities, the Sikhs in the Punjab, the Parsis in the Bombay presidency, the non-Brahmans in the province of Madras, the Mohammedans in various parts of India, the European business-interests everywhere, receive a representation in the legislative bodies wholly out of proportion to their numbers. In a word, nervous and clamorous interests, castes, or religious sects are given representatives, because it is assumed that candidates known to belong to that group, caste, or sect would have no chance of being elected in a contest where a simple majority of the electorate determines the contest. It is as if the Baptists and Methodists of an American congressional district, and the representatives of the automobile industry, regardless of their proportionate numbers in the whole body of citizens, should be entitled to elect some one of their number to go and represent their interests in the national government. The arrangement is only one of the many evidences of the great part that religion plays in Indian politics. There has not developed in India that sense of common citizenship which territorial electorates assume to exist.

IV

Anyone who imagines that India is ready for our democratic ideas of rule by a majority should read the addresses presented to the Montagu Commission by the farmers of the Decan, by the zamindars or great landholders, by the depressed classes, by European business men, by Mohammedans, by Indian Christians, and by interests of various kinds, pleading that in the new representative system to be set up they should not be left at the mercy of any mere numerical majority. It is as if the Christian Scientists, the

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Scandinavians, the Jews, the tobacco-growers, the Greek shoeblacks of the United States should protest against their minority interests being left to the mercy of a majority decision in the American Congress.

Those who devised the Government of India Act frankly say that their purpose was to give the Indians experience in self-government while providing, during the immediate future, against any foolish or inconsidered action injurious to Indian or to British interests. The doctrine of letting them learn by suffering was seriously considered at one time, but then abandoned. It would be leaving to their own devices those who feel the shoe-pinch but least know how to ease it, said the opponents. The answer was, 'Indians may not do things well at first, but they can learn only by trying. They will find out how to do things well by suffering the discomforts caused by doing them badly.'

At one stage the idea of extending the states of native princes, and turning the rule of British India over to them was considered; but Indian protest was as bitter then as it was recently when a desperate British publicist suggested that solution of the Indian problem. Indeed, the governor of a great province told me that in many cases where Indian princes had claimed territory of British India which formed an enclave into their dominions, he had offered to yield the claim if, by plebiscite, the people dwelling there would express a desire to become subjects of the prince. In every case the people voted against a transfer of their allegiance. It was admitted during the discussion of the new plan of government that, under the native princes, Government was less efficient than under the British rule; but the reply was that, under the latter régime, 'law and order was almost too perfect for India; the high

standard of public life almost too good for it.' Finally, however, the present scheme, with all its imperfections on its head, was put through all the perils of a parliamentary debate and, with a provision for progressive revision from time to time, was made a law. In February of 1921, the Duke of Connaught inaugurated, at Delhi, the new Legislative Assembly — 'worthy daughter of the Mother of all Parliaments,' as a proud Indian orator christened it.

There was a strong effort by the Extremists, the 'Noncoöperators,' to make a farce of the Government of India Act by getting the Indian electors to stay away from the polls. It was urged that nothing had been given that was worth while, that it was a hateful thing, not to be touched. They were only partially successful in keeping voters away, and not at all so in preventing a very respectable body of representatives from being elected to the provincial councils and to the Legislative Assembly and Council of State at Delhi. Their main accomplishment was the prevention of a complete trial of the new plan, because the members are chiefly moderates, the Gandhi radicals having stayed out. They might greatly have increased the troubles of Government.

While attending a number of sessions of the councils in the United Provinces, and in Bengal, and spending about ten days with the Legislative Assembly in Delhi, I became convinced that every effort is being made by the British Government to carry out the Government of India according to the spirit of its best wishes. 'Dyarchy' had in fact become, in most cases, a unitary government in which the Governor sat in Council with all of his ministers, those responsible for the 'transferred' subjects as well as those concerned with the 'reserved.' In the main, Government's action was determined by the views of the majority. Though the

Governor might 'certify' items in the budget and insist upon his views prevailing, he had in fact refused to place himself in opposition to the will of his Council.

Lord Ronaldshay, Governor of Bengal, managed with great adroitness a situation which developed over a bill concerning the salaries of the Calcutta police. Though seemingly almost compelled to 'certify' the bill and go ahead, he induced the Legislative Council to pass the once negatived bill after he, with great tact, gave them a way to save their faces. His whole régime in Bengal was a masterly exhibition of statesmanship.

Agitators complained to me that when Indians became ministers they went over body and soul to Government; but ministers assured me that when they became responsible they saw things in a very different light from when they stood outside and were in opposition to Government. Agitators complained that Government knew how, by showing social favors and by granting flattering titles, to win over even elected Indians to do its will; but when I suggested, in a meeting of some twenty 'nationalists,' that they get the Council to pass a resolution forbidding Indians to accept titles, they protested that such a resolution would not pass because so many *hoped* to get titles!

All I could answer to that was that they must pray for Roman virtues. The opposition argued that Indians had gained only negative power; but as I read the Government of India Act, I would ask nothing better, if I were an Indian, than to seize the opportunity there offered to bring Government to a standstill when it asks for new taxes. The British at least have the grace to be sensitive to the world's opinion, and I doubt if any British minister, in order to meet such a situation, would repeal

the Government of India Act and go back to the old methods of absolutism. He would be far more likely to grant concessions to Indian demands and ask in return Indian votes which would set Government in motion again.

Moreover, the mere passage of the Government of India Act has wrought a change in the attitude of Government, Provincial and General. No longer being able to rely upon the 'wicked old system' of the 'official block' — which arrogantly carried all Government measures over opposition — Government has become more careful of expenditures. Under the old conditions, with the best intentions in the world, if Government thought anything ought to be done, it went ahead; but now it takes thought of the criticism of a jealous council or assembly.

V

To an American, an Indian legislative body is very entertaining, and the most picturesque parliament in the world. The provincial councils I will let pass, but the Legislative Assembly at Delhi must be described. It was disappointing to find not over one third of the members present. It was overrun with absentees, to use an Hibernian phrase. Some had offered a resolution against Government and then become alarmed; some did not wish to commit themselves on a vote that would make them unpopular; some refused to sacrifice private business to public interests; and others, I was told, were disgusted with the whole affair and thought it not worth the candle.

I first noted the superficial aspects. Dark Indian faces greatly predominated; some black with white moustaches, some black with white beards, others just plain. There were eight white turbans, one gold embroidered,

one red fez, two black ones, and one dark red and gold. One had a gold and red and white scarf, and near him was a Hindu with a large V-shaped caste mark on his forehead. Circulating among them were men-pages, *chiprasis*, whose red robes were gold-trimmed and whose turbans were white and gold. Most prominent on the Government benches were Sir William Vincent, home member, and Malcolm Hailey, finance member. With them sat Sarma and Sapru, Indian members.

Presiding over them all, and with a bemedaled, black-and-gold liveried sergeant standing behind him, sat Sir Frederick Whyte. With all the dignity of the Speaker of the House of Commons, he sat in black alpaca robe, trimmed with dark red silk, a white cravat hanging six or eight inches from the white collar. A gray judge's wig framed Sir Frederick's strong, handsome face, always dignified, but on occasion lighted up with a shrewd smile which often preceded a dryly humorous comment upon his ruling. Always fair and just, and sure of his House of Commons precedent, his rulings are accepted with the best grace possible by a House pleased to a man with the admirable equity, mastery, and high purpose with which Sir Frederick has guided the early faltering steps of the Assembly. Ranga-chariar, one of the most notable members, said of him, 'He maintains the dignity of the House with watchful and unswerving impartiality, with an austerity that is not oppressive, and an accessibility that cannot be presumed upon.' His clear, strong, firm voice, and his serene mind, always cool and unperturbed, compel confidence in his decisions. He has drilled and disciplined this embryo parliament in the best traditions of the House of Commons. It will ever be indebted to him for bending the twig in the way that any parliamentary tree might take pride in being inclined.

As one listens to the debates carried on, with few exceptions, in English, — the only tongue which all can understand, — certain peculiarities come to the fore. Although the Government benches represent an irremovable executive on the one side, faced by a large constitutionally irresponsible Indian majority on the other, there is manifest an eagerness to explain fully the Government's aims, and a strong desire to meet the opposition desires if it be politically possible. Indeed, to my knowledge, there has been no direct ignoring of the will of the majority since the new régime opened. The Indian members who at first came half-fearful to the Legislative Assembly, doubting as they came from the elections whether they really did have anything, have begun to gain confidence, to lose their apologetic frame of mind, and to assail Government from every side. One of the first speeches I heard was from the eloquent Ranga-chariari, twitting Government for maintaining an army to protect it against its own people. Indeed, army expenditure is so constantly assailed that one suspects that the eagerness of the Indians to reduce the army has back of it the desire to weaken the military force until it can be overthrown. I had expected to find the clashes chiefly between the Indian-elected members and the representatives of Government, backed by the European members; but the bitterest debate I heard was between Mohammedans and Hindus on the resolution to withdraw martial law from the Malabar region. The Indians were afterward plainly chagrined at this exhibition of their lack of real unity. Three or four debaters were masters of relevant, cogent, and moderate argument, showing debating talent of high order. Some were unable to do more than read monotonously speeches which, one suspected, were written by their baboo sec-

retaries. Such efforts soon emptied the House. The Madras members showed the highest debating talent, with Bombay next, and Bengal a low third, though in the Bengal Council I had heard Sir Surendranath Banerji make the most compelling speech that I heard in India.

Yet brilliant as was some of the oratory, and subtle as was some of the thought displayed by the members of the Assembly, I should not like the task of having to pick an Administration out of the body. They will need years of experience and drill before they can give the concentrated attention, the ceaseless watchfulness, the devotion to details, the tireless hour after hour, day in and day out attention which makes an efficient Administration. The English bring new blood constantly from the invigorating air of England. They, too, would lose force and vigor if they were to stay generation after generation in India.

The chief weaknesses of the Legislative Assembly as a whole are the failure to organize a strong political party in spite of Mr. Gour's vigorous efforts to that end, and the manifest unwillingness of the Indians to assume political responsibility. Nevertheless, Sir Frederick Whyte left the chair on the last day of the first session 'a confirmed optimist.' The fact that created in my mind the greatest doubt of the success of the new venture, was the poor attendance and the nature of the motives which one was driven to believe had kept the Indians away. Nevertheless, men whose judgment I value and whose knowledge was far greater than mine were not so pessimistic.

VI

The judgments passed on the Government of India Act are as varied as the endless varieties of people that pass

one daily in an Indian city. The young Englishmen regard the Act, with its promise of rapid Indianization of the services, as the death knell of all their hopes and ambitions. They blame Lord Montagu for it and hate him accordingly. As they see it, they have trained for a career which seems doomed to vanish. All the old promises of good pay, high pensions, polo ponies galore, have gone glimmering. 'If a real estate agent had put out such a blue-sky advertisement,' I have heard them say, — referring to the Government when it lured them into the services, — 'he would have been fined and imprisoned for fraud.' Government has no sympathy with them, they declare. It does n't tax as it ought, and salaries are utterly inadequate. The Indian Civil Service is robbed of all its charm. In the old days a man was independent, acted with confidence, did his best, and expected backing; but to-day there is constant criticism — one is always worried lest there be criticism from above. It was all an awful mistake, they hold. Like the unlucky hero in the *Arabian Nights*, Montagu has let the monstrous evil genie out of the bottle, and not all the political magic in the world can get it back in again. They cannot see that Government must ignore the assumed rights of these hopeful young men if it is to do a manifest justice to the three hundred and fifteen millions of Indians.

Aside from the young men, the official class in general looks with favor on the Act, and all are loyal to it. A few look upon it, said Sir Frederick Whyte, as the Duke of Wellington looked upon the Reform Bill, 'ready to take the damned thing and let it pass, because the King's Government must be carried on.' Such think more of British capital and the future of British officialdom in India than of the future of its brown masses of humanity.

There is a saying at Calcutta, where the Scotch merchants predominate, that India is a country conquered by the Irish to the end that the English might govern it for the benefit of the Scotch. That epigram is too clever to be taken seriously, but it cannot be denied that many English and Scotch merchants and manufacturers have little sympathy with the Government of India Act, and they dispose of it with impatient denunciations as 'all d—d nonsense'; but I must say that I found American business and professional men in India just as eager to preserve the old British régime, and just as intolerant of any suggestion that the Indians can rule themselves. Their watchword in the present troubled times is, 'sit tight on the valve.' That section of the Indian press which most assiduously represents the opinion of the European commercial and manufacturing interests, complains the loudest against the democratic tendencies in India. These journalistic Cassandras, who can write better than they can think, cry aloud in the street, filling the ear with the mournful strain: 'Melancholy, indeed, is the state of India. She stands at the brink of a great catastrophe. The air is heavy with coming disaster, and the material progress of the last century is threatened with destruction.' Indian society is 'rotten,' the 'new Indian is a bastard monstrosity and there is no truth in him.' Every evil that visits India now is laid to 'new and popular government.'

An Englishman who has had immense influence on India, but whose reply to the protest of capitalists was given me in confidence, said: 'If British capital were sunk in India in a belief that the country was always going to maintain the same form of government, and with the same power of *Hukim* (command) to a vegetable pop-

ulation, then the capitalist acted with a lack of foresight which characterizes the British capitalist in almost every country of the world. If Indians have made statements which show that they are hostile to British industry, then the fault largely lies with the Anglo-Indian community which has held itself aloof from their desires, which has been contemptuous of the life of the country in which it lives, which has taken no steps to identify Indian interests with its own.' This struck me as rather acrid, and while I was in India I did not find this type of man in the saddle. He may regain power if reaction sets in, and that would seem to me a great misfortune. British rulers are heading into a stormy sea, thick with disaster, if they follow those who stubbornly insist upon autocratic rule, to the end of time, for those mysterious millions who, in the past, have bent to their will. It means breasting the democratic tide which is sweeping the whole world on to a destiny none can see. Not even British pluck can carry on against that current.

But the distrust of the liberality of the Government of India Act comes not alone from Europeans and Americans. Many of the native princes shake their heads dubiously over it and the Maharajah of Alwar thinks the English are mad to have entered upon such a plan. I was immensely impressed with Alwar, who had the most brilliant Indian mind I found. He invited me to come to his 'camp' in which he lived during the Prince of Wales's visit to Delhi. There I found several large tents and a number of small ones, commonplace enough outside but most amazing once I had entered. The walls and ceilings were hung with rich silks; the floors were spread with beautiful Oriental rugs, and the chairs and sofas were sumptuously upholstered in the richest materials. Carved tables

and screens there were, as in a settled abode, and scattered about were charming objets d'art, as if the prince had settled there for a year instead of a short week. The Maharajah invited me to go on a two weeks' tour of his domains, and said this splendid camp would be moved from place to place as was his custom. Except for his palatial exteriors, Aladdin could have done no more with his magic lamp. When His Highness had motioned me to a seat at one end of a narrow sofa, and had seated himself at the other, an obsequious, richly clad but barefooted servant brought cigarettes, and I settled down to an hour-and-a-half's enjoyment of the most amazing monologue to which I ever listened. In vain I wished again and again that I could place a dictaphone before those tightly drawn yet sensuous lips, speaking the most perfect English, with an exquisite sense for the exact word to express the most exalted thought. As I studied this scion of an ancient royal family, descended from the Solar dynasty, I noted first his caste mark, token that with all his education and European culture he is still an orthodox Hindu. His fine, serious eyes seemed to have looked deeply and cynically into life's mysteries, and induced perhaps the knitted brow and reluctant smile. The brow was well forward of the ears and perfectly moulded. The dark face looked a little careworn. They say he has his troubles. He is not a 21-gun maharajah, though his titles are like those of Monsieur Beaucaire which it took a strong man two days to pronounce.

He rules some three thousand miles, and in mentality only can he rival his fellow princes. A polished, quick, crafty ruler, he brings the methods of Solomon into the twentieth century and, in his small domain, makes the laws, executes them, and sits in judgment on all

disputes. He said to me that the personal element had gone out of modern government quite too much and at the great cost of real and quick justice. Law, men had now, but not justice. His Highness is quite contemptuous of the reformer class which has come to the top in India, and though not at all eager for intimacy with Europeans, he is quite convinced that the British rule is best for him and all small princes. I can recall only the outline of his argument, not the charm of his diction, the range of his thought, the wealth of his illustration. The British Government, he declared with conviction, is engaged in an impossible undertaking, trying to set up democratic institutions, perfected by generations of struggle under English conditions, in India where caste is the very basis of the Hindu religion. The caste system is one which attempts to regulate *dharma*, or the dominant sense of duty, by establishing fixed groups to do the various tasks of life. It creates satisfied groups of people willing to do their duty within their own sphere. The democracy which the British seek to set up, Alwar declared, would destroy all the foundations of caste and with them the Hindu religion. In a word, if caste remains, democracy will fail; if democracy succeeds, caste falls and with it the Hindu religion. Such a political system would fail because it would have no basis in religion, the only firm foundation of any civilization. One could not substitute, within a generation, a new basis of civilization, a new religion.

'Can you tell me,' Alwar asked dramatically, 'anywhere in the East where democratic institutions have been engrafted upon Oriental life and been a success? Not in Egypt, not in Arabia, not in Persia, nor China, nor, if carefully analyzed, in Japan.'

I remember but one of Alwar's beautiful illustrations and of that only the

frame. He said the British folly was like his own when, years ago, as part of a great irrigation scheme, he had planted certain needed kinds of trees, in a certain order and under scientifically favorable conditions. In spite of every care, the plan failed and in disgust he hedged the area about and left it to itself. It grew up, in time, a natural jungle of fine trees, serving the same purposes which he originally had in view; but Nature had her own way, as she always will in the long run. It was this natural growth that he hoped for in India. Here the two peoples were side by side — British and Indians; the one stressing the material side of life, the other stressing the spiritual side, and brought together by Providence, which moves in inscrutable ways, to the end that the most perfect civilization which the world has known may be evolved. The British qualities must predominate on the political side, and the Indian qualities on the religious side. Each will complement and be indispensable to the other, and there should be no envy, no race hatred. Each is superior in its own way; both are needful for a perfect civilization.

This was a maharajah's view. The princes are loyal supporters of the British régime. It is their shield and buckler. The Gaekwar of Baroda, one of the most advanced of all the Indian rulers, talked to the same end. I did wonder why he quizzed me for an hour, while we were at tea, as to the causes of the American Revolution; but perhaps he only wished to know how to head off such cataclysms, or, even more likely, he was trying to be polite to his guest. The princes Bikanir and Patiala took the same loyal attitude, and one maharajah, a Maratha, whose ancestral home is the Decan, said that his wise old father counseled him on his death bed, 'Stick to the English to the last; but if they ever

fail you, fly to the Deccan' — in other words, to his own people.

Alwar's dream was a very different reading of the hand of Fate from that given me by Gandhi and his followers; different, indeed, from all the factional Indian views. Although I had found many shades of opinion, all might be grouped into conservative, moderate, nationalist, and 'noncoöperating' factions. Even the Conservatives had national pride, and dreamed of some far-off day when great masses of Indian people should have been trained to political experience and when the task might with safety be taken over wholly by India's best political talent. But they fully realized the magnitude of the undertaking to raise over three hundred millions of people from the depths of mediæval ignorance and superstition to a degree of civilization fairly commensurate with that dominant in those parts of the world where democracy is a success.

The second group, the Moderates, like Sir Surendranath Banerji, Sir Narayan Chandavarkar, and Lord Sinha, were often found in high Government positions or had a large stake, economic or social, which curbed their eagerness for *swaraj* (self-rule). Nevertheless, they wished the march to go on apace. They hoped in their own lives to see the Promised Land. The Government of India Act was very good for a start, but more must come. They uttered many complaints against the British *raj* (rule), but thought it the only safe one at present. They had more confidence in their own people than was shown by the Conservatives, but it was not boundless. The 'grand old man of Bengal,' as his friends called him, Ananda Chandra Roy, said sadly: 'It will be long before my people will be ready to take up the burden of their own government. With very few exceptions they have not shown capacity

to manage big business. But government *is* big business. Indians must learn to take responsibility for big things in business before they try to manage a vast country with hundreds of languages, hundreds of different states, with great rivalry between Hindu and Mohammedan, with caste distinctions and other conditions that make for disorder. Only the Tatas — and they are Parsis — have shown marked capacity. In Bengal, the zamindars (great landholders), in spite of their big incomes, are all bankrupt.' Similar confessions were made to me daily by high-minded and sincere Indians whose patriotism I could not doubt.

But there were two other classes of Indian leaders, Nationalists and 'Non-coöperators,' who aimed at the same thing, but would attain the goal by different means. The Nationalists, bitterly denouncing the Government of India Act as utterly inadequate, would nevertheless enter the Legislative Assembly or the provincial councils and, fighting the British by constitutional methods, force further concessions. The Gandhi followers would refuse to have anything to do with the Government of India Act, and by noncoöperation with Government bring it to a standstill. Both wanted *swaraj* at once. Some would keep the British, some would drive them out; but both would have them give up their claim to the right to determine when the Indians were ready for *swaraj*. 'We are as competent as they to decide that question,' the Indians bitterly asserted. Some would admit that they would be glad to profit for a time by the British experience in governing. Many had the curious idea that the British would give them naval and military protection while surrendering political control. The British, in a word, were to 'keep the ring' while the Indians

played at politics, serenely free of the ultimate responsibility of governors. When I asked what motive the British Government would have for assuming such a burden, they seemed surprised at my cynical ignorance of altruism. Besides, they explained, we would protect British capital and interests in return for the security they would give us. 'You expect, then,' I said, 'that *all* of the British people will assume a mili-

tary burden and expense in order that a very *few* may have their Indian property protected.' Our Filipino fellow citizens I found entertaining like ideas. But there are other Indians of the Extremist factions who, like Mahatma Gandhi, their leader, are ready to wash their hands, if need be, of all British contracts. It is they and their leader who most challenge the world's attention.

MAHATMA GANDHI

BY EDMUND CANDLER

I

To the Western mind, uninitiated in the Hindu religion or Indian politics, the title Mahatma has, until quite recently, carried with it a spiritualistic significance. Mahatmas appear at séances — or they did in Madame Blavatsky's time; and it was rightly concluded that their occult powers were acquired by the practice of an asceticism understood only in the East. One met mahatmas at Benares and Buddh Gaya, but one did not associate them with politics. Exactly when Mr. Gandhi became Mahatma Gandhi, it is difficult to say, for mahatmahood is not conferred on one after passing an examination; the word implies saintliness, and is the spontaneous tribute of a nation. Officially, I understand, this inconvenient saint, or politician, is still Mr. Gandhi.

Probably there is no figure in contemporary history who means so many different things to so many different

people. To the incurious Westerner, the name of Gandhi calls up the picture of a saint, or a charlatan, an ascetic, fanatic, or freak. If he reads many newspapers, the Mahatma will appear in turn as patriot, martyr, high-souled idealist, and arch-traitor; evangelist, pacific quietist, and truculent tub-thumper and revolutionist; subverter of empires and founder of creeds, a man of tortuous wiles and stratagems, or, to use his own phrase, 'a single-minded seeker after truth'; generally, in the eyes of the tolerant who are without prejudice, a well-meaning but misguided politician. Certainly a complex figure. Probably very few, even of the Anglo-Indian community on whom his personality impinges directly, a very substantial incubus, have made up their minds which of these things he is.

It calls for more than a little sympathetic imagination in an official of the dominant race to recognize the good

points in a rebel. Nevertheless, Gandhi's honesty of purpose has been generally admitted by the Indian Government, by the Viceroy, as well as by the Secretary of State. The rage of a certain section of the British press with Mr. Montagu, when he admitted that Mahatma Gandhi was his friend, is understandable.

It was not easy, even for the Englishman in India, who knew something of the undercurrents of Indian politics and of the personalities who pulled the strings, to believe in his sincerity. To the man in the street, of course, the Mahatma was the incendiary, with the torch in his hand, and his gospel of nonviolence a not very ingenuous formula to protect his person while he applied the spark to the train that was to blow up the citadel. He inflamed the passions of the mob and invoked forbearance; to the ordinary Western mind these were the tactics of an arch-humbug. Did he really believe that the unlettered hordes in whom he instilled this festering race-hatred would submit tamely to their real or imagined wrongs? Even if he were an honest visionary in this, Christian Europe could only be shocked at the picture of 315,000,000 people constrained by the Mahatma's soul-force into the posture, enjoined by the Gospels, of turning the other cheek.

When I met Mr. Gandhi, I suggested that it was idle to stir up violence in the heart and to forbid violence by the hand. But he regarded me pityingly, as a materialist groping in the outer darkness, yet with the embracing sympathy which he extends to all creatures. He believed that it was possible — possible in the spiritual East. And I knew that he was sincere.

In visualizing leaders of men, one illogically expects to find the alphabet of power or grace written in capital letters over their features. Gandhi bore no inscription. He looked as if he

might quite possibly be a saint; he might equally well be a politician. I thought of him in the midst of ecstatic millions, and remembered hearing that he had only to lift his hand if he needed quiet, and the uproar of excitement that followed him everywhere would die away like the rustle of wind in the trees. I looked for the imprint of this forcefulness: it was not there. I understand now that the Mahatma's sway over the common people proceeds from no direct influence, but from rumor and the magnification on all men's lips of his saintliness.

II

In the West the man who is acclaimed a hero in his lifetime is generally a man of action, probably a general or a capitalist; holy men are, or used to be, canonized only after their death. But in the East, where spirituality is the standard, the mahatma is king. The masses, only in a less degree than the intelligentsia, are hero-worshippers. To their seeing, the physical frame of the elect, though it be a mere shell, is divinely charged when yet on the horizon, and they are prepared to prostrate themselves before him. If he be lean or fat, tall or short, such is divinity.

But there was nothing in Gandhi's appearance to discount his saintliness. He rose from the floor to receive me — a spare figure, enveloped in homespun blankets; a man of middle age, or so he appeared, bareheaded, with strong, close-cropped iron-gray hair, without the *bodi*, or Hindu tuft; very large ears, pierced in the centre of the lobe, — the punctures for earrings? — the only physical relic of vanity, if it had ever existed; the chin fine and clean-shaven, expression alert, eyes penetrating, glance direct. He greeted me with gentle courtesy. His English idiom and accent were perfect. When I was seated, he subsided into his blankets again. He

was not in the least voluble. His inclination was to give me the lead.

I had been drawn into controversy with him in the press, — or he with me, — and we had exchanged several open letters. The point at issue was the Khalifat question. If it was hard to believe that the Apostle of Peace was innocent of the incitement to carnage, the association of the Mahatma with the Khalifat party¹ was still more difficult to explain away. The inveterate cleavage between the Mohammedans and Hindus has always been recognized by Indian patriots as the main barrier to the attainment of *swaraj*.² The politician who could unite these incompatible currents in a combined stream would have won half the battle of independence. Thus the Hindu-Moslem Entente, from the Indian point of view, is the most important political movement of the century.

When, on November 24, 1919, the Hindu, Swami Shradhanand, ascended the pulpit of the Jama Masjid, at Delhi, and addressed the people, the precedent was described in the Mohammedan press in India as the most remarkable event in recent Islamic history. Then in December Gandhi was elected President of the Khalifat Conference at Delhi. It was about this time that the political catchword, '*Allahu Akbar* and *Om* (the mystic Hindu formula) are one name,' began to be repeated everywhere, and the Mussulmans, to appease Hindu sentiment, forsook the slaying of kine. This was only the beginning of Gandhi's association with the Moslem extremists. At a later stage he became so far the champion of Islam as to make civil obedience to the Government of India contingent upon the rectification of the Treaty of Sèvres.

Gandhi, of course, was morally en-

¹ The party pledged to the maintenance of the temporal power of the Khalif.

² Self-government.

titled to throw his whole force into the Islamic movement so long as his belief in the righteousness of the Turk's cause was sincere. To his critics, however, he appeared to be backing a cause which he must know to be wrong, out of political expediency.

What conceivable traffic can there be between the apostle of gentleness, — the liberator of his own people, — and the truculent Turk, that he should join in a campaign to perpetuate a régime of repression like the Osmanli's? But Gandhi was quite frank about his position. He did not pretend to be interested in the Turk. As for the subject races, he still believed, in spite of the Turk's record of massacre-made majorities, that Christians, Arabs, and Jews might enjoy their birthright and remain autonomous within the Ottoman Empire, under the protection of guarantees. 'By helping the Mohammedans of India,' he said, 'at a critical moment of their history, I want to buy their friendship.' And so long as he believed in their wrongs, it was a perfectly straight deal. The Hindu-Moslem Entente was the first essential in Indian nationalism.

III

I must confess that I never entirely believed in Mr. Gandhi until I met him. His punctilios I was inclined to put down to sophistry, though I was ready to believe that he was more honest than most politicians. If I had followed his career more closely, I should have been less skeptical; but the splendid fight he put up for his countrymen in South Africa in his campaign of passive resistance, and the true facts as to his sincerity, consistency, and courage in it, had come to me only in the shape of rumor. I smiled at first when he blandly explained that he had no wish to embarrass Government, but that 'sometimes one's right conduct does embarrass

those who do not for the moment appreciate it.' So, 'in the relentless pursuit of truth and in the conduct flowing from it,' he had, like other reformers, embarrassed those dearest to him, but he was 'no more anti-British than anti-dear-ones.' 'My stubborn opposition to certain acts of the British Government must not be taken for unfriendliness.'

From an Englishman this might have savored a little of cant; but Gandhi in his unselfconscious detachment is transparently devoid of pride or affectation. I could believe him when he told me that he had a host of English friends. The thing which more than anything else separates the Mahatma from other Indian extremist leaders is that he has the courage to stand up in a great assembly and utter unpalatable truths. He does not flatter his own people; the herd follow him because they recognize that he is without moral or physical fear.

In one of his speeches he reminded his countrymen that they were offering battle to a nation which is 'saturated' with the spirit of sacrifice whenever the occasion arises. He asked them to go through the sacrifice that 'the men, women, and brave lads of England went through.' Indians believe him now, when he tells them that Government is material and godless, and that it is sinful to associate with it, because two years ago, when he still had faith in the Reforms, he had dared to say creditable things about it.

'I do not blame the British,' Gandhi said. 'If we were weak in numbers, as they are, we too would perhaps have resorted to the methods which they are now employing. Terrorism and deception are weapons, not of the strong, but of the weak. The British are weak in numbers; we are weak in spite of numbers. The result is that each is dragging the other down.'

A few years earlier, in December, 1914, Gandhi declared that it was his

dream and hope that the connection between India and England might be a source of spiritual comfort and uplift to the whole world. He was convinced that, whatever might be the motives of the British rulers in India, there was a desire on the part of the nation at large to see that justice is done.

Until the year 1920 Gandhi was a consistent loyalist. In the Boer War, in spite of his treatment by the Colonials, he formed and led an Indian Ambulance Corps. In the Zulu Rebellion he again volunteered, and was given the command of a Bearer Corps, with the rank of Sergeant-Major. Then, in the Great War, in December, 1914, he raised the Indian Ambulance Corps in England, and would have served in it but for his broken health. This is a remarkable record for a rebel.

To follow the phases of disaffection in the Mahatma during the last two years would make too long a story; the point to remark is that Gandhi's growing intolerance of British rule, and his discovery of the satanic nature of Government, have synchronized with the development of the reform scheme by which India is to attain, by progressive stages, complete self-government within the British Empire.

The stages may be too slow for Mr. Gandhi's liking, but the Indian Parliament or Legislative Assembly, with its large nonofficial, popularly elected majority, has been in existence now for more than a year, and there was nothing to prevent the extremists capturing the polls at the last election and working or wrecking the machine from within. It is open to them to do so constitutionally in two years' time, instead of boycotting the reforms.

The virtual supremacy of the Legislative Assembly is already established, in spite of official safeguards in the form of checks and vetoes which, as might have been foreseen, are never likely to

be applied. Whatever the new Councils decide, Government will pass as law. The Indian legislators have the power to repeal any act they like and to complete the Indianization of the administration. They have got swaraj; only they will not see it.

To Mahatma Gandhi and his irrecconcilables, liberty is not to be accepted as a gift: it is the birthright of the people. 'Councils are no factories to make stout hearts, and freedom is miasma without stout hearts to defend it.' To Mahatma Gandhi the Reforms are only a subtler method of emasculation. In his fanatical passion for sacrifice and self-purification, he refuses all association with the satanic Government. How is it, the stranger will ask, that a government which appears to be dealing out liberty with both hands has suddenly become, in the eyes of the Mahatma, satanic? It is a question that is being answered every day in India, in no indefinite terms, wherever two or three are gathered together. Gandhi never tired of proclaiming the offense from the housetops until the prison doors closed on him.

Two things have inflamed his countrymen — 'the Punjab wrongs, and the breach of faith against the Mohammedans.' Until Government repaired the breach and repented of the wrong, Gandhi declared a fight to the finish. He pledged himself to preach disaffection openly and systematically until it pleased Government to arrest him.

IV

Unfortunately for Englishmen and Indians, the Punjab wrongs and the Khalifat grievance are two mountains which neither faith nor penitence can remove. The wrong in the case of the Punjab, the massacre at the Jallianwala Bagh, the crawling order that was issued at Amritsar, and other humiliations

upon Indians, is irretrievable. The blot, too, on our good name is irretrievable. These actions have been condemned and repudiated by Government, though too lightly. Nor has the onus of official displeasure fallen heavily enough upon the offenders. Nevertheless, it is obviously impossible for any government to revise the scale of punishment two years after judgment has been passed in response to popular clamor.

As to the alleged breach of faith in connection with the Khalifat, the threat to England that, if the *status quo ante bellum* were not restored to Turkey by the Allied Powers, she would forfeit her claim to the Mohammedans' allegiance, is, on the face of it, preposterous. Even if England were the sole arbiter of the destiny of Turkey, the interference of Indian agitators could not be tolerated.

But we do not believe in this alleged breach of faith — the assurance to Mohammedan India, in order to appease Moslem soldiers, of the integrity of Turkey after the war. The truth is that millions of Indians were sore about the Khalifat, and the political exploitation of religious sentiment was an opportunity not to be lost.

The brothers Mahomed and Shaukat Ali maintained that Islam would be divested of all its dignity and glamour and prestige by the fall of its spiritual head. Turkey was the last stronghold. Every other Moslem kingdom had been swallowed up by the rapacious Christian Powers. To present England as the enemy of Turkey and Islam, thereby giving a religious color to a political agitation, was their trump card.

Gandhi, I believe, that champion of wronged peoples and lost causes, was captured by the fanatical leaders of the Khalifat movement, the plausible Ali brothers, and persuaded of a dark conspiracy to destroy the spiritual forces of Islam. That he believed in the justice

of the cause of his Mohammedan allies there can be no doubt; and it calls for little imagination to understand with what bitter humiliation the Punjab wrongs have troubled his spirit. Yet I cannot think that Gandhi has repudiated his allegiance beyond compromise on these two counts alone; that, because of them, he prefers anarchy to association with the British in attainment of swaraj. Doubtless, the Mahatma has persuaded himself that this is so, in spite of the long-drawn patience and conciliation of the Government; but the estrangement goes deeper than that. I do not believe that, if any god out of the machine could arise, to resettle the Turkish peace terms in such a way as to leave the Khalifatists no grievance at all, and to prove that there had been no massacre in the Jallianwala Bagh, or crawling order, and that the Punjab wrongs were an ugly dream, the irreconcilables would be reconciled to any scheme of self-government which did not involve complete dissociation from the exploiting foreigner.

It ought to be perfectly easy for us in the West to see the Indian's point of view. But we are singularly lacking in imagination. It is a matter of shame to Gandhi and his irreconcilables that a hundred thousand foreigners should rule and exploit three hundred and fifteen million Indians, emasculating them, indoctrinating them with the spirit of materialism and a sense of their racial unfitness. So it appears to the Mahatma. He has learned to distrust the British and the gifts they bring. He hopes to wean England from the downward path she is treading. Salvation can come only from within.

V

But to return to the discussion of Gandhi's sincerity, which, after all, is the vital question.

Gandhi's spirituality has been discounted, on the ground that he is a politician. Yet every seer or founder of a creed, or system, has been a politician. Gandhi has his own answer to these imputations on his good faith. 'Jesus,' he said, 'in my humble opinion, was a prince among politicians. He did render unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's. The politics of his time consisted in securing the welfare of the people by teaching them not to be seduced by the trinkets of the priests and Pharisees.'

Gandhi argues that the system of government is so devised as to affect every department of the national life. 'If, therefore, we want to conserve the welfare of the nation, we must religiously interest ourselves in the doings of the governors and exert a moral influence on them by insisting on their obeying the laws of morality.'

Gandhi regards himself, not only as a national leader, but as a missionary of civilization to the West. Not that he tilts at Western culture; he draws his gospel from Tolstoy, and is only less indebted to Ruskin and Thoreau than to the Bhagavadgita and the Sermon on the Mount. It is modern civilization that he abhors — the curse of industrialism, the hurry and drive of mercantile competition, the multiplication of luxuries, our gross material activities destroying simplicity, killing the ideal. Mills, factories, telegraphs, motor cars, railways, though he uses them and admits his inconsistency, are his abomination. He believes that economic progress is antagonistic to real progress, and that India may again become the religious teacher and spiritual guide of the West.

The pathetic thing about the racial issue in India is that each party is trying to elevate the other. It is a duel in altruism. While the British regard the uplift of India's backward millions as a

sacred trust, Mahatma Gandhi hopes to conquer the greed and cruelty of the West by soul-force. 'The moment the Englishmen feel that, although they are in India in a hopeless minority, their lives are protected against harm, not because of the matchless weapons of destruction which are at their disposal, but because Indians refuse to take the lives, even of those whom they may consider to be utterly in the wrong, that moment will see a transformation in the English nature in its relation to India, and that moment will also be the moment when all the destructive cutlery that is to be had in India will begin to rust.'

And Mr. Gandhi's faith in the civilizing power of soul-force is so great that, when the timid draw a picture of India overrun with warlike frontier tribes on the departure of the British, he is still confident. 'If India returns to her spirituality,' he says, 'it will react upon the neighboring tribes. She will interest herself in the welfare of these hardy but poor people, and even support them if necessary, not out of fear, but as a matter of neighborly duty.'

Probably no utterance of Gandhi has put him so far outside the pale of practical politics as that. The Mahatma appears insincere to the unimaginative, because he believes that things which ought to be are, or can be. It might be said that he has pursued, almost to the point of unscrupulousness, the intensive cultivation of his optimism as to the efficacy of goodness. Thus he has taught himself to believe that soul-force can turn the knife of the Pathan, change the heart of the Turk toward his subject-races, and so gentle the brute in man that angry hordes, inflamed with the sense of injury, will bottle up their passions and win a peaceful victory over their oppressors, not by violence, but by self-purifications. If it is insincerity to have made

himself like that, when it was open to him to recognize the inhibitions that hedge about our earthly Utopias, then he is so far insincere. But his is an insincerity that will never lack admirers.

There is no room for expediency or fear or half-measures in his gospel. 'Cut yourself off from the evil in disregard of all consequences. Have faith in a good deed, that it will produce a good result. Be prepared to lose all, and you will gain everything.' That in Gandhi's opinion is the Gita doctrine of work without attachment.

VI

The Mahatma has sadly disappointed the masses. His superhumanity now is open to suspicion. He may be bullet-proof; nevertheless, he's in jail. And he has lost *izzat*, — the Indian word is much more expressive than our English 'prestige,' — because he failed to bring about swaraj in one year. This is perhaps unfair; for Mr. Gandhi swaddled his promise in conditions which, as any intelligent disciple could foresee, must have suffocated the germs of fulfillment from the start.

Swaraj could be established in one year, he said, if there were sufficient response from the nation: that is to say, if politicians would cease to stand at the Councils; if Government officials would give up their posts and title-holders their decorations, litigants forsake the law-courts, pleaders devote themselves to national service, and everyone abjure foreign cloth and cultivate organizing ability and the virtues of discipline, self-denial, self-sacrifice, self-control, confidence, and courage, and, what is more important, forbearance in the face of wrong; if the soldier could lay down his arms without violence, and the common man keep his hands off the officer who came to execute the law; if, in fact, his countrymen's baser human

clay could be transmuted into mahatmahood, then India would have swaraj in a year.

But of all this the masses heard only, 'Swaraj in a year.' At the end of the year, the Mahatma told them that they had not been through enough suffering to learn to acquire control over themselves. The soul-force for mass civil disobedience was wanting. The response of the nation had been inadequate.

The Mahatma is now charged with misleading the ignorant masses with false promises. Certainly they were misled. But he told them no lies. In his simple idealism, he could have had no intention to deceive. The white heat of his fervor forbids such a calumny, and the iteration of that long, equally forbidding, conditional clause disproves it.

The intelligentsia, at any rate, cannot complain that they were misled. Three months after his noncoöperation scheme was promulgated, Gandhi repeated in Calcutta exactly what manner of discipline the ordeal imposed on them. His disciples had not bargained for these sacrifices.

Later, he enjoined abstinence to the point of celibacy. 'Being a nation of slaves, it is our duty at the present moment to suspend bringing heirs to our slavery.' And he instructed Indian parenthood as to the practical ways and means for the segregation of the sexes.

VII

It argues a blind instinct of hero-worship in the Indian that the word of this picturesque idealist, as he has been called by one of his own countrymen, should have become law. Mahatma Gandhi became a greater autocrat than the Viceroy. For a year or two he was the virtual dictator of the intelligentsia, and issued manifestoes and ultimatums to Government. While his non-

coöperation propaganda was brewing, not one of the hard-headed nationalist leaders, many of them astute business men, dared openly defy his authority. There was more in it than personal magnetism and mahatmahood: Gandhi was indispensable. The saint who had captured the popular imagination was the one person to see the scheme through, not to its Utopian realization, of course, but to the 'preliminary' anarchical stage, in which the complete stoppage of the administration would paralyze Government and bring it to a standstill. So far — that is to say, if one left out pastoralism, idealism, spiritualism, the repentant lion couched beside the convincing lamb — the Mahatma's scheme was eminently practicable. And so far it commended itself to the majority of the revolutionaries.

The cynical, of course, are convinced that this is exactly how far Mahatma Gandhi intended it to go; while the more tolerant of his opponents regarded him as not so much a tactician, as a dupe. But the Mahatma was perfectly honest in his optimism, and believed that he was eminently practical. He even claimed that his proposition was based on a mathematical calculation. Swaraj he defined as 'a state in which we can maintain our separate existence without the presence of the English.' The Indians, he explained, had bound themselves with their own chains; it was easy to cast them off. No government could exist a day without the coöperation of the people. 'Dissociate yourselves from the satanic administration, and you will bring it to its knees. You will not have to lift a finger, let alone a stick or stone.'

In all his talk and speeches, Gandhi comes back to *Ahimsa*, the Hindu doctrine of the sinfulness of taking life. In his conversation with me, he was very earnest in his efforts to prove that his *Satyagraha* movement led to no

bloodshed. He maintained that there had been no violence in the Punjab until we opened fire at Amritsar. His Moham-medan allies, he admits, believe in methods of violence; but he associates with them only so long as they pledge themselves to Ahimsa.

'As soon as India accepts the doctrine of the sword,' he said in Madras, 'my life as an Indian is finished'; and he repeated his threat that, if ever his country gave itself over to violence in the pursuit of liberty, he would retire as a penitent into the solitude of the Himalayan forests.

But the Mahatma has not gone to the Himalayas; he has chosen the prison-house instead, openly challenging Government to arrest him, and pledging himself to his campaign of disaffection to the end. Probably he thought that the picture of fetters and gyves in the minds of his disciples would better help the cause.

For a long time the policy of the Extremists has been one of provocation to intensive oppression. But the Government of India, in its well-meant efforts to disappoint them, hesitating to create an atmosphere unfavorable to the success of the Reforms, and hoping that the agitation would wear itself out, consumes itself in its own smoke; appears to have been almost as futile and pathetic in its trustfulness in human nature as Mahatma Gandhi himself. Its scruples, of course, were attributed to timidity or impotence.

As a result of the Khalifat agitation, India has had the Mopla rebellion, in which one heard of babies 'torn to pieces as if they were banana skins,' and old men hacked to death; as a result of the noncoöperation movement, the riots at Bombay and Madras during the Prince's visit, and the hideous outbreak at Chauri chaura, in which the wounded police were roasted alive.

Mahatma Gandhi in the meantime is

becoming more and more intransigent, more and more fanatical. The strain on his spirit is too great. His peculiar gentleness, in speech, at any rate, is not what it was. He appears, even to those among his political enemies who admire him, to be deteriorating. He is possessed by the demon of sacrifice; and in his reformer's vision, his eyes are cast beyond the Indian horizon. He sees the world purified by his gospel. 'England is to be conquered,' he says, 'by the shame of any further imposition of agony upon a people that loves its liberties more than life.'

But England believes that the only liberty she denies the Indian irreconcilable is the liberty of plunging his country into anarchy while she is handing over the reins of government. It is a subtle revenge to compel her to put good patriots into jail — a revenge which argues an understanding of Christian mentality quite in keeping with the Mahatma's optimism as to the inherent goodness in man.

For there is nothing more offensive to the Christian than the habit of turning toward him the other cheek. The left cheek, too, when the right has not been smitten — to the soldier this is a blow beneath the spiritual belt.

And it is most unfair to talk about patriots baring their breasts to bullets, when the men behind the rifles would give their lives to save the patriots from turning their motherland into another Russia.

Happily, or unhappily, the common man in the street does not understand Ahimsa or Satyagraha. To him this art of spilling one's own blood instead of spilling that of one's opponent seems to be only another way of cutting off one's nose to spite one's face.

Much wrong is done to the cause by Gandhi's disciples; for the spirit of the Mahatma does not dwell in their councils.

After the periodic outbreaks that occur in districts where the wrongs of the people have been explained to them by noncooperators with counsels of forbearance, Gandhi has imposed upon himself long periods of fasting and penitence, which are duly proclaimed. He denounces the violent, calls upon them to offer expiation, admits that he has underrated the forces of evil, and prepares to give the doctrine of Ahimsa another trial.

Gandhi has awakened the national consciousness in a way that no other man could awaken it; at the same time, he has unloosed forces that he is unable to control. Let us hope that his fanaticism may not destroy what he has given.

It is not in reason or logic that we must look for the quality of the man. He is an incurable optimist, visionary, and dreamer, of the order of those who achieve great things because they have not got the logic in them to see that small things are impossible. Before the faith of such, mountains glide imperceptibly away, while the molehills that the worldly-wise and practical attack

daily crop up again as soon as they are leveled by the rake.

But Gandhi has done nothing, it may be objected; his influence is waning; he is a spent force, a broken man, in prison; his gospel of noncooperation is discredited. Exactly. He is the 'high man,' who, 'aiming at a million, misses a unit.'

But he has lighted a candle. Swaraj will not be attained by his scheme of progressive non-violent noncooperation; nevertheless, because of his idealism, India is infinitely nearer swaraj. In Mahatma Gandhi the youth of the country have their own national hero now — a man to whom they can point, without moral or physical fear; like Garibaldi or Mazzini, only saintlier; a man whose spirit is unclouded by anger or envy or pride. When they listen to him, they feel that the Vedas and the Bhagavadgita are no legends. To them, Mahatma Gandhi embodies the essence of the selfless spirituality that is personified in their sacred books; he is the living incarnation of the spirit that once made their country great.

THE BLOOD OF THE MARTYRS

BY AUGUSTA GUDHART¹

If you will look at a map of western Asia, you will see a ragged edge of mountain range lying on the borderlands of Persia and former Turkey. Beginning here, and extending as far west as the Taurus Mountains and north into Armenia, is the region known as Kurdistan, where live, and have lived since the days of Nineveh, a wild and troublesome people called the Kurds. The name is found in the excavations as that of one of the prominent peoples of the Assyrian Empire. On the rocks at Behistun they are inscribed as among those subdued by Darius. They are the Carduchi of the Anabasis, who rolled great stones down the mountain sides upon the Ten Thousand as they fought their way back to the sea. The Great Shah, Abbas, of the days of Queen Elizabeth, was harassed by them during his wars with the Turk; while the Turks, who have ruled the land since the Osman invasion, have never held them in more than nominal suzerainty.

Their origin is unknown. Against the ebb and flow of countless migrations which from the dawn of history have crossed and recrossed this country and left it a hopeless tangle of interlocking races, creeds, and tongues, they have maintained themselves, their race and stock with a tenacity which to-day

leaves them socially at odds with their neighbors, a fruitful source of irritation, disturbance, and antagonism. The diplomacy of the East pits brother against brother; and when the Armenian Nationalist movement began, in 1891, the Turks organized bodies of irregular Kurdish cavalry as a counter-irritant. In the massacres of those days the Kurds had a prominent part. The extremely bitter feelings aroused then have never been overcome, and the Great War, far from solving the problem, has left the country in a more disturbed state than before, with any hope of conciliation far below the horizon. With the breaking-up of the Turkish Empire the last curb vanished: the ambition of these wild folk has been fanned into a consuming flame by the pronouncements of President Wilson concerning self-determination for small peoples; four years of war have made their passions bloodthirsty; and Bolshevism has furnished them a next-door example of license and unrestraint. They seized an excuse for demanding lordship over all the land they surveyed and for driving out their neighbors, with an accompaniment of excesses for which there is no parallel in either Russia or Europe. It was these Kurds who killed Mar Shimoon, the ecclesiastical head of the Syrian nation, and it is they who to-day prevent the Christian populations from returning to their ancient homes around Lake Urumiah.

When the Turks invaded northwest Persia during the war, numbers of these Kurds came with them. Some were at-

¹ In writing the tragic story of her experiences, Miss Gudhart had the assistance of Mr. Elgin Groseclose, who was stationed in the spring of 1920 at Tabriz, Persia, whither he was sent by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. His work has brought him into close touch with Miss Gudhart. — THE EDITORS.

tached to the army; but for the most part they were hangers-on and looters. Following the evacuation of this territory at the Armistice, and before the Persian Government could reassume control, they, under the leadership of a certain chieftain named Ismail Agha, or Simitko, as he is usually called, made themselves masters of the country and the land formerly held by the Syrian and Armenian Christians. Their pretext is independence and their war cry is '*Ashirat*,' the Kurdish equivalent for Bolsheviki. They know no principles of government except extortion; the hapless villagers have all their cattle and grain taken from them, and are left to live as best they can, or are shot. The city of Urumiah, Persia, containing between fifty and a hundred thousand people, was sacked and looted, and great numbers of its Syrian and Persian inhabitants were massacred. An American mission founded in 1835, maintaining a college, hospital, and press, was destroyed. The gardens surrounding the city, upon which the people depended for sustenance, were cut down.

The Persian Government has been too feeble to resist these marauders, and they have grown in arrogance and boldness until they are no longer content with the territories they have seized, but harass by raids the whole surrounding country. They are afraid of nothing, and indeed they have nothing to be afraid of. With their fierce swarthy faces, heavy hooked noses, and long silky moustaches; their carelessly wrapped turbans; their huge frames, encased in baggy and much more huge trousers; and the enormous protuberant belts they wear, made of many yards of cloth wrapped round and round, and stuck full of knives and pistols, they present an appearance that may well strike terror to the hearts of their more peaceful neighbors. Their leader, Simitko, is a man of some edu-

cation, who has served in the Turkish army, and has demonstrated his ability to maintain his people in fighting unity.

A short time ago the Persians sent out their latest expedition, in an attempt to repress the invader and retake their lost territories. It was while this army was circling the northern end of Lake Urumiah, trying to encounter the foe, that the crafty Simitko seized the opportunity to hasten south and there commit the most terrible depredation that has yet been laid to his credit.

Just south of Lake Urumiah, in the foothills of the mountains which the Kurds inhabit, is the little city of Souj-Boulagh. It is small, but being on the caravan road around the foot of the lake, it was deemed important enough for a Persian garrison of about seven hundred men. Its population was a mixture of Persians and Mamoush Kurds, non-nomadic tribes, which lived quietly under the Persian flag and in perfect amity with their neighbors. A number of years ago the Presbyterian Mission Board established a station there; but a few years later it was turned over to the American Lutheran Board. During the war there had been no force on the fields; but, in the early part of 1921, Mr. Bachimont, his wife, and three young unmarried women came out to reopen the work.

For a number of days rumors had come of possible trouble. On the evening of the sixth a runner came, with word that three thousand Kurds, under Simitko himself, were in the hills just beyond the city. It was already dusk, and there was no time for conference or for the little mission to take any action. A few of the inhabitants of the city gathered up their children and fled for the plain; but the mass of the people only huddled into their houses, locked the gates behind them, and waited for the storm that was to break.

They did not wait long. By nine o'clock the hills reverberated with the rattle of rifle-fire and the whizz of bullets.

A month later, when the four women of the mission arrived, worn, haggard, and bedraggled, in Tabriz, Miss Gudhart, the senior in point of service, told the following story of how it happened.

As soon as we received word that an attack was coming, I determined to save something from the looting which I knew was sure to follow if the Kurds succeeded in entering the city. On account of my medical work, I was living in a separate house, or court, about a hundred paces up the narrow street, and next door to the governor's gate. With Javahir, my Bible woman and housekeeper, and the gateman, I began to dig a hole in the *ambar* [cellar] in which to put one of my trunks. We had nothing to work with, except the knives and forks from the table, and nothing in which to carry out the soil, except the aprons of our skirts. We worked frantically, for we did not know at what minute the Kurds might be in the city. When I went out in the open with my loads of soil, I could see the flames from the near-by Persian rifles, and hear the clatter of the Kurdish shots over the roofs. They had a machine gun which emitted an awful rattle distinguishable above the hand-pieces. The Souj-Boulagh garrison had one decrepit cannon, I think, which at intervals would burst out in a tongue of flame and a roar that shook the tiny window panes throughout the house. The ineffectiveness of its aimless shooting in the dark would have been laughable had it not been so deadly serious.

The soil was extremely hard, and it seemed hopeless work trying to get a hole big enough for one steamer trunk. We finally finished, however, and the trunk, filled with the things I considered most precious, was dragged down-

stairs and shoved into the opening. We covered it over with dirt, and on top of this piled faggots of firewood. The morning constellations were now beginning to appear, and the tranquillity of their steady glow was in vivid contrast to the wild scene below. There was no time to prepare another hole, so we put another trunk in a corner and covered it over with firewood. It was then four o'clock in the morning and the Kurds were still firing from the near-by hills. It seemed impossible to sleep through the noise of battle, but the weariness of the night's work must have overcome my fears, for I remember dozing until daybreak.

The firing still continued, but at nine in the morning the Kurds began to break over the nearest hills. Within a few minutes they were in the city. Pandemonium reigned. The air was full of shouts, mingled Kurdish and Persian oaths, and rifle-fire. I remember hearing the hoofbeats of galloping riders on the cobbles before the gate, and wondering at what minute they would be upon us. It was not long. I heard a wild bombardment, and before the door could be opened, it was smashed in, and several Kurds were in our compound, with guns pointed and knives drawn, shouting, '*Ashirat, ashirat*,' and '*pul — zer*' (money, give).

They rushed through all the rooms, smashing furniture, breaking open cupboards, ripping up the carpets, carrying out everything that pleased their fancy, and loading their horses. I tried to remonstrate with them, hoping that the magical word, '*Americans*,' would stop them; but it only increased their madness. In a few minutes they were gone, and in a few more minutes another party was in. When they saw that everything of value had been taken, they took my clothes from me. When I resisted, they beat me with their muskets, until I fell down half senseless.

When I recovered from my daze, Javahir threw one of her garments around me — they had spared her, not thinking her clothes worth while. My anxious mind told me to get out before still others came. I do not know what time it was. I had lost my watch, and time was nothing. The firing had now ceased, comparatively, but when I looked out of the gate, I saw the street jammed with Kurdish horsemen. They were before the governor's gate, trying to batter it down. Although the other compound was only a hundred yards away, it seemed infinitely distant. I do not know how we got through: I try to remember now. Wriggling between pawing and neighing horses, and crouching along the wall, we finally reached the other gate. The Kurds were so busy that they apparently did not notice us.

What I saw here I can hardly tell. The door was open and the keeper dead near the gatehouse. The two young women were running through the house naked, pursued by two Kurdish soldiers. One of them had caught his intended victim by the hair and was struggling with her, when I rushed up and began to tug at him. Javahir intervened between the other two, and by some miraculous means we forced them to desist, and they went off. Bachimont had been killed, and Mrs. Bachimont was nowhere around. There was no time to learn what had happened. We knew that we must leave at once, or suffer death, or perhaps worse. Poor Javahir's back was again robbed to provide clothes for the two, and through a rear *darbend*, or alley, we made our escape. The streets were now quieter, — the inhabitants all dead or indoors, — and the Kurds busy carting away the loot. In the streets were dead bodies over which we had to step to get through. There is a small river curling around the edge of the city, and to this we made our way, hoping to cross and

find some shelter among the rocks on the other side. It was useless.

In a sort of *maidan*, or open space, on the outskirts of the city, there is a small hill, and from where we were, we could see that here the Kurdish chief had made his headquarters. Here his share of the booty was being piled up. Once upon a time I had met Simitko, when he was not so war-mad. Then, in his smooth French, he had asked us to establish a mission among his people, that they might be educated and learn the ways of civilization. He had expressed a great admiration for Americans. Now, with this recollection in mind, we determined to take a dangerous and hazardous step — to go to the chief himself and demand his protection. If he refused, we should probably be carried off to the seraglio of some of his lieutenants; if he granted his protection, it would be no certain safety; for Oriental minds are capricious at best; but if we did not go, we should probably meet a terrible fate.

Our feet were cut and bleeding from walking on the rocks; our backs were blue from the beatings we had received, and we were shivering from the chill wind that blew. Our hearts were so filled with the horror of the things we had seen and the constant fear that any moment might be our last, that we had no thought for our bodily pains. If we had made a decision to go, we did not know it; for on every hand seemed death, and to go toward the tent of the chief was perhaps only another way of being killed. But if death seemed near while we were in the streets, it was imminent as we stepped into the circle of terrible Kurds who thronged the *maidan*. And if it was imminent then, we seemed to be in its grasp as there came before our eyes the last and crowning horror of all. As we mounted to the top of the hill, and the opposite slope appeared before us with the river flowing at its

foot, we saw the captured Persian garrison being led forth in small parties, and shot down by machine-gun fire. All of them were stripped to the waist and barefoot. Some were made to crouch on the ground, while the rapid fire raked them over. Others were made to stand in rows and sing the 'Moharram,' or national song of Persia. As they sang, the machine gun swept them down like some invisible scythe. The gun was turned so rapidly that in one case it took also a number of Kurdish soldiers standing at the end of the line. One cannot conceive of men having so little regard for their own companions as to shoot them down in this manner.

I do not know how I remained standing when I saw this. I was transfixed with horror, a horror that would let me neither faint nor turn away. Just then Simitko emerged from his tent. It seemed an age before he spoke. Would it be life or death? He said a few words to us, regretting what we had seen, and declaring that 'it was war.' My heart uttered a prayer of thanks when he ordered some of his soldiers to take us back and give us aid.

We were taken to the customs house, where we stayed during the night in one of the empty storerooms. There was a guard at the door, so we felt reasonably safe. It was very cold, and we had nothing over us except a dirty blanket we found, too poor for any Kurd to carry off and filled with creeping things. There was fortunately some loose cotton in a corner, and in this we snuggled. We were terribly worried about Mrs. Bachimont, but we could not stir abroad to look for her. As the day had been one of plunder, so the night was to be one of pleasure for the insatiable Kurds, and a thousand nameless horrors were perpetrated. The cold, our distress about Mrs. Bachimont, our fears as to our own security, and the physical strain of the day, were all too

much for our bodies, and we were unable to relax in sleep.

It was then that I learned how Mr. Bachimont had met his fate. Even with the Kurds in the city, he had felt a peculiar trust. The Bible lesson that morning had been, by chance, Isaiah 43, 1: 'But now thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel, Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine.' If these verses were a comfort to him, they were also a prophecy concerning him, for within an hour he had gone to join his Maker. Kurds had burst in, as everywhere, demanding money. Mr. Bachimont had tried to tell them that he had none; indeed, the little mission-safe had been for some weeks rather lean. They went all through the house, ransacking everything, but finally went off, carrying everything of value. In a few minutes two other men came in. When they saw that all the apparent wealth had been carried away, they began to demand the 'hidden treasure.' They took Mr. Bachimont upstairs to search, and when they found no treasure, they shot him in their fury. He lived long enough to get downstairs, and die at his wife's feet. With the only man in the house dead, the two Kurds began the foul attack which Javahir and I had intercepted.

Early next morning we determined to find out whether Mrs. Bachimont had been carried off, or was perhaps somewhere in hiding; and we were soon successful. Javahir came calling that she had found the *khanum*. In the rear of the garden, crouching behind a pile of rubbish, completely hidden, Javahir pointed her out. She had run and crept there during the attack of the two Kurds, and had remained in that posture for twenty-four hours. She was dumb from terror, and unable to move from cold. We carried her into the

house and somewhere found a few rags with which to cover her. Some of our native friends whose backs had been spared gave us enough clothing to clothe us decently. Somewhere we found a few utensils, in which we might cook our food. There were some boxes in the storeroom, and with these we made a rough coffin for Mr. Bachimont.

By night most of the Kurds had gone, carrying off what plunder they had gathered. People now began to appear furtively on the streets, seeking their lost ones, trying to take up again the thread of life. A small Kurdish force had been left in the city as a rear-guard and to look after the wounded; but they molested no one. Indeed, there was no one left to molest except their Kurdish cousins of the city. Every Persian found in the city had been killed; the dead of the garrison, unburied, lying there in heaps on the river slope, numbered about seven hundred according to a count made by my gateman; while in the streets lay the dead bodies of men and horses on which the dogs came and fed. Women had been violated, and children had been left fatherless and hungry. Every house, whether Kurdish or Persian, had been sacked and looted. Our house had nothing in it but smashed and battered furniture, papers scattered everywhere, and crumbling walls which had been prodded in attempts to find secret recesses containing money or jewels. I went below, to see if they had found the hiding-places of my trunks. The one in the corner had been discovered and broken open, but the earth over the other had not been disturbed.

The next day (Sunday, October 9) we held a simple funeral service for Mr. Bachimont. We could find none of the natives who would help us prepare the body, since they thought that to touch the dead body of a Christian would defile them. But we finally induced some

of them to dig a grave and to carry the coffin to its resting-place. We found one of our Bibles still intact, and from it we read the service.

That afternoon we deemed it safe enough to unearth the trunk. By stretching here and pinning there, we made the garments I had stored away fit us all. We straightened up the house as best we could, and then began to turn our minds to the problem of getting away. That evening, however, the Kurdish chief who had been left in charge of the wounded learned that I was a *hakim*, and sent a politely worded request that I come and nurse his sick.

I now had the task of looking after some thirty-odd wounded Kurds, and we were treated with outward respect; a bevy of guards did duty at our gate, but we were virtually prisoners. To every request that we be granted permission to leave, we received a courteous refusal. While the Kurdish picket was fair protection for us, the court was constantly full of men, ostensibly to see the *hakim*, but really to set eyes on the light-haired women. Me they respected because of my medical knowledge, but the others I had to keep hidden in the inner rooms during the day.

Mrs. Bachimont's condition as a result of her night's exposure was very bad, and was not improved by our constant fears and her brooding over her husband's death. She began to grow worse; and at last we decided again to brave the worst and try to escape.

One of our Kurdish neighbors was the owner of a near-by village. He had been quite a warm friend to us, and we enlisted his assistance in our attempt. We made our few belongings into small bundles, and on the night of the thirteenth some of his men smuggled them out. We got ready to go the next night. The following day I went to the chief for the last time, for permission to leave the city. Fortune smiled on us.

A Syrian doctor had been found, and the Kurd, tired no doubt of our importunities, consented to relieve me. He even granted us a guard to see us on our way.

We were not long in departing. That afternoon we started out afoot for the next village, several miles away. The relief we experienced on passing the outskirts of the city is indescribable. It seemed as if we were emerging from Inferno into the light of day. The dead bodies of horses and men were still lying in the streets, where they had fallen the week before. We could see the heaps of dead on the river slope. Those in the streets had been eaten by the dogs; the bodies of the garrison had been worried by the wolves. Only the coldness of the weather prevented a putrid stench from rising. I saw one or two bodies being buried by the Kurdish police. They were being dragged away by ropes around their necks. As I looked, the whole week passed in review before my mind; I could hear the awful percussion of the rifles, and the clattering of horses through the streets, and the screams of women that first night; I could see again from the maidan the Persian garrison falling before the machine gun.

For several hours we trudged along, while our guards gallantly rode beside us, scanning the horizon for a possible enemy. When we came to the village where we had deposited our bundles, we dismissed the guards, preferring to face the dangers of the road alone rather than in their company. We had only twenty *tumans* among us, — a little money which, fortunately, I had put in the trunk, — and this sufficed to hire a donkey to carry our baggage, but not ourselves. Hiring a donkey in Persia includes the driver, so we were not without the semblance of a man-servant. For four days we plodded over the plains and hills of the desert country north of Souj-Boulagh. The trail

was extremely rough and at every step our loose native shoes kept dangling from our blistered feet. Our limbs were sore, and so weary that we could hardly keep pace with our tiny beast. When night fell, we would curl down in a bundle beside the road, with our few blankets over us, while the donkey driver would go off to find forage for his animal among the scant grasses of the desert. At this altitude and this late season of the year the nights were extremely cold, and we had no fire. The cold, our exhaustion, and the vague dread which even the empty desert conjures up gave us little rest.

The fourth day we reached Bokhan, a village of some importance, from which there was a postal service to Tabriz. We found the chief a comfortable-looking Persian hadji, surrounded by a retinue of lazy servants. He had heard of the Americans, and when he learned who we were, he showed a tremendous solicitude. We were taken to his house and given quarters in the *anderun*, with the female members of the household. Word was immediately sent to the governor at Tabriz, and to our friends there, that we were safe. We knew that a carriage and a detachment of the governor's men would soon be on the way to meet us, so we remained under the roof of our Moslem host, resting and recuperating for the further journey. A number of the village elders came to us with a present of some thirty-five *tumans*, which they had collected for the *khanums* — holding them out with both hands as a mark of respect. These, they hoped, with many expressions of benediction from 'Allah,' would bear us on our journey. The simple cordiality of these people did much to restore our disturbed outlook on life; and when, ten days later, we were bundled into the conveyance that had arrived to take us on to Tabriz, there was some sweetness mixed with the gall.

THE MODERN KU KLUX KLAN

BY LEROY PERCY

I

ONE of the strangest aberrations in American life since the war is the growth of the Ku Klux Klan. In the North that organization, when considered at all, has been thought of as a colossal buffoonery, a matter unworthy of the time or thought of intelligent folk; and, indeed, for the average American, with his common sense and his appreciation of the ridiculous, any other attitude would seem unlikely. But because in certain sections of the country, notably the South and Southwest, the attitude of numbers of people has been quite the reverse, and the consequences of that attitude evil and seriously dangerous, a consideration of the purposes of the Klan and of its effect, intentional or otherwise, is worthy of the attention of the country's best citizens.

The present Ku Klux Klan should not be confused with the secret order of that name, which a disorganized system of justice in the South during Reconstruction days in a measure justified. The original Klan disbanded when its purpose had been served. The new order has appropriated, without leave or license, the name, the disguises, the mummery of the old, — intended as childish but effective means of terrifying the imaginative and newly emancipated negro, — without appropriating either its aims or its ideals. This theft was designed to advertise the upstart organization; in this it has been successful. Among Southerners a romantic tradition of patriotism and terrible

justice hallows the memory of the old Klan. Thoughtless enthusiasts have joined the new because of that tradition. Among the negroes the very name is still a thing of nightmare terror, and such an attitude of mind perfectly suited the plans of the founder of the new order.

And what were those plans? What reason could there be at this time to drag from its grave this old Southern bogey, with its secrecy, disguises, masks, Kleagles, Wizards, and fee-fi-fo-fum clap-trap? Why was the new Klan formed? The easy and half-true answer is: 'For profit.' The initiation fee is ten dollars for each Klansman. Without that high incentive, certainly no clan-nish brotherhood would have been attempted. But it may be that the professed ideals of the founder were sincere, and undoubtedly many good men have joined because of them. Therefore, a brief examination of those ideals is necessary.

The Klan excludes from membership negroes, Jews, Catholics, and foreign-born, whether citizens or not. In its own phrase, it is the only Gentile White Protestant American-born Organization in the world. It is secret. Its membership is secret, in that respect differing probably from every other secret society in America, though like enough to many in Russia. When asked if he is a member, the custom is for a good Klansman to evade, more rarely to reply in the negative, but in any event not to avow his membership.

The *Congressional Record* prints in full the Klan's ritual, and the exceedingly verbose, emotional, and silly explanation and defense of it by its founder, styled the 'Grand Wizard.' The principles there set forth — support of the Constitution, allegiance to the government, preservation of the public-school system, protection of the chastity of women, and the rest — are neither new nor open to condemnation, with two important exceptions.

Section One of the Oath of Allegiance (testimony of Grand Wizard Simmons, in the Ku Klux Klan hearings before the Committee on Rules, House of Representatives, Sixty-seventh Congress, First Session, reads: —

Section 1. *Obedience.* — You will say, 'I,' — pronounce your full name, and repeat after me, — 'In the presence of God and man, most solemnly pledge, promise, and swear, unconditionally, that I will faithfully obey the constitution and laws, and will willingly conform to all regulations, usages, and requirements of the — which do now exist or which may be hereafter enacted, and will render at all times loyal respect and steadfast support to the imperial authority of same, and will heartily heed all official mandates, decrees, edicts, rulings, and instructions of the I — W — thereof. I will yield prompt response to all summonses, I having knowledge of same, Providence alone preventing.'

This oath makes obedience to the orders of the Invisible Empire obligatory, with no guaranty that those orders will not be unwise or un-American or even criminal.

Section Four of the same oath reads: —

'I swear that I will keep secure to myself a secret of a —sman when same is committed to me in the sacred bond of —smanship, the crime of violating this solemn oath, treason against the United States of America, rape, and malicious murder alone excepted.'

And its viciousness becomes glaring on considering the fact that this Klan makes a special effort to enroll in its membership county and city officials, and even the members of the judiciary.

But not from its ritual will the true purposes and methods of the organization be learned. That information is given by its itinerant paid speakers, who are now touring the South and West, soliciting membership. The individual assigned to Mississippi for this work is Joseph G. Camp, formerly a lyceum lecturer, now dubbed 'Colonel.' His speech, wrung dry of its oratory and its indefinite but ardent praise of 'one-hundred-per-cent Americanism,' may be accurately summarized in two paragraphs.

First. The Jews, the Catholics, the negroes, the alien-born are organized; they are a menace to American institutions; it is necessary to combat their pernicious influences; the sole weapon to hand is the Ku Klux Klan; therefore, if you are a true American, join the Klan.

Second. The morals of the country are in a parlous condition; sexual vice, bootlegging, gambling flourish; the Klan loveth righteousness; if you are on the side of the angels, join the Klan.

The first part of the programme is effected by moulding public sentiment, by watching wayward politicians, by combating the sinister propaganda of the press, which is under the control of Jews or Catholics or negroes or foreigners. The second part of the programme is the real work of the separate local Klans. It is accomplished in this wise: each Klansman is a 'detective'; he goes about his community 'with eyes and ears open,' spying on the morals of his fellow citizens, the objects of his scrutiny being serenely unconscious of it, as only Klansmen know who are members of the Klan; then, at the next meeting of the Klan, the various members report the bits of information they have

collected; the assembled body passes on the guilt or innocence of the accused (naturally, in his absence), and takes such course as seems necessary and proper.

That course is not direct action, — an order to leave town, or a coat of tar-and-feathers, or a whipping, or worse, — as the hired press reports; but selected members remonstrate with the delinquent on the evil of his ways, even warn him; then, should he remain forward and unregenerate, they report him and his sins to the officers of the law, volunteering to those officials, usually spineless, the Klan's aid and comfort; and if they then fail to act, the Klan's duty is to see that they are retired from office and their places more worthily filled, preferably by Klansmen.

The Klan speakers seem always to stress that part of their address outlining the regulation of private morals, and that part is very much the same wherever delivered. But the remainder of the address appears to vary widely from one section of the country to the other, to suit the outstanding prejudice or antipathy of the particular audience being exhorted.

It is said that in California the anti-Japanese feeling is the basis of appeal; in some localities the Jew is referred to in a manner to rejoice the heart of Henry Ford; less frequently, white supremacy as an anti-negro appeal is eloquently defended. But it appears the Church of Rome is never scanted. Always she is represented as the deadly enemy of American institutions, to be crushed not so much for her religious tenets as for her dark and unexplained political machinations. Colonel Camp regaled Mississippi audiences with references to 'that old dago on the Tiber,' and 'that slick and slimy cardinal who had more power in America during the war than the President of the United States.'

II

Such are the principles and methods of this amazing society which, calling itself Protestant Christian, preaches an aggressive bigotry, a venomous intolerance, abhorrent alike to Luther and to Christ, and, appointing itself the watchdog of private morals, dares assume that rôle only in anonymity, its members masked like clowns, sheeted like servants of the Inquisition. What then is its effect? Granting that its every principle is high, and the every object of its hate deserving of that hate, what happens for better or for worse in the town or countryside where the Klan has gained a following? That, after all, is the only question of importance. Jewry and Rome need no defense, at least from this writer.

A word may not, however, be amiss as to the effect of the Klan's activities upon the negro population in the agricultural sections of the South. The struggle in these sections is to retain the negro population. The industrial system of the South is built upon this population. The loss of it means that the lumber-mills will lie idle and the cotton fields, cornfields, and sugar fields will revert to the wilderness. The steady trend of the negro population is away from the South to the industrial centres, because of better wages and better economic conditions than agriculture can compete with. This trend cannot be arrested. It can easily, however, be so expedited as to afford no opportunity for readjustment to changed conditions, resulting in industrial paralysis and ruin. This is one of the terrifying potentialities of the Klan's work in these sections. True it is that their orators avow, in their public utterances, that the Klan is the friend of the negro; that they will not hurt him, 'if he does what is right.' The answer to this is twofold: first, that the negro can

never be assured that he is doing what is right according to the Klan's conception of right; and second, the original Ku Klux Klan was created solely for the purpose of terrorizing the negro; he has never heard of it being associated with any other purpose, and it is impossible to reassure him on this point. It would be as easy to go through a sedge field populated with rabbits with a bunch of hounds, and to satisfy the rabbits that they were in no danger, but that you were intent upon fox-hunting alone. The reply would possibly be: 'I never heard about your doing much except hunting rabbits. You look like you are fixed for hunting rabbits. What you say may be so; but even if it is, I see seven or eight young hounds in that bunch that might break away and start to running rabbits anyway. The best thing for this rabbit to do is to start to running now.' Anyone who knows the blacks of the South, and the strange indefinable terror which surrounds the name of the Ku Klux Klan in their minds, knows that, following one of the sheeted parades of the Klan, it would be almost impossible to get close enough to a negro to reassure him. This grave menace to industrial conditions is without compensating advantages of any kind.

There is another respect in which the Klan has, perhaps unwittingly, inflicted a wrong upon the negro. The negro, especially in the rural sections of the South, derives great pleasure from an extravagant nomenclature. The more meaningless, the better. Often I have seen the solemnity of a court-room ripple into mirth as a case for or against 'The Sons and Daughters of Isaac and Jacob of North America, South America, Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia' was called; and yet how flavorless is this language compared to the ordinary efforts of the Klan. I quote the beginning and end of an official document

issued by the Imperial Wizard, William Joseph Simmons, notifying the Klan of the selection of Mary Elizabeth Tyler as his Grand Chief-of-Staff: —

To all Genii, Grand Dragons and Hydras of Realms, Grand Goblins and Kleagles of Domains, Grand Titans and Furies of Provinces, Giants, Exalted Cyclops and Terrors of Klantons, and to all Citizens of the Invisible Empire, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan — in the name of our valiant, venerated Dead, I affectionately greet you. . . .

Done in the Aulic of his Majesty, Imperial Wizard, Emperor of the Invisible Empire, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, in the Imperial City of Atlanta, Commonwealth of Georgia, United States of America, on this, the ninth day of the ninth month of the year of our Lord, 1921, and on the Dreadful Day of the Weeping Week of the Mournful Month of the Year of the Klan LV.

Duly signed and sealed by his Majesty.

(Signed) WILLIAM JOSEPH SIMMONS

Imperial Wizard.

They have wronged the negro by getting 'a corner' on the gibberish of the English language, and they exclude him from the organization, when he would derive peculiar delight from, would fairly revel in, its official language.

But aside from its effect upon the negro population, which cannot be overestimated, the fruits of the Ku Klux Klan are a heavy harvest and evil, all of them. It is a lawless organization, judged alike by its ritual and its activities. As will be noted from the oath, a Klansman swears to keep the secrets of a fellow Klansman with the exception of four crimes, namely, violating his Klansman's oath, treason against the United States of America, rape, and malicious murder. For everyday purposes the first two exceptions may be disregarded. There is no crime which is to be or has been committed by a Klansman, and which is revealed to a fellow Klansman, which he will not keep sacred, except rape and malicious murder. He pledges himself

to be willing to be an accessory, before or after the fact, for every crime that can be committed by a Klansman, and this whether he be an ordinary American citizen, whose duty it is to uphold the law, a sheriff, whose sworn duty it is to enforce it, or a judge, whose duty it is to administer it.

In what way have the activities of the Klan evinced themselves? Wherever they have gone, there has been a trail of lawless deeds and violence done by them or by those masked in the garb which they have rendered possible. An organization which breeds violence, either by deeds done or by the opportunity for lawlessness which it offers to the criminal element of a country, is an evil thing. Innumerable instances can be given, taken from the daily press, where men, without the ceremony of a trial, have been taken out by masked men, tarred and feathered and otherwise maltreated, and usually ordered to leave the community. I will simply give two typical illustrations, one of the Klan at its best and one of the Klan at its worst.

The daily press carried a telegram of February 27, 1922, from Helena, Arkansas, reading as follows: —

HELENA, ARKANSAS, *February 27, 1922.*

Silently and without looking to right or left, four robed and hooded figures stalked into at least four of the down-town churches last night, stopped at the chancel, and handed the minister a slip of paper containing a typewritten message.

If the minister was startled by the sudden appearance of the silent figures, he betrayed it only by a look of surprise at the interruption. He asked if they desired to have the printed message read to the congregation; the robed figures bowed and stood mute as the minister read as follows: —

'We who stand thus silently before you are more than a million strong; we are friends of this minister, this church, and this congregation; we stand for the Christian religion, for the protection of womanhood and

for the everlasting supremacy of the white race. As such we most earnestly ask your friendship and your prayers.

'(Signed) KNIGHTS OF THE KU KLUX KLAN.'

Similar dispatches were published from a number of places. These men walked into a place of worship. They stopped the services of the church. They stalked down the aisle and handed a message to the preacher. Would four citizens have done it who were not masked? Hidden behind masks, they interfered with the solemn worship in the House of God and asked to be prayed for because they were a million strong. That was the message they were carrying; and they say that 'we stand for Christianity, for the protection of womanhood and white supremacy.' Did they have to be masked for that kind of declaration? Since when has Southern womanhood needed to be defended by men in masks? Must the men of the South clothe themselves in sheets and cover their faces with masks in order to defend their homes?

Another illustration of the activities of the Klan: on February 22, 1922, at Texarkana, Texas, Judge D. A. Turner, in a special charge to the Bowie County grand jury, directed that an investigation be made of the activities of masked men in the county, with special attention to the case of a party which on the night of February 11, obtained P. Norman, a negro, from the custody of Deputy Sheriff W. T. Jordan, and lynched him. In his charge to the jury Judge Turner declared that there was now more lawlessness in Bowie County than ever before during the fifty years he had sat on the bench; and he denounced the Ku Klux Klan as an enemy of constituted government. He did not charge that the Ku Klux Klan had any connection with the activities of the masked men, but declared that the very nature of the organization opens the way for any lawless element to

operate, seemingly with very little molestation.

It is proper to say that the Klan has denied its responsibility for this crime. It usually denies responsibility for all acts of violence committed by men in the Klan's garb. But whether such denial be true or not, there is no escape from the moral responsibility for the acts so committed; and I have heard of no criminal in the garb of the Klan who has been brought to justice by the Klan, who alone can know whether he is a member of the Klan or not.

The Grand Wizard is profuse in assurances that the Klan will assist officers of the law. When officers of the law in any community become so helpless and impotent that they have to be backed up by sheeted Klansmen at night, that community is in a bad way. The garb of the Klan does not lend itself to uphold the law; it never was devised for that purpose. The men who first devised it devised it to conceal their identity when doing the lawless deeds that they felt justified in doing. Men who are aiding officers of the law in doing a right thing do not disguise themselves and go about after nightfall. This organization tries a man on hearsay evidence, without giving him an opportunity of being confronted by his accusers, and without lawful authority proceeds to enforce its judgments. The foundation-stone of government and constitutional liberty in our land is the right of a man to be confronted by his accusers and to hear the evidence brought against him.

III

This organization poses as the representative and sole defender of Protestant Americanism. Its methods bear no semblance to those of any government except Bolshevist Russia. A decree of the Ku Klux Klan, handed

down by Simmons of Atlanta, is as abhorrent to democracy and Americanism as a decree of the Soviet government handed out by Lenin. One is as much a menace to orderly government as the other. One is as undemocratic and un-American as the other. Either is a menace to law, order, and freedom.

What is the lure that draws men to membership in such an organization? Why do they fall such easy victims to the cheap oratory of hired itinerant speakers? Partly because of the 'jining' proclivities of the American people. Partly because of the desire of exercising power in secrecy and without responsibility. They wish to 'get even' with some man or class of men. But in this section and in others the chief appeal has been to religious intolerance. Good men, Christian men, pastors of churches, have enrolled themselves as members, feeling that in some way through this mysterious order they would be able to combat the forces of evil, and especially the political activities of the Roman Catholic Church, portrayed in such lurid colors by these new evangelists. There has been a recrudescence of that puritanical meddlesomeness which seeks to regulate the habits, lives, and consciences of other people. The secret methods of the Inquisition all but destroyed the Church of Rome, and for hundreds of years, Protestants, whatever might be their denomination, have gloried in freedom of discussion and publicity; prayer and Christian suasion have been recognized as the means of reaching the erring sinner; yet, to-day, Christian ministers are found endorsing the idea that men can be made more righteous by a tar treatment applied at night by masked inquisitors.

Assuredly no word of the Man of Galilee can be quoted in extenuation of the unutterable cruelty and cowardice of such treatment. The incident in

the Bible which more nearly parallels midnight operations of the Klan than any other is the one in which they came at night to take Jesus, and He said: 'Are ye come out, as against a thief, with swords and with staves to take me? I was daily with you in the Temple, teaching, and ye took me not.' Since when, among Christian peoples, taking men at night has not been in good repute. They have been told by their chief instructors — Wizards, Kleagles, Genii — that the Knights of Columbus, as a representative of the Great Catholic hierarchy, is on the eve of catholicizing America and destroying our educational institutions; and instead of fighting this hobgoblin, created by their leaders for profit, in the open, according to the manner of their forefathers, they seek to overcome the powers of evil by donning a clown's garb, swearing to conceal their identity, and marching behind an Imperial Wizard, whom they are sworn to obey. They fail to realize that our government has been established by free American people, who will handle it without interference by, or dictation from, church or clan; that it is to be governed by neither priest nor wizard, knights nor klansmen.

The most malign effect of the organization is the destruction of the spirit of helpfulness, coöperation, and love in the community where it intrudes itself. In a community composed of Jews and Gentiles, Catholics and Protestants, white and black, where the life and progress of the community has

been marked by helpfulness and coöperation, friendship and harmony, this organization comes to plant discord, racial hatred, religious dissension, and intolerance. Whatever may be its aspirations, it can breed only suspicion and distrust among the members of a community. It paralyzes all spirit of coöperation. It is violative of every principle of Christianity, repugnant to every sense of right, justice, and fair dealing between man and man. Good citizenship should actively and openly oppose its entry into any community.

The evils of the organization should be pointed out, so that good men will not join it, and active war should be made upon those who do join it.

Because of failure to pursue this course, thousands have become members of the organization in Arkansas, Alabama, and Georgia, and the great state of Texas is rent asunder over a Klan fight. It will be a dominant issue in the next political campaign there. A candidate for lieutenant-governor has a daily paper openly espousing the cause of the Klan; and it is said that ten thousand Klansmen recently assembled at a meeting in that state. When this organization seeks to find lodgment in a community, the common sense and patriotism of the people should be appealed to. The shams, sophistry, un-Americanism, and evil of the organization should be exposed. The light of publicity should be turned upon the trappings, tomfoolery, and gibberish of the Imperial Wizard.

SEVEN HOURS IN ROME

BY MARY PRESCOTT HATCH

WHEN the minstrels woke me yesterday afternoon, playing under my window, I opened my eyes, and for a moment hardly knew where I was; but the light coming drowsily through the shutters, and the cheery crackle of the fire beside my bed, soon reassured me, and I went quickly to the salon to find Jack and rejoice with him that we were truly alive and well. He was sound asleep in his easy chair before the fire. He, too, had slept over two hours without realizing it.

As all the world knows, 'yesterday,' Sunday, February the twelfth, was the day of the Pope's coronation. We were wakened at five-thirty, and hurriedly made a fire in the salon while we dressed; first Jack tried, then I did; and it went out, as we had no kindling. I could find nothing but the wastebasket and the back of the bookcase that would do; so we took the bookcase, and it gave us a warm flame in a short time. We had a copper kettle of strong broth, and some rolls which had been sent up the night before, and they were soon piping hot and ready for our early breakfast. I never was more excited in my life, or in greater haste to be off.

The motor had not come, but we found a carriage with an aged horse, who took us to St. Peter's as fast as he could go. He, too, seemed to feel the excitement, for he did not walk a step, but, from the jerking of the carriage, I should think he cantered. It was dark, but we could dimly see the immense crowd before the entrance to the steps as we approached. We drove past the

fountains of the courtyard, which sprinkled us with their spray, as if they, too, wished a tiny bit of themselves to go with us into the church, to whose approach they had added charm by their spiritual beauty for so many hundreds of years.

There was but one tiny entrance, in the middle of the steps, the rest being barred by high fences. We tried to enter the small end of the wedge at the left, instead of the broad crowd in front. Soon we were in the crush, which became almost unbearable just at the gate. I was turned completely around and tossed in, back to; no one could have told if I had a ticket or not, and no one could have stopped me, for everyone ran up to the doors, and in, as if they were sheep being driven into their respective pens.

This was exactly six-thirty, and the doors had opened only half an hour before, but the church was crowded; we have heard since that many spent the whole night there in the square. We could get only half-way up the aisle between the tomb of St. Peter and the entrance, far at one side; and as we stood wondering if it were best to stay there, or to go further back, we were swept to the front, and a huge mass poured in on top of us, so that in three minutes we could not move. We could not raise a hand, or move an inch, unless the entire mass moved us. We looked at each other, but said no word, except that we prayed that we might be able to keep together. We had pictured ourselves as sitting on our

comfortable camp-stools during the three hours' wait which was before us; had we known how it was to be, we should never have gone. We were crushed to such an extent that we thought we could bear no more, and then, behold, we were crushed again and again.

For an hour and a half I had a dear brown monk behind me — a young man with one of the most spiritual faces that I have ever seen. He had come from France, we surmised, for he used French in the few words we spoke together. His face showed a calm peacefulness such as I never remember to have seen before. Twice his breathing became so quick and hard that I thought he was being overcome; then he did as I had done, and had urged Jack to do also: he looked above the crowd, at two saintly figures which stood high over head in niches. One held a huge book, and must have learned much from its pages; for the statue expressed perfect poise and assurance, as it put one foot forward and leaned from the niche to watch the mass below, as if to reassure us, and to bring to our attention the fact that, in the ages that it had stood there, it had witnessed just such things before, and that they had not spoiled its trust and faith that all would be well in the end. The lower one stood firmly on a prostrate figure, which writhed in its futile attempt to get away. It helped give courage, for if he could feel such conviction of victory over evil in such a live form as he had under foot, we could surely have faith that a bit of crushing would not be too much for us.

We watched the light of day silently creep into the church, and dim the candle-light. Once I was able to get my arm up, but there was nowhere to put it, for the place where it had been was squeezed tight; so I draped it around a strange man in front of me.

He said it made his neck hot, and wished I would take it away; but I only laughed. A man behind me had a hat which he got up from depths below, and finding nowhere to put it, landed it on the back of my head, where it stayed until I was able to shake it off upon my shoulder. I wore Aunt Clara's Spanish lace scarf, and Beatrice's black fur coat. Someone fainted, behind us, and had to take the place of two as she doubled up, with the result that the whole crowd pushed an added push to accomplish the feat. Something had to give way, for there was no such space there. Somehow or other I was the thing chosen to give up my place on earth. I was completely taken off my feet and carried up in the air above the crowd.

I shall never forget the expression of absolute helplessness on Jack's face; for the wave that had taken me up had driven him the other way, and we were far apart. Something happened, I know not what, and I found my feet once more coming down, until the tip of one toe touched the pavement. It was a long time until I found a place for the other foot to come alongside. Three or four times such waves came when people were taken ill or fainted — we had no means of knowing which, for we could only hear the murmur of the crowd; we could not turn to see. One man was lifted over the railing in front, and carried off by the soldiers.

At half-past eight, we heard dim sounds of music and cheering, and knew that the procession had entered the chapel behind us, where the Pope was to change his robes. It took one more hour before the silver trumpets sounded, and we could see the high waving white ostrich fans which were held above the Pope. He was carried high on his golden throne, and stopped just in front of us for at least five minutes. He looked the sickest man I have ever seen: his face was perfectly

gray, his head went to one side, and I feared he could not sit erect again. I had seen him near to on Monday, when he was rosy and smiling and the picture of health. An intimate friend of his has since told me that he was so ill the day before, from the fatigue of the ceremonies, that they feared the coronation must be postponed.

He waved his right hand from time to time, on which was the most enormous ring I have ever seen, worn over his white glove. I think the regular fisherman's ring is one colored stone engraved; but this was clearly a diamond or crystal, I should think an inch square. He finally pulled himself together and sat straight, as they turned the corner and took him down toward the chapel opposite us. He wore a gold mitre, and gold robes then; when he came out and was carried up to the high altar, he had changed, and wore white, encrusted with gold and precious stones. He sat more erect, and blessed constantly as he went; but always with the gray deathlike mask of a face, which never smiled or changed expression.

When he had passed us, the crowd loosened, and we were able, by throwing our entire weight and strength ahead, to get out from it into the back of the church; there we found an improvised hospital, where we saw them carrying unconscious people in, feet first. We sank down on our campstools and, half-choking with excitement, managed to swallow down a bit of chocolate.

After we had sufficiently recovered to look about, we were amazed at the sights before us. The confessionals were full of people, who had climbed up outside and were sitting and hanging from the tiny roofs. One most respectable tailor-made woman, with a well-fitting suit and mannish hat, stood on top of one of the highest roofs,

leaning forward, looking through lorgnettes as if she were gazing into a shop window on Broadway. On one peaked roof balanced a young girl, beautifully dressed in velvet and feathers. The popes' tombs, which have their figures in stone on top, were overrun with men. One brown monk, with his knotted-rope girdle, was struggling over the back of a crouching cherub and trying to reach the hand of an angel, whose stomach he wanted to stand on at the time. Some young boys had reached the angel's head and were firmly seated there, laughing at the monk's efforts to get a footing. A nun, with white winged capends which hung down either side of her face, clung by one hand to the side of a coping, above an altar, and with a field-glass watched the Pope at High Mass, taking his communion. The altars at the sides were full of people.

We found a nice airy place at the side of the altar where, by standing, we could see the Mass distinctly. I sat quietly on my stool most of the time, however, listening to the Sistine Choir, and the silver trumpets as they played. The singing was restful and beautiful, and I closed my eyes and enjoyed as much as I could, surrounded as I was by a bevy of noisy schoolgirls who jumped up and down like monkeys, fearing they would lose something of the show. The Mass lasted an hour and a half, and as the Pope read, we could hear his voice distinctly, clear and sweet as it had been on Monday from the balcony. That lasted from half-past ten until twelve. They took his crown from the altar and went away with it, and the next thing we knew they had put him once more on his throne, and he was being taken down the main aisle, with his gold canopy over his head, and the white plumes waving in front. We thought it all over, and were much disappointed

that he was not to be crowned after all; so took our stools and wandered down the side aisle parallel to him.

Jack decided that he would mount his stool and take one last good look, as we were then quite near the throne; and, behold, the Pope too stopped, just in front of the tomb of St. Peter, and almost beside his statue, and the coronation ceremony began. It was most lovely. We could not have had a better place to see. The choir-boys in their white laces lined the steps of the altar behind the throne, and the candles burned above them, under the canopy which rises just beneath the dome. The pillars were hung with crimson brocade and gold; the statue of St. Peter wore garments of solid gold, a jeweled crown sat on his head, just like that the new Pope was to wear, and on his finger he wore the huge jeweled ring. He had a special guard of honor all to himself.

After the Pope's throne had been let down on a raised platform, and he had been kissed by some of the cardinals, a book was brought, and the ceremony was read by Cardinal Vanutelli, who stood straight and tall with his snow-white hair and thin figure, a great contrast to all others. All the Cardinals had taken off their hats and red under-caps. After the reading, the Pope's cap was removed, and he brushed his hand over his thick black hair before the crown was lowered to his head. It was very broad and sat over a head's height above his head; it was of gold, studded with huge precious stones, and must have weighed very heavily on him. He was able to read the few lines of blessing to the multitude, and absolution for all sins — or, at least, he should have read it; but there was some mistake and a fearful commotion when

it was discovered that they had the wrong book; and before the right one came to hand, the Pope had said his blessing, and forgiven all sins in his own words, pronounced clearly and sweetly. Then a vellum scroll was handed, and the attendant was too nervous, by that time, to hold it, and it fell and had to be picked up and presented a second time. Then Cardinal Vanutelli came forward and kissed the Pope's ring, and descended the five very steep stairs of the platform. They tried to assist him, but he shook them off in a most peremptory manner. He is eighty-five years old, and is at his desk each morning at five, we hear. Indeed, he needed no helping.

The Pope seemed to feel better, and bowed his head and waved his blessing several times on the way out.

We went to the altar, to watch the forty-two thousand persons moving toward the door, and found that people were taking the flowers from the edge of the crypt — lilies and begonias. When we reached the front of the church, we found the entire square packed. People had stood there for three hours, it seems, to have a sight of the Pope; and sure enough, soon the Cardinals appeared on the balcony and the papal banner was hung out, and the Pope, fans, crown, and all, came out and blessed once more his people, the city, and the world. The fountains played, the cavalry lined up, the soldiers at attention, the sky all blue and gold — a picture long to be remembered.

We found a carriage, which brought us home for luncheon, at half-past one, just seven hours since we had left our cozy fireside; but historical hours, which would fill many leisure minutes in times to come with memories of a day in Rome.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS

Now it can be told. For years I have kept my secret to myself, unwilling to jeopardize the conduct of the war, or to weaken the morale of the American Army of Occupation, by imparting it to the world. But the time has come when I must speak out, let the international consequences be what they may. My favorite book, my first choice for quiet reading on that desert island on which every literary critic expects some day to be cast up, my fireside friend in the long winter evenings, my solace in time of trouble, is Baedeker's *Switzerland*. Karl Baedeker may have been a German, but I for one am willing to waive that. He wrote a prodigious book.

Don't think that I would state dogmatically that his *Switzerland* is his finest literary performance. I myself confess to a liking for Baedeker's *Great Britain*. I am intrigued by his *Canada*. I have not a word to say against his *Northern Italy* or his *Eastern Alps*. I even find a strange relish in reading his *United States*. But in these matters a certain latitude must be granted to individual taste. After a day spent at the office, in the sort of arduous mental effort for which I am noted, it is not to the British Museum that I would have Mr. Baedeker conduct me, as I sit comfortably by the fire, too weary to read connectedly, but not too weary to let my imagination travel to far places; nor even to the 'Boston *Subway, a wonderful piece of engineering designed to relieve the traffic of the congested districts by affording an underground passage for the electric cars.' No, Switzerland is my choice.

Sometimes, when I pick up the little red-covered volume, with its red and green bookmarks, I work up sufficient ambition to plan a trip through Switzerland, and soberly I decide between Route 71 and Route 85, and plan my ascents, and judge whether it would be better to stop at the '**Hôt. Pension des Alpes*, or the *Stern & Post* (well spoken of)'; and wonder how all that I want to do and see in Switzerland can be packed within the possible limits of even the most exaggerated vacation. But more often I simply browse. I begin anywhere and ramble along, opening out the long engraving of the 'Panorama vom Eggishorn,' and feasting on the remembered outlines of the Bernese peaks; or examining the quaint maps, with their reddish-brown caterpillar-lines indicating mountain slopes, their clusters of tiny dots indicating groups of chalets, their fine shadings of light blue indicating snow fields and glaciers, and their tremendous resounding names. And I take little walks with Mr. Baedeker through the pages of his text.

It must be granted that Mr. Baedeker's descriptive style is not of the highest order. When he feels it incumbent upon him to lavish an appreciative paragraph upon the view, his best efforts are about on a level with those of the publicity man of the Boston and Maine Railroad. But happily he does n't often let himself go. His technique is different. His passion is for facts.

'The path,' he writes, 'descends over débris and patches of snow into the *Augstbord Valley*. We then skirt the *Steintalgrat*, to the right, where soon (8060') opens a magnificent *Panorama: to the left the *Ticino Alps* and

Monte Leone; straight ahead the Ried Glacier and the Mischabel, then the Lyskamm, Brunegghorn, and Weisshorn; far below lies the Nicolai valley. We now descend past the junction of the path from the Jung Pass (see below) to ($2\frac{3}{4}$ hrs.) *Jungen* (6390'; p. 402), and ($1\frac{1}{2}$ hr.) the rail. station of St. Niklaus (p. 402).'

Now you see his method. It is that of suggestion. Let me give you the facts, says Mr. Baedeker, and you may use your imagination for yourself. And I, recalling how the Lyskamm looked as I saw it from the slopes above Zermatt eleven years ago, seem, as I read, to feel under my feet the roughness of the débris and the slippery softness of the snow, as I swing down along the slope into the Augstbord Valley. The sun is hot on my neck; my boots are soaked from sloshing through melting snow; my pack thumps on my back. Watch your footing there—the rocks are loose underfoot! Careful of the edge of that snow-patch; this is no place to slip, and sprain an ankle. Here we are out on the grass again, still high above timber line, with the pinnacle of the Weisshorn touching the blue sky above us, and with a little gravelly path to follow to the Steintalgrat, where the Alpine flowers cover the hillside. Pull out your Baedeker and find out what those snow-peaks are at the head of the purple valley. The path begins to zigzag here as it dives into the deep woods, and we plunge into the cool shade, bound for St. Niklaus—

I have never in my life actually been to the Augstbord Valley, and in all probability I never shall go there; but the painstaking Mr. Baedeker has set my imagination free to roam there, and already the tinkle of cowbells is in my ears, and I am watching the afternoon shadows creep along the mighty ridge of the Mischabel.

One of the most amazing qualities of Mr. Baedeker is his omniscience. No fact concerning Switzerland is too unimportant for him to include it. Would you wish to know about the Engadine Valley, its topography, its vegetation, its climate, its transportation facilities, its roads, its paths, its peaks? He tells everything. Every statement is backed up with exact figures. He describes the dialect spoken by its 11,773 inhabitants; he gives tables of comparative temperatures.

'The forests,' he explains, 'are chiefly of larch and the *pinus cembra*, or Swiss stone pine (Ger. *Arve*), a stately tree sometimes called the "cedar of the Alps," but commoner in the Pyrenees, the Carpathians, and the south of Siberia than in Switzerland. Its light, close-grained wood, white in color and of a pleasant fragrance, is very durable, and is much esteemed for cabinet-work. The kernels of the cones have an agreeable flavor, not unlike that of the pineapple. On the higher mountain-pastures a rich display of Alpine flowers delights the visitor in spring and early summer.'

And so on. How Mr. Baedeker collected all these facts it is impossible to guess; but while I am willing to admit that he may have taken somebody else's word as to the esteem in which the wood of the stone pine is held for cabinet-work, I like to think that he himself tasted the kernels of the cones, and made a special trip to southern Siberia to see whether there were more stone pines there than in the Engadine. What is more, I am perfectly certain that, if Mr. Baedeker had felt there was any doubt on this question, he would have personally counted all the stone pines in southern Siberia and have given us the complete statistics, very quietly and without the slightest fuss. 'The stone pines,' he would have written, 'are commoner in the south of Si-

beria than in the Engadine (414, 352 as against 395,269)'; and then he would have passed on quite simply to his discussion of the mineral springs of St. Moritz (strongly impregnated with carbonic acid and alkaline salts, and extolled by Paracelsus as early as 1539, though not systematically used for medicinal purposes until 1853).

But Mr. Baedeker is not only omniscient — he is an author of sober judgment. It must be a nervous time for Swiss hotel-keepers when he is about, counting the beds in their hostelries, compiling his figures as to the price at which they serve meals, and deciding whether to mark them with the asterisk, which is his token of highest commendation, or to dismiss them with the dismal word 'unpretentious.' I picture the proprietor of the Hotel Oberalp & Post sitting in a perfect blue funk while his good wife feverishly turns the pages of a new edition of Baedeker. Are we starved? No — *and the Bellevue is*. We are merely 'well situated above the town.' What have we done to deserve this? Do you suppose that that solemn gentleman who complained of the coffee can have been Mr. Baedeker? Well situated, indeed! That reprobate who runs the Bellevue will get all the business. Yes, it must have been the coffee.

Mr. Baedeker speaks with a mighty authority. Climbers know the difference between 'guide 8fr., not indispensable for experts,' and 'difficult, for adepts only, with capable guides.' And when he declares that 'the *Albula Gorge amply repays a visit,' one feels that Cæsar hath spoken; the future of the Albula Gorge is secure.

As I write, with the Baedeker lying open on the table before me, I realize how absurdly impossible it is to explain to anybody who has never seen Switzerland the magic which this book has for me. I suppose I ought to have la-

beled this dissertation, 'Only for Those Who Love the Alps: All Others Excused.' For certainly there is nothing magical in the way in which Mr. Baedeker presents the facts which he collects by the wayside, as with deliberate and ponderous foot he marches through the mountains. 'We now reach the ($\frac{1}{2}$ hr.) Restaurant Bodmen (5800') on the shady Almagell path, with fine view down the valley.' What is there in that sentence to get excited over? And yet, if you ever took rolls and honey and coffee at the Restaurant Bodmen, as I did, and have not forgotten the little ironwork tables and chairs on the terrace, and the sheer white peak which rises beyond the pines; or if you ever stopped at any one of the innumerable other tea houses which make Switzerland a land flowing with milk and honey, that awkward sentence does the trick. It calls the whole thing back. You may not stir from your chair all the evening long; all that you see with the physical eye may be the page of a small red book, the tables and chairs and walls of your own house, the windows that look out on the darkened street of an American city; but with the eye of the spirit you will see the white spire of the village church below you in the valley, and the snow shining clear on the summits of the Alps.

BOOKS AS THEY ARE READ

PEOPLE blessed with a stable residence are apt to think reading a simple matter. That is because they can select their books. We who must spend our time more or less on the wing, a few months here, a few months there, always in foreign countries, and nearly always where the language spoken is not our own, have difficulties of which stay-at-homes never dream. Our books are selected for us — there's the rub.

With an author of your own choice,

there is no need for ingenuity. You begin with the first page and read to the end. His thought fits your mind as a made-to-measure suit fits your figure. But try one of those hand-me-down novels which find their way into the bookcases of the Continental *pension*, and see if it does not gall you into despair. These books are invariably left behind by transient *locataires*. Naturally, they take the good ones with them. Equally of course, the management wastes no money buying literature.

Buy your own? It can hardly be done after leaving England. Beyond Paris it cannot be done at all. Books are like driftwood, the lighter they are, the farther they float. In the provinces, in Italy, Austria, and beyond, the only books in English offered for sale are those long since dead at home. Even in the small English departments of the subscription libraries the same law of distribution shows itself. The catalogue of the Literatur-Institut of Vienna, for instance, devotes a full page to Mrs. Alexander, a page and a half to Mary Elizabeth Braddon, nearly two pages to Florence Marryat, and is liberal with Frank Frankfort Moore. But it has not a full set of Kipling, says nothing about Conrad's *Lord Jim*, and as for anything recent — go to.

Three things are left to do: read French, read the language of the country you are in, or 'reconstruct.' I omit a fourth and a fifth thing, — 'read twaddle,' and 'do not read at all' — for they are both, in the long run, quite impossible. As for books in the language of the country, if the country happens to be Austria, I find the newspapers a strain enough in that direction. As for French — it is delightful; but after all, one has an American soul to be fed. Italian and Modern Greek? You might as well say Russian, and be done with it. Hence the necessity of what I have called 'reconstruction.'

I pick up a copy of *The Grey Knight*, by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. Under ordinary circumstances I would not pick up *The Grey Knight*, by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. But I am in Vienna. The employees of the Literatur-Institut are out on strike, and I am reduced to loans from the collection of a local 'teacher of English,' seventeen years resident in Austria, with whom I sometimes manage to converse — through the medium of the German language. So, as I said, I pick up *The Grey Knight*, and read the opening paragraph: —

'A woman rested upon a bench placed beneath a gayly striped awning in the front court of a small French provincial hotel.'

Obviously, it won't do. The woman and the bench are the only substantatives unescorted by adjectives in the whole sentence. Invidious distinction. Why not a 'small' woman and a 'large' bench? Why any woman, or any bench, at all? It is easy to see, with these 'gayly striped awnings,' and this 'front court,' and this 'small French provincial hotel,' that we are at the beginning of a long descriptive passage, which has an accurate relation, no doubt, to some one small French provincial hotel visited by the author, but which will visualize nothing at all for the reader — who would be glad enough for the soul of the provincial French *pension*, the French *pension* in general, laid before him in a defenseless position, where he could slay it.

I skip to the middle of page 138, as I should have done in the first place, and read: —

"Anna, before I go, won't you congratulate me and say you are glad?"

"Glad is n't the word," said Anna, gruffly. "It's a load off my mind: I don't think you're at all the sort of person who is suited to live alone, and any

kind of a husband is better for you than none.””

That 's better. One is interested in Anna immediately. We must look for more of her, and turn, say, to page 195: —

‘She has been in the chapel, which is like an ice house; that 's why Margaret went in there. Something has happened.’

It says nothing about Anna, though, for all we know, it may be Anna speaking. Yet it seems hardly likely. The rich feminine frankness of Anna is missing. There is something more youthful here — as of a *backfisch* still able to extract pleasure out of the possibility of impending disaster. Of course, it may be a young man speaking. There can be no sex-differentiation discernible in a mind still capable of comparing a chapel to an ice house. One thing is certain, however: that delightful ‘something has happened’ refers to something satisfyingly material — a throat cut, a body hanged, a fainting fit at the very least. Anna, with all her humorous charm, would have meant nothing more than a psychological crisis.

But is n't the book already vastly improved? How far we have come from striped awnings beneath which nothing can happen. Intended by the author for a hammock tale, we have transformed it into a detective story, fit to read in the dead of winter before an open fire.

The same ‘reconstruction’ method will work wonders with the next book — it happens to be *Peter, a Parasite*, by E. Maria Albanesi. Let us plunge into the midst of the eighth page: —

‘Why the deuce had Cochrane brought up that old business of the Chessinghams? It was really rather absurd of him to imagine that Peter should have kept in touch with them.’

And then, on page 9: —

‘I hope Sybil Cochrane will not try and unearth Mrs. Chessingham. I must nip that intention in the bud.’

Quite obviously we are in the presence of the villain. Just as obviously, at the foot of page 24, we are in the august company of the heroine, and may skip, —

‘No matter how tired she might be, she never brought anything but a cheery, bright atmosphere into her mother's presence.’

It is not pleasant to have one's own shortcomings thrown into relief in this way. Besides, it is one of the cardinal principles of ‘reconstruction’ to leave out the hero and heroine parts entirely. The subordinate characters and wicked people — unless one of the latter chances to be a regular ‘heavy’ — have some traces of humanity. But the hero and the heroine — no amount of skipping backward and forward suffices usually to save *them*.

Try the method over on your own library. Don't live and die with the idea that the dictionary and the encyclopædia are the only books which require discrimination in their perusal. Browning once spoke of ‘sundry verses of St. Paul, which, read directly, sanctify the soul, but muttered backwards cure the gout and stone’ (I quote from memory). The transforming influence of reconstructive reading was never better set forth.

ON GIVING AWAY ONE'S PHOTOGRAPH

THE roots of my skepticism and railery are to be found, I imagine, in a certain huge cardboard box still to be seen on the topmost shelf of a rather inaccessible closet in the old home. A film of dust lies upon it; a length of pale, fuzzy string binds it about; and within it are photographs, numberless and, for the most part, anonymous. Most of

them picture babies, — for my father was a physician, — babies with vague eyes, expressionless features, and a terrifying hold on life. Mingled with the infants linger unknown grown-ups and adolescents, holding violins or prize books. There are 'cabinets,' warped, uncompromising, board-like memorials of the eighties; a number of the first timid and frightful metropolitan 'folders' of the early nineteen-hundreds; and even a score of the giant ducal portrait photographs which are the rage to-day. Unvisited, forlorn, and mostly nameless, the collection dwells in its paper tomb, pointing a moral on the vanity of humankind and the ingratitude of time.

O photographs, to what uses have I not seen you dedicated! I have seen you snatched from the mantel shelf to amuse babies without number; I have beheld you cut up for cardboard, and serving as mats for home-framed pictures; I have seen you facing a broken pane; and a kinsman, whom I know to be a cynical but entirely veracious observer, once saw a large expensive modern form of you serving as a dustpan!

A dreadful catalogue to be sure, but who among us shall cast the first stone? For after all, what *can* one do with the giant photographs which Clorinda distributes annually, 'registering' the while that modesty which good form requires of givers of their own likenesses? Of course, Clorinda is a dear good sort, we are touched by her testimony of friendship, but bless us, we can't have an almost life-size Clorinda forever posing on the mantel! Such a privilege is for rich uncles alone. What can one do with Clorinda's photograph, once one has accepted it — and whoever had the audacity to refuse a photograph? Almost the size of a case-window, the affair seems far too grand and costly to destroy in any casual manner; and moreover, Clorinda, who is given to tours of inquisition,

may visit you, to see what you have done with her gift. Then waits Clorinda unusually long at the front door (one can see her through the Victorian design on the glass), while somebody or other rushes around upstairs like a crazy thing, and disinters Clorinda's picture from under a pile of *National Geographic* magazines laid flat on the lower shelf of a bookcase. There follows a hurried rearrangement of bric-a-brac, during which Clorinda never fails to ring the bell a second time. Next, the maid is unleashed, and Clorinda, entering, meets Clorinda face to face.

Dreadful hypocrisy, you say? Look within your own heart! Where, O guilty one, is that photograph which Strephon pressed upon you when you called on him last June? You know you would have a time finding it! You remember the morning he offered it, — the parlor table laden with pearl-gray and wood-brown folders, the goings to the window to get a better light, the wise comment on expressions, the judicial lookings from Strephon to the photograph and from the photograph to Strephon, and the desperate feeling which seized you as you felt yourself being manœuvred into 'taking your pick,' — but where is it now? Did you put it *with the other photographs*?

There are clubs and societies, too, with a passion for photographs, and individual members who buy them, frame them, and hang them in their dens. You never fail to find at least one example in the furnished cottage you hire for the summer. Dinner-groups are huge favorites. Those vaguely human pin-points, apparently three slanting miles from the camera; those queer folk in the foreground, with flat, steam-rollered faces; those curiously immobile and frozen visages, with staring eyes transfixed above a cloud of tables; the inevitable waiters who *would* get in — who can they be?

Your host will tell you, if you give him a chance, 'This man here [the moving finger rests] is the biggest frozen-fish man in the northeast!' And one tries to look impressed. Beware, however, of showing too flattering an interest! Believe it or not, there are actually people so abandoned that they will offer to give you a copy of the group; and you will find yourself staggering home with the frozen-fish man under your arm.

But enough of raillery. The truth is that we have another box of photographs, of photographs eagerly sought and affectionately retained; and this box is locked away in the family safe, no less. I doubt if there is an heirloom we prize more highly than this handful of amusing, beloved, pathetic, and slightly ridiculous likenesses. When the collection is unveiled, I always look at my own, and thus learn to practise humility.

Oh, that awful one with the pepper-and-salt suit! To think that I was misguided enough to scatter it abroad!

But I must draw my moralizing to a close, for I hear the bell ringing. Bless us, 't is Clorinda with a photograph!

SERMONS IN SYMPHONIES

THE other day, while I was hearing an orchestra play (and watching it work), I found myself rather tritely moralizing that all the world's a band, and all the men and women merely players; and that many of us who feel ourselves competent to perform upon the first violin may consider ourselves fortunate if we are allowed to play second fiddle.

Does anyone, I wonder, ever think of the home-life of the drummer or of the horn-player? (Perhaps the domestic lives of their wives would even more demand the passing tribute of a tear.) No — as little as of a postman or a railroad conductor, do we think of them as having any private or personal

lives of their own. The drummer and the trumpeter exist only to provide a fine sonorous background of sound in an orchestral production, even as the postman and the conductor exist only to deliver our letters and to punch our tickets. The individual is submerged in his profession.

Of foreordained *virtuosi* in Life's orchestra, there are but a few; the great majority of us are ensemble players, none of whom seem of any great importance to the general result; yet the power to mar — if not to make — the desired harmony lies with the instrumental *Hoi Polloi*. Eliminate the sounding brass and tinkling cymbals from an orchestra, and all the charity in the world will not save the piece in which parts have been given to instruments in a great impersonal chorus. Not as individuals, but as members of a massive orchestral unit of sound shall we attain self-expression; yet, if the plaintive piping of the wind instruments — nay, even the unmelodious rumble of the kettledrum — does not come in with perfect precision, absolute rhythm, the smoothness of an entire symphony is marred. Of course, no one notices our individual contribution to the general harmony, but let us strike a wrong note, or be heedless of the tempo, and we have importance thrust upon us by a squirming, wincing audience.

It is undoubtedly a very negative rôle that most of us are called upon to play — simply to abstain from doing the wrong thing, and so to detract from the harmony of the whole. We are not even allowed to choose our own instruments. He who would fain take up the Harp of Life, is perhaps given a prosaic trombone. Perhaps Jones may have the Soul of a Soloist, but alas! his technique is such that he must needs play his humble part in the great instrumental chorus where his deficiencies will not be noticed. Smith may

seem to play upon a magic flute, so far as purity of tone and correctness of technical skill are concerned; but where is the breath of genius which makes the listener's heart thrill in sympathy, as the hearts of poets have thrilled to the song of the nightingale? How rare is that Heaven-endowed soul who can exclaim with the simplicity of truth, —

‘I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing.’

The bitter truth is that few of us live our lives either with technical skill or artistic finish, and that the majority of us will never be heard from individually, save by discords made by unhandy plucking at our harps.

Our thumbs are rough and tarred
And the tune is something hard.

In *The Story of an African Farm*, a rather colorless character is described by her far more vivid cousin (who could never have played second fiddle to anybody) as being like the accompaniment of a song; and the description often comes to my mind as defining a certain type of person, sympathetic, adaptable, self-effacing, quick to perceive and to respond, never a soloist, but often, as Olive Schreiner's heroine puts it, ‘far better than the song she is to accompany.’

Of course, the orchestra of sound has one great advantage over the orchestra of life. It has a visible leader, who remembers each obscurest instrument, and signifies — perhaps by a lifted eyebrow, perhaps but by the twiddle of a little finger — that it is time for that small unimportant voice to quaver out the note for the utterance of which he has been created.

As we listen — and perforce contribute — to the symphony of life, it sometimes seems as if we were part of a leaderless orchestra. The air is rent with dissonances — our ears are deafened

by cacophonies rather than soothed with melodies. Each little instrument wishes to play a solo, regardless of what other instruments are doing. We are in an orgy of individualism — anarchy, rather than harmony, rules. Terrified and bewildered, whom are we to follow in the adventure of daily life, through dark passages where we are conscious of no leader? If no conductor's wand dips toward our humble corner, what wonder is it that panic strikes our breasts, and that we utter false notes, out of time and tune, and so contribute to the general pandemonium?

There is just one thing to be done by those unhappy but honest souls (of whom the number does not decrease as the world grows more complex) who cannot be conscious of a leader, visible or invisible. They must fix their eyes on those steadfast companions in Life's orchestra, who, through their finer sensibilities, are conscious of unheard harmonies, and feel a rhythm of life more true than the beat of any visible baton. To them, heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter. Their ears are attuned to cadences to which, perchance, our own are deaf. Amid the din and discord of their fellows, these men of true genius play on in ordered beauty and with high authority. Since their power of interpreting so far transcends our own, why may not the vision also be more exalted? We ourselves do not need to see the leader if we are willing to follow those who do; and even Realists must acknowledge that there are some whose inward eyes have sight.

Had there been an orchestra in the Forest of Arden, the moralizing Duke would unquestionably have found sermons in symphonies, instead of in stones, and he might have uttered, through the liquid music of a lute, what I have tried to pound out, with clumsy insistence, on a drum.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

The new letters of **David Livingstone** were presented to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions by Charles Livingstone, of Denver, the nephew of the great missionary and the son of that other Charles to whom the letters were written. The *Atlantic* prints them through the courtesy of the American Board. For many months the friends of **Madame Emma Ponafidine** feared that her silence would never be broken again; that she and her family had been blotted out in the Russian Terror. But, late in 1921, tidings came through of her escape to Finland with two of her sons; and she and they are now in America. Baron Ponafidine and the eldest son have died, victims of the Revolution. Madame Ponafidine is an American, and could have left Russia earlier if she had been willing to leave her sons behind. Her story of life under Bolshevik rule was begun for *Atlantic* readers in July, 1918, and February, 1919, when we printed her early letters. In 'Peasant Masters' and two successive papers, she will carry that courageous story to its triumphant conclusion. **Katharine Fullerton Gerould** brings to her essay on conservatism a provocative and stimulating point of view. **Edith Kennedy** has made a study of the happiness of working girls, in a questionnaire answered by four hundred girls, upon the query, 'Are you Happy, and Why?' 'Glamour,' is one of several sketches written from her experience as Stamps-Saving Visitor in the South End House Settlement in Boston. Again **Frances Lester Warner** refreshes us with what one of her admirers has called, 'a keen dissertation upon the little things that irritate.'

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The suggestive letters from the **Reverend H. W. Kellogg** of the Ohio State Reformatory, and the **Reverend Oliver C. Laizure** of San Quentin, are proof, if proof were needed, that no one comes closer to the prison problem than the prison chaplain. **Viola C. White** writes of 'the other side of

clearness,' a companion piece to Fannie Stearns Gifford's sonnet in the *Atlantic* for March. Miss White's volume of verse, *Horizons*, appeared last year in the Yale Series of younger poets. **Robert M. Gay** adds to his pleasant interpretations this sketch of Mrs. Noah. **Charles Rumford Walker**, who works the 'twenty-four-hour shift' in this number, is a Yale graduate who went to work in a steel mill to learn the steel business. In this and other industries Mr. Walker put in a year in overalls, on all kinds of jobs, from roller to hot-blast man. Subsequently, he has done personnel work for a large brass and copper company and written on labor for government publications.

* * *

William Trufant Foster, who gives us the paper on the gold standard, will be remembered for his indictment of intercollegiate athletics in an earlier number of the *Atlantic*. Formerly president of Reed College, Oregon, he is now devoting his time to the study of economic questions for the Pollak Foundation. Letters have come to us from Alabama, Louisiana, Maryland, Tennessee, and Washington, D.C., in praise of 'Cunjur and 'Suasion,' and we think the admirers of **Eleanor C. Gibbs** will take equal delight in 'The Bible Quilt.' **Joseph Auslander**, one of the younger poets of America has been spending the past year in Europe. **Lucy Furman** of the Hindman School, in her third story of the 'Quare Women,' gives us a vivid picture of a 'safe and sane' Fourth of July in the Kentucky mountains. **Channing Frothingham**, a well-known Boston physician, is on the faculty of the Harvard Medical School and the staff of the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital. During the war he was Lieutenant-Colonel, Medical Corps, U.S.A.; at one time Commanding Officer, Base Hospital, Camp Devens; at another, Chief of Medical Service, Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D.C. **Gamaliel Bradford** needs no introduction to *Atlantic* readers.

Claude Halstead Van Tyne is the head of the Department of History in the University of Michigan. His opinions and reflections upon the Indian situation are the fruit of a leave of absence from his university, during the past winter, when he went to India, on the invitation of Sir Frederick Whyte, the President of the new Legislative Assembly of India. He writes us: —

In India I talked with representatives of all points of view, from Mahatma Gandhi, the greatest of Indian leaders, to Lord Reading, the Viceroy of India. It was my privilege to sit at the Council table with the bitterest enemies of the British régime, to listen to the most seditious talk about it, and then, midst the pomps and vanities of Government House, to sit with governors of provinces and with their ministers of state, and to get their 'angle of vision.' In Allipore jail, in Calcutta, I enjoyed two hours of confidential talk with C. R. Das, the great Bengal leader of the Extremists, and not long after, I sat in the Bengal Legislative Council watching at their work the lawmakers for forty millions of people. In Delhi I listened for two weeks to the debates in the Legislative Assembly, and held converse with members of every faction in it. I talked with rajahs and maharajahs and nawabs. I went with collectors and subdivisional officers into villages, and there, through the munsif, or some other local officer, asked questions of the assembled villagers. Into courts, high and low, into offices of collectors and commissioners, wherever Government touched the people, I pried, in the hope that I might learn for myself the facts in the strangely complex problem of Indian politics.

* * *

Edmund Candler, an English traveler and author, has a long record of service with the Indian Government, in educational work. He accompanied the Tibet Expedition of 1904, and was severely wounded at Tuna. He was Correspondent in France, 1914-15, and Official Eyewitness in Mesopotamia, 1915-18. Among his books are *The Unveiling of Lhasa*, and *The Mantle of the East*. Although Europe is again at peace, and the Oriental Express running uninterrupted across its length from Stamboul to Cherbourg, there is one corner of the globe by whose people the war was unasked and to whom it brought as much suffering as to anyone, and where it still continues with apparently unabated fury. As a result of the hatreds which it fanned and did not

appease, there occurred in the little-known and less-frequented city of Souj-Boulagh, Persia, on October 7 last, a massacre unequaled by any of the atrocities of the late war, in which between seven hundred and a thousand Persians were shot down in cold blood, an American mission was looted, four American women were maltreated, and George Bachimont, an American missionary of French citizenship, was murdered. Our account of this massacre was written by **Elgin G. Groseclose** from the vivid details given him by **Augusta Gudhart** on her arrival at Tabriz, after her terrible experience. Mr. Groseclose is a native of Oklahoma, now engaged in missionary work in Persia. Miss Gudhart was born in Russian Poland and came to America at the age of sixteen. She received her nurse's certificate from St. John's Hospital, Pittsburgh, and entered the mission field in 1912. Of the five missionaries in Souj-Boulagh at the time of the massacre, she was the only one who had mastered the Kurdish dialect.

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The Ku Klux Klan is a continuing menace, but it is difficult for those who are beyond the radius of its activities to grasp their seriousness to a great section of our country. The **Honorable LeRoy Percy**, was United States Senator from the state of Mississippi. **Mary Prescott Hatch** lives near Boston. Her piquant description of a great and memorable event makes history live for us.

* * *

To **Samantha Whipple Sharp**, of San José, we owe this recondite information on the late Queen's petticoat: —

I have been waiting for some one of my contemporaries to explain to *Atlantic* readers what a balmoral was, ever since reading the story of the New England lady who owned one, but knew not its purpose nor the reason of the name. The balmoral petticoat was the outing-costume of the girl of the later eighteen-sixties, as khaki knickers are of the girl of the early nineteen-twenties. It was — or was reputed to be — the invention of Queen Victoria, and was named for Balmoral Castle, her favorite summer home in the Highlands. The balmoral was voluminous, of necessity — it was worn over a hoop three or more feet in diameter. Its adaptation to mountain-climbing consisted in the fact that it was very

short — it came only to the ankles. The dress was looped at half-mast above it, in a series of festoons.

When, her mountain-climbing over, the fair athlete returned to the village pave, one pull at the cord of the ingenious appliance that did the looping, released the dress-skirt, and its hem fell decorously to one-half inch from the sidewalk. Thus the lady was enabled to proceed along the street with dignity and modesty.

Anyone who owns a copy of *Leslie Goldthwaite*, with the original illustrations, can see the counterfeited presentment of a fifteen-year-old girl, properly ballooned and festooned for ascending a mountain.

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In response to numerous requests, the Pollak Foundation for Economic Research has reprinted an article from the February number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, by Waddill Catchings, entitled: 'Our Common Enterprise: One Way Out for Labor and Capital.' Copies may be obtained upon application to the Pollak Foundation, Newton 58, Massachusetts.

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The 'Anecdote for Authors' still brings in recruits for the Club of the Hoodwinked.

The Oxford Street gentleman of bookish tastes, whose manipulation of his 'sister's hungry children,' waiting in the railroad station, and of the innate vanity of writers more or less 'well known' was so cleverly described in the *May Atlantic*, scored on me also.

In my case he got no cash, because I never have on hand enough money to feed a hungry family; but he did get my endorsement on a check of his for ten dollars, which came back from the New York bank with the report 'No Funds.' Inasmuch as it is obvious that this man, Alan Cooke, is a perfectly definite person, it would seem as if the time had come for charges to be preferred against him.

Apparently he got all he could out of Boston authors. I wonder how many writing people in other states helped him work his way back to the middle New York town where he apparently receives his mail. I know that the Oxford Street address is not fictitious, because I have since written to him there in an envelope which would otherwise have come back.

MARY CAROLINE CRAWFORD.

* * *

Miss Repplier never fails to promote discussion:

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

No one more readily grants the charm and authority of most of the words of the distinguished contributor who, in your April number, gives us her views on 'Education.' And my pained amazement is therefore the greater when I read: ' . . . too many boys are taught too long by women. . . . A boy is destined to grow into a man and, for this contingency, no woman can prepare him. Only men, and men of purpose and principle, can harden him into the mould of character.'

For sixteen years I heard and accepted such statements; they sounded so reasonable — like the Chinese dictum that a pea in the centre of a blown-up bladder will be found exactly in the bladder's centre, maintained there by the atmospheric pressure, equal upon all sides.

And, as the president of an impecunious Board of Education, I deeply deplored 'the difficulty of obtaining male teachers,' and the resulting loss to our boys.

Then, for a year and one month, I was with those same boys overseas and saw them face death. I had the opportunity of comparing them, amid conditions as trying as one could ask for, with the man-trained boys of England, and France, and (later) of Germany. And I felt then, as many another man did, that the behavior of our boys had banished forever, banished and buried, the notion that they were less manly, or less strong of character, than were the boys of any other nation on earth.

Does the war record of these two million boys offer no light on the solution of this vexed question?

FREDERICK HALL.

* * *

Not often, even among those who 'would not want to be anything else, but an American,' does one find an application for naturalization papers with a footnote as significant and beautiful as this letter sent in by a contributor.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

As you have set forth the views of a number of the strangers within our gates, I enclose the following. It was written by a woman, now in the thirties, whose birthplace was in the Tirol. Strange to say, in contrast to Anna's enthusiasm, ever since the beginning of the late war, one of the American ladies active in bringing her to these shores has seen nothing good in our Constitution, government, or institutions, and she speaks of them only to blame. She has drawn these views largely from the so-called 'progressive' periodicals, whose outlook, in the opinion of some, is most selfish and narrow.

Yours truly,

VERY DEAR AND KIND LADIES, —

To-day I come to ask you for a favor.

You have helped me to come to America, and now I beg you to help me to become an American. God will surely bless you for this kindness. I filed my petition, and I will not get my second papers unless I have the statement of two persons which will testify that they have known me since my arrival in America. You and your relatives know me the longest.

I love to thank you with my needlework, as with my poor words I am not able to express what my grateful heart wishes to tell you. You gave me the start to the road of success, all I owe to you, and I would oftener write to you, but fear it would annoy you. Since July, 1920, I have a position where I just have to work 8 hours a day — each week I get a day off — I get all laundered, am fed and boarded and my salary is \$70 a month. I got twice a raise, and they are lovely to work for. I am surely thankful for the high wages as it enables me to help my people and my friends on the Alps.

I would not want to be anything else, but an American, and with God's help I'll be a good one. I have all the reasons to stand by America, it is a great country and it has done more for me in a few years as Tirol all my life; but I am proud just the same that I was born in I——, which surely is the nicest spot on earth. I also love my country people, but since I lived in America, I would not want to live in any other place, and I want to be what they are, as I eat the daily bread with them. I can assure you that I am anxious to become an American with heart and soul. I only wish I came here when I was young, but better late than never.

Yours forever thankfully,

ANNA E.

* * *

Against portions of Mr. Peattie's paper on the oil fields, Tulsa, Oklahoma, has risen as one man. Some others feel quite properly that an article by the oldest inhabitant might paint a truer picture.

We should have been glad to read in manuscript the article by a provincial correspondent, during his few weeks spent in the Cushing oil fields, which 'so enterprisingly described the life that he peopled a small city within a short time. The glamour of romance which he threw around the oil-field teamster and his horses caused the son of an eastern millionaire to come west for the purpose of becoming a teamster in the oil fields.'

Anecdotes about the *Atlantic* sometimes remind us of the lady who thought Botticelli was a cheese.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I teach English in a high school. A few days ago it became necessary to test the attainments of a class which had been studying Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales*. In answer to a question regarding other products of the author's pen, I received the startling information that Hawthorne wrote *The Purple Letter*, *The Scarlet Faun*, and the *Great Atlantic Monthly*.

HATTIE L. HAWLEY.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Apropos of the 'plain but estimable woman' and the 'yellow-back novels,' I am moved to relate the following incident: a pretty and 'estimable' neighbor of mine was wandering about my library one afternoon recently, when she came upon a narrow niche containing shelves filled with *Atlantics* of the past dozen years; glancing from ceiling to floor in apparent consternation, and at me with unveiled suspicion as to my taste in literature, she exclaimed, 'Mercy! look at all the novels!'

But praise from Pine Mountain pleases us best!

Not everyone views the *Atlantic Monthly* with the high favor of those correspondents whose letters so frequently appear in the 'Contributors' Column.' A small boy who had had to dust the living-room table morning after morning had drawn up his own notions of that periodical, and was quite surprised to be interested by the story 'Pioneers' when it was read to a group of children one night. 'Why, that book is some 'count, haint hit? I 've studied 'bout th'owin' hit away a heap o' times, when I 've seed hit a-layin' on the table, 'cause hit never had no pictures, but hit's some 'count after all, haint hit?'

* * *

Many readers have been puzzled by the 'wayward girl' in the 'Masque of Loved Ladies.' They seem to have missed the clue that her lover's name was 'writ in water.' It may help them further to know that he loved his love with a B, because 'a thing of beauty is a joy forever.'